THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded … … Franklin

APRIL 17, 1915 5cts. THE COPY

W. Haskell Coffin

Beginning MARY ROBERTS RINEHART'S STORY OF THE WAR

The Wayne

(By the House of Kuppenheimer)

TO the young man with a *flaire* for clothes the WAYNE has its own message.

It not only mirrors every latest detail of fashion, but there is a self-possession, a general expression of rightness about it that makes it a safe suit to buy and an effective one to wear.

The coat has the soft roll front and closes with two buttons. It shows the new military tendency in its high waist line, natural shoulders and its shapely sleeves finished with narrow cuffs.

The WAYNE is but one of the modish Kuppenheimer Models. The elements of grace and style assurance are in all of them—in marked contrast to the uneasy spirit of so much unauthorized "Fashions for Young Men."

If we were asked to account for the remarkable growth of our young men's business over the entire country, we should say that young men travel more, attend the universities, visit the great centers, or meet those who do.

They have a better idea of *the thing to wear*—who makes it, the dealer who sells it, and where they can come the nearest to getting *value* for both sides of their dollar.

Prices—$20 to $40

Kuppenheimer Clothes are sold by a representative store in nearly every Metropolitan center of the United States and Canada. Your name on a post card will bring you our Book of Fashions.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
CHICAGO

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Big Ben

Westclox, La Salle *and* Peru, Ill.

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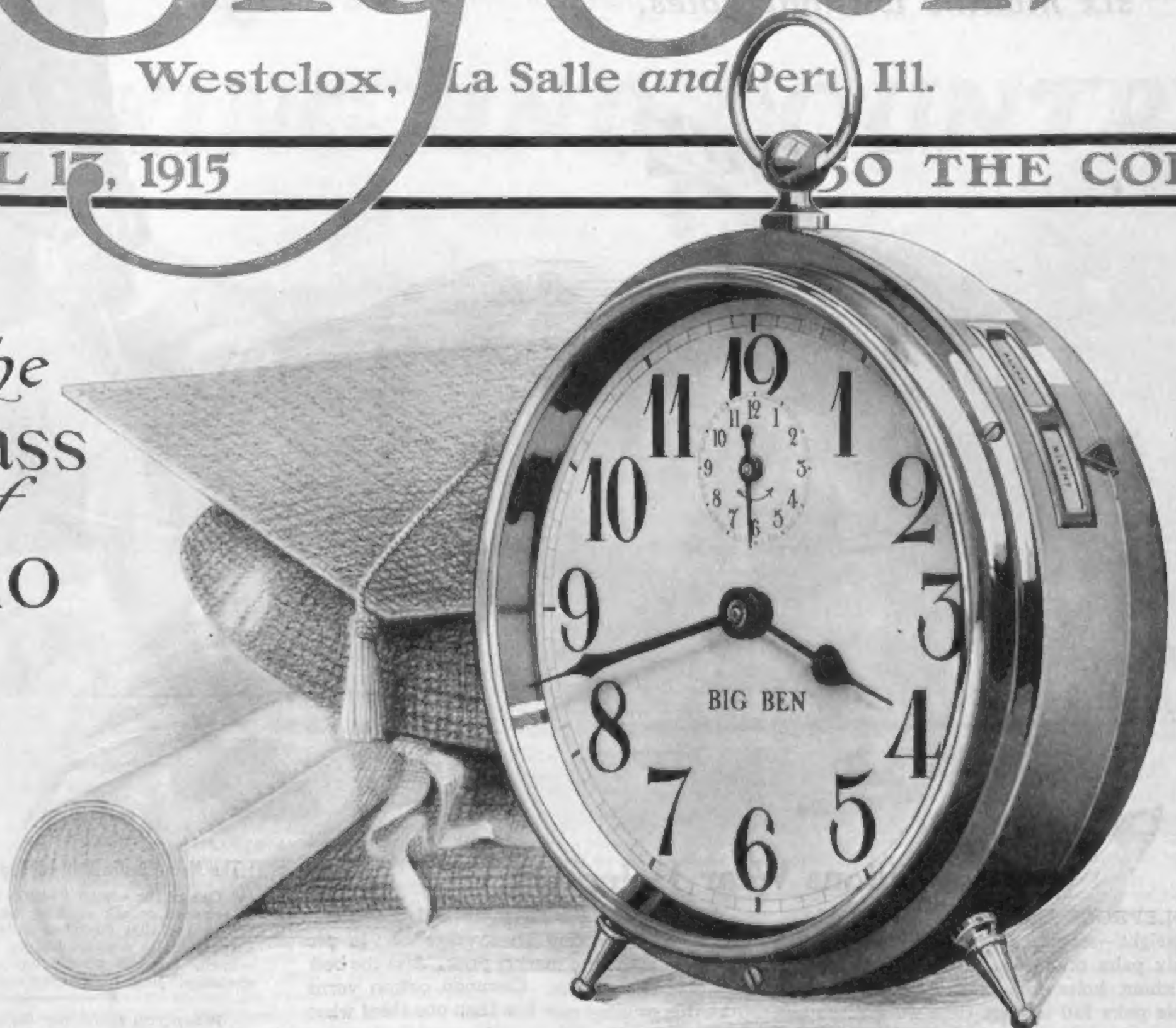

The Class *of* 1910

OUT of Westclox with the class of '10 went the most popular favorite, and best-liked chap the old school ever knew.

They called him Big Ben—always called on him when the score was close. His clear signals, clean runs, and boldness always made them winners—regardless of the odds.

So when he stepped out into the world, his college name went along—and soon everybody knew this cheerful, good-looking fellow as Big Ben. In five years Big Ben has become the best known alarm in business.

Big Ben has more than three million clients—works twenty-four hours a day—no vacations, no "off days", or no rest-ups, except for a drop of oil now and then.

Big Ben stands seven inches tall—has big easy-winding keys, and a jolly deep-toned voice. Rings two ways—five minutes straight or every other half minute for ten minutes. $2.50 in the States, $3.00 in Canada. If your jeweler hasn't him, a money order to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,* will bring him prepaid.

OVER THREE MILLION IN OPERATION

"Do you wear those sheer hose for all out-door sports, John?"

"Yes; they're Holeproof—guaranteed to wear six months without holes."

© H. H. Co.

Why Millions Wear Holeproof

HOLEPROOF Hose are stylish and light weight—seamless and comfortable. And six pairs of cotton are guaranteed to wear without holes for six months. If any of the six pairs fail in that time we give you new hose to replace them free. We make seamless Holeproofs in silk for men and women and guarantee three pairs for three months.

Think of the convenience, *the pleasure*, in wearing *for all occasions* trim, neat stockings or socks that you know will not suddenly rip or wear out.

Millions—men, women and children—wear these hose simply because they get the best in Holeproofs.

We use the best Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns, costing an average of 71c per pound, now the top market price. And the best Japanese thread silk. Common cotton yarns from this country cost less than one-third what we pay for ours.

And we spend $60,000 a year merely for inspection—just to see that every pair of Holeproof is perfect.

That's why whole families find in Holeproofs the utmost in comfort, style and *economy*.

There are as many as twelve shades for men and five for women, in addition to the regular black, in either silk or cotton. You'll want to wear these hose just as soon as you see them, so call on your dealer now.

The New Elastic Ribbed Top Stocking for Women

One of the newest features in Holeproof for women is a cotton or silk stocking with elastic ribbed cotton top—a top that stretches wide but always returns to shape—ideally comfortable for both stout and slender women. See this new Holeproof before you buy new stockings. Judge its quality and style.

When you go to buy Holeproof be sure you get what you ask for—see that the Holeproof trade-mark appears on every pair. Not all hosiery offered as "Holeproof" is genuine.

The genuine is sold in your town. Ask for dealers' names. We ship direct where no dealer is near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book that tells all about them.

$1.50 per box and up for six pairs of men's cotton Holeproofs; $2.00 per box and up for six pairs of women's or children's in cotton; $1.00 per box for four pairs of infants' in cotton. Above boxes guaranteed six months. $1.00 per box for three pairs of children's cotton Holeproofs, guaranteed three months. $2.00 per box for three pairs of men's silk Holeproof socks. $3.00 per box for three pairs of women's silk Holeproof stockings. Boxes of silk guaranteed *three months*. Three pairs of silk-faced Holeproof for men, $1.50; for women, $2.25. Three pairs of silk-faced are guaranteed for three months.

By invitation member of Rice Leaders of the World Association

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd., LONDON, CANADA

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Holeproof Trade Mark Hosiery

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Every man and woman should also examine Holeproof Silk Gloves. They are now sold in many stores. Made of the best quality silk, with *reinforced* finger tips that are *guaranteed* to outwear the gloves themselves.

Holeproof Guaranteed Silk Gloves FOR MEN AND WOMEN

We would not give the name "Holeproof" to any but the most durable gloves on the market. Write for prices and free book that tells all about them. We send them direct upon receipt of price if we have no dealer near you.

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FOR KING AND COUNTRY

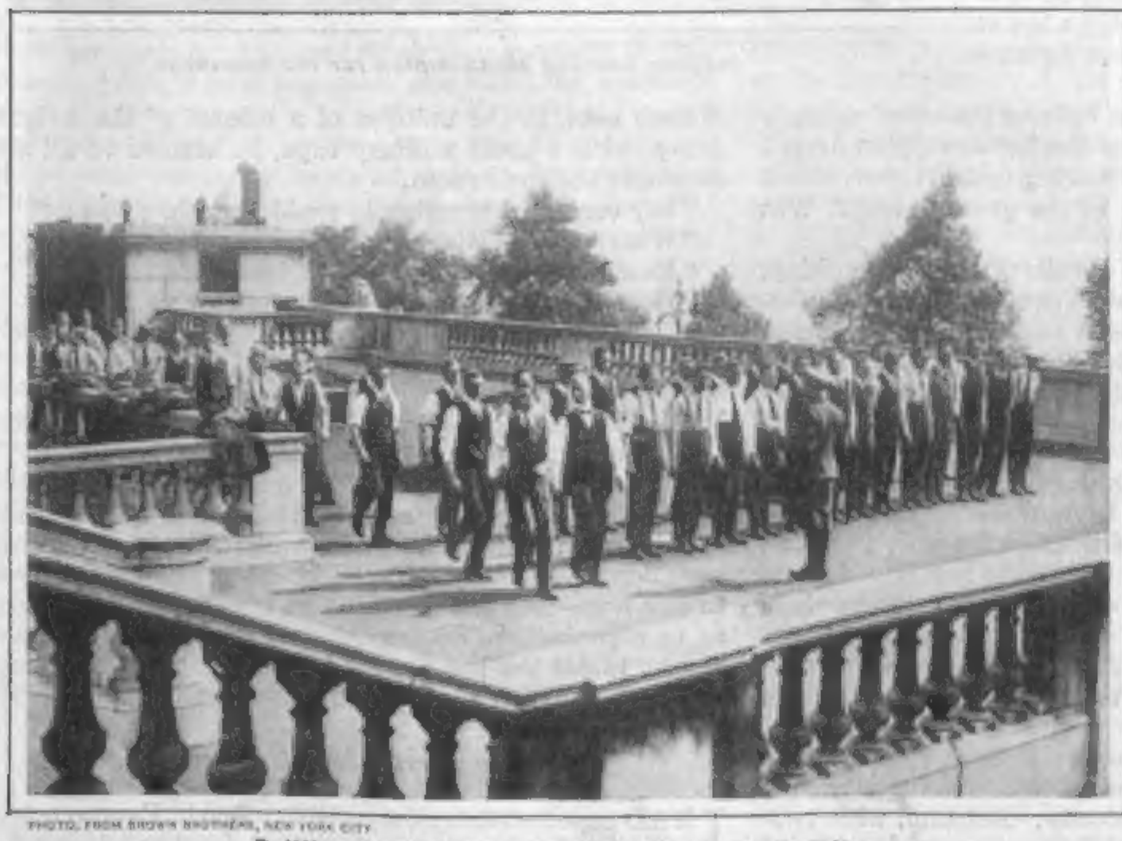

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Drilling English Recruits on the Roof of a Building

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British Wounded Being Conveyed to a Hospital Camp in France

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

MARCH in England is spring. Early in the month masses of snowdrops line the paths in Hyde Park. The grass was green, the roads hard and dry under the eager feet of Kitchener's great army. For months they had been drilling, struggling with the intricacies of a new career, working and waiting. And now it was spring, and soon they would be off. Some had already gone.

"Lucky beggars!" said the ones who remained, and counted the days.

And waiting, they drilled. Everywhere there were squads: Scots in plaid kilts with khaki tunics; less picturesque but equally imposing regiments in the field uniform, with officers hardly distinguishable from their men. Everywhere the same grim but cheerful determination to get over and help the boys across the Channel to assist in holding that more than four hundred miles of battle line against the invading hosts of Germany.

Here in Hyde Park that spring day was all the panoply of war: Bands playing, the steady tramp of numberless feet, the muffled clatter of accouterments, the homage of the waiting crowd. And they deserved homage, those fine, upstanding men, many of them hardly more than boys, marching along with a fine, full swing. There is something magnificent, a contagion of enthusiasm, in the sight of a great volunteer army. The North and the South knew the thrill during our own great war. Conscription may form a great and admirable machine, but it differs from the trained army of volunteers as a body differs from a soul. But it costs a country heavy in griefs, does a volunteer army; for the flower of the country goes. That, too, America knows, and England is learning.

They marched by gayly. The drums beat. The passers-by stopped. Here and there an open carriage or an automobile drew up, and pale men, some of them still in bandages, sat and watched. In their eyes was the same flaming eagerness, the same impatience to get back, to be loosed against the red lion's foes.

For King and Country!

All through England, all through France, all through that tragic corner of Belgium which remains to her, are similar armies, drilling and waiting, equally young, equally eager, equally resolute. And the thing they were going to I knew. I had seen it in that mysterious region which had swallowed up those who had gone before; in the trenches, in the operating rooms of field hospitals, at outposts where the sentries walked hand in hand with death. I had seen it in its dirt and horror and sordidness, this thing they were going to.

War in Theory and War in Reality

WAR is not two great armies meeting in the clash and frenzy of battle. It is much more than that. War is a boy carried on a stretcher, looking up at God's blue sky with bewildered eyes that are soon to close; war is a woman carrying a child that has been wounded by a shell; war is spirited horses tied in burning buildings and waiting for death; war is the flower of a race, torn, battered, hungry, bleeding, up to its knees in icy water; war is an old woman burning a candle before the Mater Dolorosa for the son she has given. For King and Country!

I started for the Continent on a bright day early in January. I was searched by a woman from Scotland Yard before being allowed on the platform. The pockets of my fur coat were examined; my one piece of baggage, a suitcase, was inspected.

"Now, Mrs. Rinehart," she said, straightening, "just why are you going?"

I told her exactly half of why I was going. I had a shrewd idea that the question in itself meant nothing. But it gave her a good chance to look at me. She was a very clever woman.

And so, having been discovered to be carrying neither weapons nor seditious documents, and having an open and honest eye, I was allowed to go through the straight and narrow way that led to possible destruction. Once or twice, later on, I blamed that woman for letting me through. I blamed myself for telling only half my reasons for going. Had I told her all she would have detained me safely in England, where aëroplanes do not drop bombs and steel darts, where automobiles sometimes go less than eighty miles an hour, and where a sharp bang means a door slamming in the wind and not a gun going off. She let me through, and I went out on the platform.

A Week's Holiday for the Army

THE leaving of the one-o'clock train from Victoria Station, London, is an event and a tragedy. Wounded who have recovered are going back; soldiers who have been having their week at home are returning to that mysterious region across the Channel, the front. Not the least of the British achievements has been to transport, during the winter deadlock, almost the entire army, in relays, back to England for a week's rest. It has been done without the loss of a man, across a channel swarming with hostile submarines. They came in thousands, covered with mud, weary, eager, their eyes searching the waiting crowd for some beloved face. And those who wait and watch as the cars empty sometimes weep with joy, and sometimes turn and go away alone.

Their week over, rested, tidy, eyes still eager but now turned toward France, the station platform beside the one-o'clock train is filled with soldiers going back. There are few to see them off; there are not many tears. Nothing is more typical of the courage and patriotism of the British women than that platform beside the one-o'clock train at Victoria. The crowd is shut out by ropes and Scotland Yard men stand guard. And out on the platform, saying little, because words are so feeble, pacing back and forth slowly, go these silent couples. They do not even touch hands. One feels that all the unselfish stoicism and restraint would crumble under the familiar touch.

The platform filled. Sir Partab Singh, an Indian prince, with his suite, was going back to the English lines. I had been a neighbor of his at Claridge's Hotel in London. I caught his eye. It was filled with cold suspicion. It said quite plainly that I could put nothing over on him. But whether he suspected me of being a newspaper writer or a spy I do not know.

Somehow, considering that the train was carrying a suspicious and turbaned Indian prince, any number of impatient officers and soldiers, and an American lady who was carefully avoiding the war office and trying to look like a buyer crossing the Channel for hats, the whistle for starting sounded rather inadequate. It was not martial. It was thin, effeminate, absurd. And so we were off, moving slowly past that line on the platform, where no one smiled; where grief and tragedy, in that one revealing moment, were written deep. I shall never forget the faces of the women as the train crept by.

Just as this war is greater than other wars, so the national spirit it has evoked has been stronger than private griefs. The women who have sent their husbands and their sons to the armies of the Allies have shown an unflinching spirit, a high courage, an unselfishness, that have been a revelation. The German women have shown in marvelous degree the same fortitude. One of many instances of this moral courage was the wreath sent by the aged mother of an English naval commander, killed in action. The commander had one of his legs shot away, but remained on the bridge until he died. The wreath bore this inscription:

"I praise my God for His every remembrance of me."

And now the train was well under way, a rather gloomy progress. The memory of those faces on the platform was too recent. But with Folkestone ahead and the war office well behind, my mind turned to submarines as a sunflower to the sun. Afterward I found that the thing to do is not to think about submarines. To think of politics, or shampoos, or of people one does not like, but not of submarines. They are like ghosts in that respect. They are perfectly safe and entirely innocuous as long as one thinks of something else.

Afterward I grew accustomed to the Channel crossing. It was necessary for me to cross twice after the eighteenth of February, when the blockade began. It was never an enjoyable trip, but one develops a sort of philosophy. It is the same with being under fire. The first shell makes you jump. The second you speak of, commenting with elaborate carelessness on where it fell. This is a gain over shell number one, when you cannot speak to save your life. The third shell you ignore, and the fourth you forget about—if you can.

I realized, looking back, that getting out of England was miraculously easy, and this in spite of a passport that gave my object frankly as "literary work." A part of my intention from the beginning had been to visit the hospitals at or near the front, and to be able to form an opinion of what supplies were needed, of conditions generally. Rumor in America had it that the medical and surgical situation was chaotic. Bands of earnest and well-intentioned people were working quite in the dark as to the conditions they hoped to relieve. And over the hospital situation, as over the military, brooded the impenetrable silence that has been decreed by the Allies since the beginning of the war. I had met everywhere in America tales from both the German and the Allies' lines that had astounded me. It seemed incredible that such conditions could exist in an age of surgical enlightenment; that, even in an unexpected and unprepared-for war, modern organization and efficiency should have utterly failed.

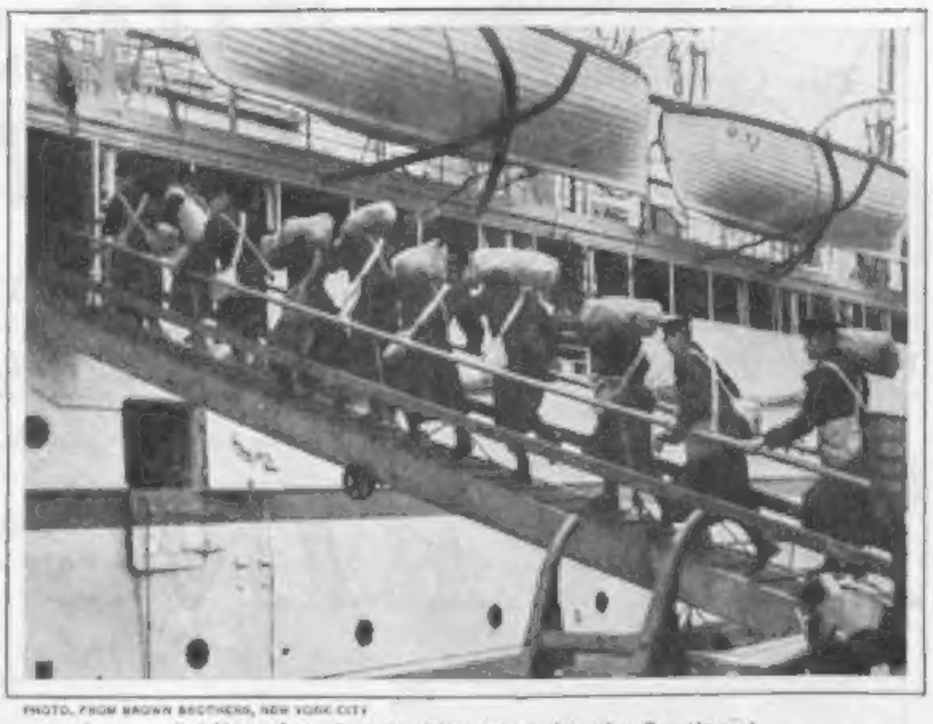
Off for Somewhere in France

ON THE steamer crossing the Atlantic, with the ship speeding on her swift and rather precarious journey, windows and ports carefully closed and darkened, one heard the same hideous stories: of tetanus in uncounted cases, of fearful infections, of no bandages—worst of all, of no anæsthetics.

I was a member of the American Red Cross Association, but I knew that the great work of the Red Cross was in sending supplies. The comparatively few nurses they had sent were not at the front or near it. The British, French, Belgian and Dutch nursing associations were in charge of the field hospitals, so far as I could discover.

To see these hospitals, to judge and report conditions, then, were part of my errand. Only a part, of course; for I had another purpose. I knew nothing of strategy or tactics, of military movements and their significance. I was not interested in them particularly. But I meant to get, if it was possible, a picture of war in all its phases. What is more, I wanted a picture of that *terra incognita*, the lines of the Allies; a picture of this new warfare that would show it for the horror that it is; a picture that would give pause to that certain percentage of the American people that is always so eager to force a conservative government into conflict with other nations.

There were other things to learn. What was France doing? The great sister republic had put a magnificent army into the field. Between France and the United States were many bonds, much reciprocal good feeling. The Statue of Liberty, as I went down the bay, bespoke the kindly feeling between the two republics. I remembered Lafayette. Battle-scarred France, where liberty has fought so hard for life—what was France doing? Not saying much, certainly. Fighting, surely, as the French have always fought. For certainly England, with her gallant but at that time meager army, was not fighting alone the great war.



PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Soldiers Leaving Southampton for the Continent

But there were three nations fighting the allied cause in the west. What had become of the heroic Belgian Army? Was it resting on its laurels? Having done its part, was it holding an honorary position in the great line-up? Was it a fragment or an army?

The newspapers were full of details that meant nothing: names of strange villages, movements backward and forward as the long battle line bent and straightened again. But what was really happening beyond the barriers that guarded the front so jealously? How did the men live under these new and strange conditions? What did they think? Or fear? Or hope?

Great lorries and transports went out from the French coast towns and disappeared beyond the horizon; motor ambulances and hospital trains came in with the grim harvest. Men came and, like those who had gone before, they too went out and did not come back. "Somewhere in France," the papers said. Such letters as they wrote came from "somewhere in France." What was happening then, over there, beyond the horizon, "somewhere in France"?

And now that I have been beyond the dead line all these questions have answered themselves. France is saying nothing, and fighting magnificently. Belgium, with two-thirds of her army gone, has still fifty thousand men, and is preparing two hundred thousand more.

Instead of merely an honorary position, she is holding tenaciously, against repeated onslaughts and under horrible conditions, the flooded district between Nieuport and Dixmude. England, although holding only thirty-two miles of front, beginning immediately south of Ypres, is holding that line against some of the most furious fighting of the war, and is developing, at the same time, an enormous fighting machine for the spring movement.

The British soldier is well equipped, well fed, comfortably transported. When it is remembered that England is also assisting to equip all the allied armies, it will be seen that she is doing much more than holding the high seas.

To see the wounded, then; to follow the lines of hospital trains to that mysterious region, the front; to see the men in the trenches and in their billets; to observe their morale, the conditions under which they lived—and died. It was too late to think of the cause of the war or of the justice or injustice of that cause. It will never be too late for its humanities and inhumanities, its braveries and its occasional flinchings, its tragedies and its absurdities.

It was through the assistance of the Belgian Red Cross that I got out of England and across the Channel. I visited the Anglo-Belgian Committee at its quarters in the Savoy Hotel, London, and told them of my twofold errand. They saw at once the point I made. America was sending large amounts of money and vast quantities of supplies to the Belgians on both sides of the line. What was being done in interned Belgium was well known. But those hospital supplies and other things shipped to Northern France were swallowed up in the great silence. The war would not be ended in a day or a month.

"Let me see conditions as they really are," I said. "It is no use telling me about them. Let me see them. Then I can tell the American people what they have already done in the war zone, and what they may be asked to do."

Through a piece of good luck Doctor Depage, the president, had come across the Channel to a conference, and was present. A huge man, in the uniform of a colonel of the Belgian Army, with a great military cape, he seemed to fill and dominate the little room.

They conferred together in rapid French.

"Where do you wish to go?" I was asked.

"Everywhere."

"Hospitals are not always cheerful to visit."

"I am a graduate of a hospital training school. Also a member of the American Red Cross."

They conferred again.

"Madame will not always be comfortable—over there."

"I don't want to be comfortable," I said bravely.

Another conference. The idea was a new one; it took some mental readjustment. But their cause was just, and mingled with their desire to let America know what they were doing was a justifiable pride. They knew what I was to find out—that one of the finest hospitals in the world, as to organization, equipment and results, was situated almost under the guns of devastated Nieuport, so close that the roar of artillery is always in one's ears.

Correspondents Not Encouraged

I HAD expected delays, a possible refusal. Everyone had encountered delays of one sort and another. Instead, I found a most courteous and agreeable permission given. I was rather dazed. And when, a day or so later, through other channels, I found myself in possession of letters to the Baron de Broqueville, Premier and Minister of War for Belgium, and to General Melis, Inspector General of the Belgian Army Medical Corps, I realized that, once in Belgian territory, my troubles would probably be at an end.

For getting out of England I put my faith in a card given me by the Belgian Red Cross. There are only four such cards in existence, and mine was number four.

From Calais to La Panne! If I could get to Calais I could get to the front, for La Panne is only four miles from Nieuport, where the confronting lines of trenches begin. Calais was under military law.

Writers were allowed twenty-four hours there, and were then shipped back across the Channel or to some innocuous destination south. Yet this little card meant the privilege of going fifty miles northeast to the actual front. True, it gave no chance for deviation. A mile, a hundred feet off the straight and tree-lined road north to La Panne, and I should be arrested. But the time to think about that would come later on.

As a matter of fact, I have never been arrested. I did my best. Except in the hospitals, I was always practically where I had no business to be. I had a room in the Hôtel des Arcades, in Dunkirk, for weeks, where, just round the corner, the police had closed a house for a month as a punishment because a room had been rented to a correspondent. The correspondent had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment, but had been released after five weeks. I was frankly a writer. I was almost aggressively a writer. I wrote down carefully and openly everything I saw. I made, but of course under proper auspices and with the necessary permits, excursions to the first line of trenches from Nieuport to the La Bassée region and Béthune, along Belgian, French and English lines, always openly, always with a notebook. And nothing happened!

As my notebook became filled with data I grew more and more anxious, while the authorities grew more calm. Suppose I fell into the hands of the Germans! It was a large notebook, filled with much information. I could never swallow the thing, as officers are supposed to swallow the password slips in case of capture. After a time the general spy alarm got into my blood. I regarded the boy who brought my morning coffee with suspicion, and slept with my notes under my pillow. And nothing happened!

It is, however, too soon for morning coffee. I have not yet crossed the Channel. I had secured my passport *viâ*

PHOTO, FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Happy British Territorials on the Continent. Several are Wearing Sheepskin Coats. The Inevitable Dog is in the Picture

at the French and Belgian Consulates, and at the latter legation was able also to secure a letter asking the civil and military authorities to facilitate my journey. The letter had been requested for me by Colonel Depage.

But I must get to Calais. And the boat, which had intended making Calais, had had a report of submarines and headed for Boulogne. This in itself was upsetting. To have, as one may say, one's teeth set for Calais, and find one is biting on Boulogne, is not agreeable. I did not want Boulogne. My pass was from Calais. I had visions of waiting in Boulogne, of growing old and gray waiting, or of trying to walk to Calais and being turned back, of being locked in a cow stable and bedded down on straw. For fear of rousing hopes that must inevitably be disappointed—nothing of the sort happened.

There were no other women on board: only British officers and the turbaned and imposing Indians. The day was bright, exceedingly cold. The boat went at top speed, her lifeboats slung over the sides and ready for lowering. There were lookouts posted everywhere. I did not think they attended to their business. Every now and then one lifted his head and looked at the sky or at the passengers. I felt that I should report him. What business had he to look away from the sea? I went out to the bow and watched for periscopes. There were black things floating about. I decided that they were not periscopes, but mines. We went very close to them. They proved to be buoys.

I hated to take my eyes off the sea, even for a moment. If you have ever been driven at sixty miles an hour over a bad road, and felt that if you looked away the car would go into the ditch, and if you will multiply that by the exact number of German submarines and then add the British Army, you will know how I felt.

Seeing me alone the captain asked me to the canvas shelter of the bridge. I proceeded to voice my protest at our change of destination. He apologized, but we continued to Boulogne.

"What does a periscope look like?" I asked. "I mean, of course, from this boat?"

"Depends on how much of it is showing. Sometimes it's only about the size of one of those gulls. It's hard to tell the difference."

Landing on French Soil

I RATHER suspect that captain now. There were many gulls sitting on the water. I had been looking for something like a hitching post sticking up out of the water. Now my last vestige of pleasure and confidence was gone. I went almost mad trying to watch all the gulls at once.

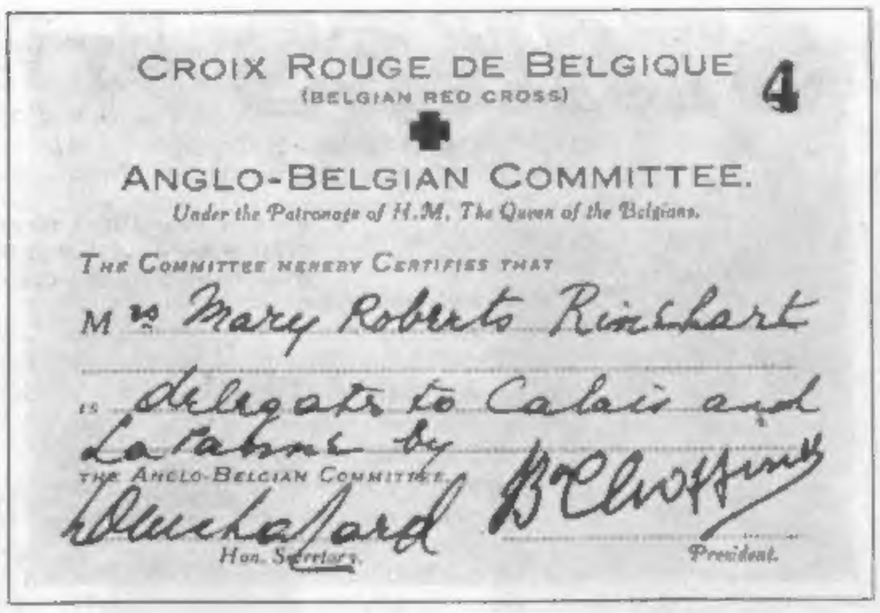
"What will you do if you see a submarine?"

"Run it down," said the captain calmly. "That's the only chance we've got. That is, if we see the boat itself. These little Channel steamers make about twenty-six knots, and the submarine, submerged, only about half of that. Sixteen is the best they can do on the surface. Run them down and sink them, that's my motto."

"What about a torpedo?"

"We can see them coming. It will be hard to torpedo this boat—she goes too fast."

Then and there he explained to me the snowy wake of the torpedo, a white path across the water; the mechanism by which it is kept true to its course; the detonator that explodes it. From nervousness I shifted to enthusiasm.


CROIX ROUGE DE BELGIQUE
(BELGIAN RED CROSS) 4

ANGLO-BELGIAN COMMITTEE.

Under the Patronage of H.M. The Queen of the Belgians.

THE COMMITTEE HEREBY CERTIFIES THAT

Mrs Mary Roberts Rinehart

is delegate to Calais and Labasse by THE ANGLO-BELGIAN COMMITTEE.

Hon. Secretary. President.

Mrs. Rinehart's Red Cross Certificate

I wanted to see the white wake. I wanted to see the Channel boat dodge it. My sporting blood was up. I was willing to take a chance. I felt that if there was a difficulty this man would escape it. I turned and looked back at the khaki-colored figures on the deck below.

Taking a chance! They were all taking a chance. And there was one, an officer, with an empty right sleeve. Suddenly what for an enthusiastic moment, in that bracing sea air, had seemed a game, became the thing that it is, not a game, but a deadly and cruel war. I never grew accustomed to the tragedy of the empty sleeve. And as if to accentuate this thing toward which I was moving so swiftly, the British Red Cross ship, from Boulogne to Folkestone, came in sight, hurrying over with her wounded, a great white boat, garnering daily her harvest of wounded and taking them "home."

Land now—a gray-white line that is the sand dunes at Ambleteuse, north of Boulogne. I knew Ambleteuse. It gave a sense of strangeness to see the old tower at the water's edge loom up out of the sea. The sight of land was comforting, but vigilance was not relaxed. The attacks of submarines have been mostly made not far outside the harbors, and only a few days later that very boat was to make a sensational escape just outside the harbor of Boulogne.

All at once it was twilight, the swift dusk of the sea. The boat warped in slowly. I showed my passport, and at last I was on French soil. North and east, beyond the horizon, lay the thing I had come to see.

Many people have seen Boulogne and written of what they have seen: the great hotels that face the quay and that are now English hospitals; the crowding of transport wagons; the French signs, which now have English signs added to them; the mixture of uniforms—English khaki and French blue; and over all the damp chill of the Continental winter, that chill that sinks in and never leaves, that penetrates fur and wool and eats into the spirit like an acid.

I got through the customs without much difficulty. I had a large package of cigarettes for the soldiers, for given his choice, food or a smoke, the soldier will choose the latter. At last after much talk I got them in free of duty. And then I was footfree.

Here again I realize that I should have encountered great difficulties. I should at least have had to walk to Calais, or to have slept, as did one titled Englishwoman I know, in a bathtub. I did neither. I took a first-class ticket to Calais, and waited round the station until a train should go.

And then I happened on one of the pictures that will stand out always in my mind. Perhaps it was because I was not yet inured to suffering; certainly I was to see many similar scenes, much more of the flotsam and jetsam of the human tide that was sweeping back and forward over the flat fields of France and Flanders.

A hospital train had come in, a British train. The twilight had deepened into night. Under the flickering arc lamps, in that cold and dismal place, the train came to a quiet stop. Almost immediately it began to unload. A door opened and a British nurse alighted. Then slowly and painfully a man in a sitting position slid forward, pushing himself with his hands, his two bandaged feet held in the air. He sat at the edge of the doorway and lowered his feet carefully until they hung free.

"Frozen feet from the trenches," said a man standing beside me.

The first man was lifted down and placed on a truck, and his place was filled immediately by another. As fast as one man was taken another came. The line seemed endless. One and all, their faces expressed keen apprehension, lest some chance awkwardness should touch or jar the tortured feet. Ten at a time they were wheeled away. And still they came and came, until perhaps two hundred had been taken off. But now something else was happening. Another car of badly wounded was being unloaded. Through the windows could be seen the iron framework on which the stretchers, three in a tier, were swung.

Nothing Too Good for Wounded Englishmen

HALFWAY down the car a wide window was opened, and two tall lieutenants, with four orderlies, took their places outside. It was very silent. Orders were given in low tones. The muffled rumble of the trucks carrying the soldiers with frozen feet was all that broke the quiet, and soon they, too, were gone; and there remained only the six men outside, receiving with hands as gentle as those of women the stretchers so cautiously worked over the window sill to them. One by one the stretchers came; one by one they were added to the lengthening line that lay prone on the stone flooring beside the train. There was not a jar, not an unnecessary motion. One great officer, very young, took the weight of the end as it came toward him, and lowered it with marvelous gentleness as the others took hold. He had a trick of the wrist that enabled him to reach up, take hold and lower the stretcher, without freeing his hands. He was marvelously strong, marvelously tender.

The stretchers were laid out side by side. Their occupants did not speak or move. It was as if they had reached their limit of endurance. They lay with closed eyes, or with impassive, upturned faces, swathed in their brown blankets against the chill. Here and there a knitted neck scarf had been loosely wrapped about a head. All over America women were knitting just such scarfs.

And still the line grew. The car seemed inexhaustible of horrors. And still the young lieutenant with the tender hands and the strong wrists took the onus of the burden, the muscles of his back swelling under his khaki tunic. If I were asked to typify the attitude of the British Army and of the British people toward their wounded, I should point to that boy. Nothing that I know of in history can equal the care the English are taking of their wounded in this, the great war. They have, of course, the advantage of the best nursing system in Europe.

(Continued on Page 37)

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Trying a New Boom to Protect the Mouth of the Thames at Sheerness

PHOTO. FROM BROWN BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY

Cooking Supper in a British Camp in France

DOUBLED STAKES

By William R. Lighton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Beckett Found Him Sleepy and Cross After an All-Night's Hard Ride Down Into the Country

BECKETT K. McGILLICUDDY looked as though Nature, in setting up his frame, had been merely fooling away an idle hour, piling a mixed lot of bones end on end, without regard for form; without any other purpose whatever than to see how high she could build the stack before it would topple. She must have kept an exquisitely delicate touch, for she had wrought almost a miracle.

Beckett K. seemed to have no less than twice as many bones as anybody else, and it seemed quite certain that there were not two alike in all the queer assortment. When he stood on his feet he rocked and teetered unsteadily sidewise, backward and forward; and to see him walking down the street, with the loose, lurching fling of his knee-sprung legs, limp arms dangling, lean body pitching headlong from the hips, long ewe neck twisted awry, you were very likely to cry aloud your fear that the ultimate moment of collapse had come and that Beckett K. McGillicuddy would presently be gathered up in scrapbaskets.

Though so prodigal with the bones in his make-up Nature had been downright stingy with the rest of the raw materials. Wherever there was a joint—and they seemed legion—Beckett K. had a knobby look; wherever there was any sort of chance a bone thrust itself out at you. Knuckles, knees, elbows, nose, eyesockets, jaw—bones, bones! Jack Sprat, who was averse to fat, must have sworn eternal friendship for Beckett K. at sight; and even Jack's wife, who was averse to lean, would have found but little to her distaste on Beckett's bones.

That is the sort of man Beckett K. McGillicuddy was. When he moved, you listened for the creak. The very syllables of his name, spoken in his hard, dry voice, had a bony rattle. When he appeared in a strange town passers-by looked involuntarily to see whether the rest of the freaks were following on behind.

If you had tried to guess Beckett K. McGillicuddy's calling on your first glimpse of him, a hundred to one you would have missed it clean. He looked very much more like anything else than what he was; in fact, he was the banker of Redstone, Wyoming. The bank had other stockholders, but none of them bothered actively about its affairs so long as Beckett was about. He was cashier, loan officer, manager—the whole thing. If you saw him in his cage during business hours, his shrewd pale-gray eyes peering out at you between the bars of the grille, the proposition did not appear so utterly preposterous.

It was said of him that he was a great little old banker, an abler judge of men than any other of his profession in all the country round about—and in cowland the soundness of a loan depends more on the human equation than on the question of material security. Beckett K. knew all the intimate details of the affairs of every stockman in the wide field from Sundance to Cheyenne, from Chadron to Lander. He knew whose grass was plentiful on the range for the coming winter; he knew whose wool clip had been handled skillfully and to advantage the last spring; he knew whose free pasture was being cut down and hemmed in by the encroachments of the dry farmers. He knew a lot of things about them—and he knew most of them by their first names.

It was one of the traditions of the bank that it had never lost a dollar on one of its stock loans; and it was a tradition of the country that the man who went to the Bank of Redstone to borrow money had better not try to run a whizzer on the lank chap behind the counter. He would not stand for nonsense while he was on duty. Off duty, to be sure —— But that comes afterward. From eight o'clock in the morning, sharp, till four o'clock in the afternoon, sharp, Beckett K. was known to be strictly on his job.

Knowing this, the townsmen of Redstone who beheld him were quite sure it was business of the bank that sent Beckett up Main Street in such a hurry at five minutes past eight on this Tuesday morning. Hurry seems such a lame and halting word for telling of his gait. He was not walking, for to walk implies an orderly sort of progress. He was not running, for to run implies a certain swift precision of movement. Beckett was simply getting there in a manner all his own, bent half over in the middle, plunging at his loose stride like a horse that has eaten of the loco, and making frantic strokes with his long arms as a man will on finding himself in water beyond his depth, though he never swam before.

Sometimes one foot seemed to stop dead for a moment while the other foot hopped twice to catch up; always there was a ludicrous suggestion that some part of his unstable anatomy was being left behind. It was, on the whole, a most uncommon spectacle, fit to beget remark if the townsmen had not been so well used to him. Clearly he was doing his best to arrive somewhere with the least possible loss of time; and, considering his handicap, he was making rather notable headway.

He turned in at the open door of the New York Store. The sign lettered across the square false front of the building declared that the New York Store was a merchandise "emporum," and added, by way of good measure: "Bud Kennedy, Prop." Bud Kennedy sat on a goods box just within the doorway, with all the airs of a proprietor—that is to say, he was lounging at ease with a cigarette dangling from one corner of his thick mouth, whittling thin shavings from the edge of the box, calmly waiting for the day's business to begin.

Calm was Bud's emotional specialty; body and mind seemed to have been fashioned to insure an oxlike repose. Bud was built as though to match the architecture of his "emporum." He was short and squat and broad. He had a one-story effect, but with lots of room inside. His complexion was a combination of abundant red blood, showing through a thick coat of leather-brown tan; his light-blue eyes had the wrinkly squint that comes from living in a land of much brilliant sunshine. By the look of him you would have known, beyond a doubt, that he was well-to-do—maybe rich; a thrifty trader who mingled some human kindliness with all his shrewdness.

He appeared the sort of man who would take your last dollar in a deal if he had the chance, just as a matter of principle, and then stake you liberally from his winnings and most likely forget all about it in the next half-hour. You have seen men like him—men who settle affairs as they go along and then dismiss them from mind, indulging no remorse, holding no grudges. Above all his other qualities, he was an extremely calm person.

Bud's two clerks were at the back end of the store, wrestling with a new lot of merchandise. There were no customers about, and it was rather too early for the loafers to appear; so Bud was quite alone. Nevertheless, Beckett K. McGillicuddy drew as close as he could get to Bud's side, bending down to bring his thin lips against Bud's thick red ear and speaking in a dry, wheezing whisper, with a manner of profound secrecy:

"Bud! They've cracked the safe!"

By rights that ought to have disturbed Bud's calm sharply; for Bud bore the title of President of the Bank of Redstone, and much of its working capital was his money. Besides, a majority of the stock was his. He betrayed no excitement; he merely paused in his whittling, tightening his squint ever so slightly as he looked up at Beckett's agitated face.

"Who did?" he asked.

It was obviously a very practical question, but it rasped the temper of Beckett K. McGillicuddy.

"Criminy!" Beckett wheezed. "How do I know? But they've cracked the safe, I tell you! Last night! Cracked the safe!"

Slowly Bud's eyes dropped back to his jackknife, which had halted midway of a long shaving. Slowly he finished slicing off the shaving, taking extra pains to get it smooth and thin and even. Then he looked again at Beckett.

"How much did they get?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Beckett K. "I can't tell till I check up. I haven't had time yet. I came right up here as soon as I found out. But they've certainly cracked it—blew the door clear off, and then helped themselves. I reckon they took a plenty."

Bud took time to light his cigarette.

"Well," he remarked, "there's one thing: Crackin' the safe don't bust the bank."

It was gravely said. Bud intended no play on words. He was not a humorist; he was merely a philosopher. It was quite characteristic of him that he voiced no lamentations, but brought his thoughts at once to the living issue next in order. It was part of Bud's working faith that nobody had ever lived very heartily on spilled milk.

"The first thing to do, Beck," he suggested tranquilly, "is to find out how much they took and how much you've got left, so you'll know whether you've got enough to run on. You don't want the cash to be lackin'. I've got a couple thousand I could rustle up before noon if you're goin' to need it. And then the next thing—— What do you figure on doin' for the next thing?"

Beckett teetered uncertainly for a few moments, considering, licking a dry tongue over dry lips.

"What riles me, Bud," he said, "is that we've lost some money. It's the first money we've ever lost since the bank started. And to lose it like this!"

Bud did not share visibly in Beckett K.'s poignant regret.

"I don't know but it's time we was losin' a little," he said placidly. "A steady run of luck ain't good for anybody. We've been too darned lucky. First thing you know, we'd have been gettin' fatheaded and careless. Gettin' the safe cracked is liable to brace us up, don't you reckon? I'd rather lose some to a gang of safeblowers in the middle of the night than be skinned out of it by somebody that caught us asleep in the middle of the day. I wouldn't wonder if we needed a wakin' up."

His jackknife was still active, making a string of small, neat notches along the smoothed edge of the box. He always liked to keep his hands engaged on some such innocuous business while he was thinking. If he wasn't whittling he would be tearing a strip of paper into fancy shapes or breaking matchsticks into even lengths, seemingly absorbed with what he was doing. That trick would often let him catch the other man off his guard when a trade was pending.

"Losin' the money don't hurt nothin'," he said presently; "but what are you figurin' on doin' about catchin' 'em? If it was just me I wouldn't bother to squander nothin' with huntin' 'em; but, bein' as it's the bank, I shouldn't wonder if the bank ought to sort of do somethin', just for the looks of the thing. I shouldn't wonder if we'd ought to hire some kind of a detecative or somethin'. Just as you say, though. You're runnin' it."

Beckett's stringy form, lopping limply against the edge of Bud's seat, was galvanized by sudden recollection.

"I've got to be getting back!" he said. "Folks'll be noticing if the bank ain't open. I'll stop in and tell Doc on the way down. And then I'll let you know soon as I find out how it stands. Better give me what loose money you've got here, in case they didn't leave me any at all. And, say: Don't speak a word of it to anybody—not a word; not till we know something and settle on what we'll do. Not a word!"

"Doc," to whom McGillicuddy now flapped his excited way, was Dr. Amos Giddings, the bank's vice-president and third of its principal stockholders. Beckett found him

bedded down on a cot in his office, half clothed, sleepy and cross after an all-night's hard ride down into the country.

If Beckett K. McGillicuddy and Bud Kennedy were radically unlike, Dr. Amos Giddings was no less unlike either of them. The three made the angles of a human equilateral triangle. Doctor Amos was small, compact, tense, precise. Precision was his fetish; "precisely" was the keyword of his vocabulary. Precision showed in the details of his personal appearance: in the exact parting of his thin hair; in the evenness of his small white teeth; in the carefully matched pointed ends of his gray mustache. Even when wakened suddenly from sleep after his rough night's experience, he did not come up tousled like other men; even at such odds he appeared well groomed, neat, unruffled.

Though he kept office alone the place was in flawless order. Nothing was tucked slovenly into corners or behind the furniture; in fact, Doctor Amos was temperamentally unable to get away from the idea of precision. His conduct of his practice was precise. His patients either recovered with precision or died and were buried precisely, with everything in proper order.

Even Death could not slouch or shuffle at his work if Dr. Amos Giddings was about.

To Dr. Amos Giddings, McGillicuddy broke the tale of the night's mishap; and as he listened, seated primly on the edge of his cot, Giddings had the manner of one who was picking out the essential facts and setting them before his mind in methodical array.

"Ah!" he said when Beckett had come to an end. "Precisely! I approve entirely of Kennedy's suggestion. A competent detective should be employed, by all means. Do you know where one might be secured?"

"Why, yes; I guess so," said Beckett. "There's that Chicago outfit—the one that's been nagging at us to buy burglary insurance, you know. That's a detective layout. That's their strong spiel—that their detective department is such a terror that the crooks are all scared to tackle a bank they've insured. I don't know; I guess they're all right. It's the only outfit I know anyway. I reckon I'd better wire 'em. I've got their address at the bank."

"Precisely!" said Doctor Amos. "By all means! I should communicate with them at once."

Beckett got up to go, standing for a moment, clinging to his chairback for support. "And, Doc," he said, "we're keeping this mum, ain't we? I guess we'd better. Bud thinks so too. No talking round till we've found what's what. Not a word!"

"Ah, yes!" Doctor Amos agreed. "Yes, indeed! There is no occasion for making the matter public at this time. A wise precaution. Precisely!"

II

THEY were reckoning without their host in plotting secrecy, however. Down the street, halfway from Giddings' office to the bank, a man sat on the edge of the sidewalk, near the public hitching rack, unobtrusively doing nothing in particular—merely smoking a casual cigarette and basking in the morning warmth and brightness. Infallible signs marked him as one who made his living out-of-doors and in the saddle. He was deeply sunbrowned, slim waisted, full chested, lithe muscled. His dress was the dress of his calling—loose, easy fitting, weather stained, finely picturesque.

This was not the flamboyant dress-parade picturesqueness of the stage cowpuncher, but the real thing of open air and wide spaces and the day's work. No counterfeit picturesqueness, however artfully contrived, can hold a candle to the unconscious reality. This Billy Fortune had never so much as dreamed of studied effects in make-up or conduct; through all his life he had been too intensely busy with the mighty comedy of living to concern himself at all with such empty mockeries.

Billy Fortune, lazily enjoying his smoke in the sun, letting his lazy eyes rove up and down the street, had seen McGillicuddy leave the town hotel, cross to the post office, and then move on to the bank and unlock the door for the day. Watching, Billy's lips had smiled faintly and his dark eyes had kindled in lazy amusement as he made comment to himself:

"Eight o'clock! Good old Beck! You could pretty near set your watch by him in the mornin's; but how do you reckon he can arrive any place so punctual on them legs of his'n? Goes like a kid's jumpin'-jack that's sufferin' with a bad case of the fidgets. It must have took a sight of practice before he could feel reliable."

Then, after a brief minute, he had seen Beckett come in mad haste to the walk, lock the bank door behind him, and set off on his mad pilgrimage to the New York Store. The spectacle had stirred Billy to quickening interest, started him again on his self-communion:

"Hello! What's ailin' him now? He don't ever do like that. He's had some news since he went inside the bank. Bad news, it was. You couldn't ever get Beck so worked up as that by a piece of good news. Mebbe it was somethin' in one of his letters. No—it couldn't have been, either; he didn't stay long enough to open a letter and read it. It wasn't that. What do you suppose it was now? What else could it be? Not—— Why, say, Billy!"

"I Don't Know a Thing More Than You Do. You'll Have to Dig Up the Thief Yourself"

At the flash of the idea Billy's face had come broad awake and his relaxed body had stiffened suddenly.

"Watch, now! He's gone to see Bud Kennedy. He wouldn't be doin' that if it wasn't somethin' terrible special. Oh, it just couldn't be! Well, now, why couldn't it? Wait a minute now! Why—why ——" For a little time his thoughts were too swift and too formless for words, but his manner was the manner of one who plays at putting two and two together. "Watch, Billy! If he goes from Bud's to see Doc—— That's just what he's doin'! That's just what it is! Gee whiz! I certainly wish there was somebody here I could bet with on it!"

And so it happened that when Beckett came plunging by from Giddings' office on his return to the bank, Billy Fortune hailed lazily over his shoulder from his perch on the edge of the walk:

"Hello, Beck! Say, how much did they get away with?"

Beckett came to a halt so suddenly that he swayed on his feet as a willow sways in the wind, recovering his equilibrium with a struggle. He was plainly dismayed, but not for long. His mental poise was a lot more sure than his bodily balance. Promptly he met Billy's bland grin in kind, drawing closer. He met the outright question in kind, too, and just as promptly. He had no thought of trying to lie his way out of the facts; he knew Billy well enough to know that would be useless.

"Why, hello, Billy!" he said. "Say, don't talk so loud! Who was telling you?"

Billy stood up to talk more quietly.

"I don't have to be told everything," he said gently; "but you've been tellin' me this yourself as plain as you could. I've been watchin' you. It wouldn't have took a wizard to cipher it out. Did they get much?"

Pointedly Beckett told what he knew.

"But, Billy," he added, "if you love me, don't talk. I mean it. I'm asking it as a friend."

"Oh, sure!" said Billy: "I ain't sayin' a word; but what you goin' to do? You might tell me that, bein' as we're such friends. You'll be doin' somethin', won't you?"

"Why—why—yes; I suppose so," Beckett returned. It was but a shabby evasion, an evasion which didn't evade. Billy grinned again impudently.

"You needn't to tell me. You'll be hirin' one of these Cap Collier lads. That's what they all do. But shucks, Beck! I wouldn't do that. It ain't any use. We had a couple of 'em workin' last spring when the rustlin' was so bad. A couple of real wise boys from Saint Louie, they was. They grafted us blind for as much as three months; but they didn't find out as much then as we knowed to start with. I wouldn't if I was you."

"Oh, I'll get a good man," Beckett said. "It's got to be a man trained to this sort of thing. Safecracking is different from rustling, Billy. It's a sort of profession, you might say. It's got its tricks, same as other trades. It needs a man who knows the tricks to figure the thing out. That's the kind of man I'm sending for."

Billy loafed easily against the hitching rack, indolently rolling a fresh cigarette.

"All right," he drawled. "It's your funeral; but I'll make you a proposition on it. Mebbe I ain't wise to the tricks you're talkin' about; but listen. I'll bet somethin' with you. You can hire as many of them detective boys as you've a mind to, and I'll bet you somethin' I'll find out who done it before you do. I'll bet you money, marbles or chalk. Beck, I'll bet you a hundred, even."

A subtle change came over Beckett K. McGillicuddy's face. The fixed lines that men were used to looking at through the bars of the bank wicket were curiously relaxed, a wistful light flickered for a moment in the pale-gray eyes; the corners of the thin-lipped mouth quivered.

"Billy," he said softly, "you know perfectly well it's absolutely against my rule to make any kind of a bet whatever in banking hours. But—Billy —— Say, you just hold that proposition open for me till after four o'clock."

What She Said Was Inaudible to Billy, But It Was Enough to Galvanize the Man Out of His Despond

III

FOR the rest of the morning Beckett K. was a very busy person. Working quite alone he managed, as well as he could, to efface the visible tokens of the disaster to his safe, so that no idly roving eyes might pick up the evidence. Then hurriedly he set about checking up to discover the extent of his loss. It amounted to seventy-two hundred dollars in larger bills and gold; smaller paper and silver had been left

behind, as being too bulky or heavy for convenient carriage. This bit of consolation money helped some. Beckett assorted it carefully in his counter-racks and drawers, along with what Bud Kennedy had given him, ready for customers' use. Then he went to the telegraph office with his urgent message to Chicago.

By ten o'clock, when Kennedy sauntered in for news, McGillicuddy was in his wonted place and wearing his wonted look—stiff, cold, dispassionate, ready for business, appearing quite as though nothing had happened out of the ordinary.

Quietly he told Kennedy of what had been discovered and done; and Bud, lolling against the little shelf before the cashier's window, spoke in phlegmatic comment:

"All right. Say, I've been thinkin': How could a stranger have got in last night after dark? There's no train, only the down freight, and it went through at thirty miles last night. I remember noticin' it myself. If he'd come in by passenger train he'd have been bound to come by daylight; but there wasn't nary stranger round town yesterday. I know there wasn't."

Beckett pondered for a moment.

"It would have been easy enough," he said, "for a man to get off the train some place else, above or below, and come over on horseback. He could have done that."

"Yeh," Bud agreed, but without enthusiasm. "He might have done that if he'd been fool enough. A stranger couldn't hire a horse for a night ride in this country without it's bein' noticed. He'd be noticed too. And he wouldn't want to be noticed. He'd have to be an awful fool to do that, wouldn't he?"

"Well?" Beckett prompted. "Come on! What's on your mind?"

"Well," Bud said slowly. He produced his jackknife, opened his favorite whittling blade, and then found nothing to whittle but the edge of the varnished oak counter. It disconcerted him. He reached through the wicket for a blank draft form and began to fold the paper over and over on itself in an intricate pattern. One who knew his habit as Beckett knew it could follow his mental trail by that sign. The harder he was thinking the less he was likely to say aloud, but the designs wrought by his knifeblade or his fingers would be most elaborate and most carefully executed. "Well," he went on presently, "I've been kind of turnin' it over. Mebbe the man that done it wasn't such a rank stranger to the country as he might have been. Had you figured on that?"

Beckett's eyes narrowed to thin, cold slits as he rapidly made a mental roster.

"Who?" he demanded.

"Well ——" Bud was reluctant. "I was just thinkin'. I was wonderin' who it mebbe might be, if it was to be somebody who wasn't a stranger. I don't say as I'd want to name any names. I wouldn't want to do a man a hurt, mebbe, when mebbe there's nothin' to it. But I was thinkin', and there was a name that sort of come to me. And then I was mentionin' it to Doc a bit ago—not mentionin' no name, you understand, but just namin' the notion to him; and Doc, he spoke the same man's name right out. I don't know —— I just can't see no plumb good reason why it couldn't be him, mebbe. You don't need to say nothin', but you might be thinkin' it over some. A man that's been so down on his luck for a good while, and that don't seem to have nothin' to tie to, he might mebbe take to actin' reckless. Anyway, you might just sort of keep it in your mind. That can't do no hurt."

"Oh, say!" Beckett interrupted. "What's the use of this? That kind of talk can do more harm than good. Spit it out! This is just between us. The man you're meaning is Skip Liggett, ain't it? Of course! You might as well say it right out when you know he's the one I'm going to guess from what you have said. Have you got any reason for thinking it might be Skip? Any reason but just guessing at it?"

"Well, no," Bud conceded; "no special reason right now that connects up with the safecrackin'. Only you know the kind of talk that's been goin' round about him, off and on, ever since he come here. Who knows anything about where he come from? He ain't ever seemed to want to explain himself. There's no reason why a man would need to be so shy in sayin' what he is, unless he's got some reason for it. That's what I've been thinkin'. And he certainly has been terrible down on his luck. I ain't tryin' to prove to you it was him; but you just keep it in your mind."

And Beckett did. The suggestion recurred to his mind again and again at intervals during the day's work, giving him a feeling of mental uneasiness. He did not half want to take stock in the possibility; but in spite of that reluctance he found, as the hours passed, that his drifting thoughts were moving in ever-narrowing circles, like wheeling buzzards drawing closer and closer in their long, spiral flight to their object. He was not logically reasoning; he was not trying to make up his mind; he was merely letting his imagination have its involuntary way. This was hardly the time for coming to a conclusion.

"I've Got to Tell Her Before I Ask Her; But I Just Can't Do It"

IV

BECKETT had reached no decision when the closing hour came that afternoon; so the matter was put aside until the next day. The postponement was not an act of volition. It was quite automatic. On the very stroke of the hour a swift transformation came on him, touching his every fiber. With an almost indecent haste he scrambled together his cash, his books and papers, and put them away; pulled down the shades over the street windows, put on his hat, gave himself a little shake, stepped out the door and locked it behind him—and became forthwith another man, a stranger and an alien to the banking business.

As the key turned in the lock his thin lips made a premonitory grimace, to relax the stiffness of their professional expression; then drew into a pucker for whistling. Before the key was in his pocket, his whistling was sweeping up and down a long scale, in broken intervals and chromatics and daring arpeggios, and airy quavers and trills; and then as he came to a rightabout face, with the bank at his back, he struck into a rollicking tune. The tune was Ma Honey, Ma Little Gal! It was the whistling of an artist, a master—lively and shrill as a piccolo, crystal clear, flawless in execution. The tune rose and swelled, and went rippling down the street on the warm, still air—and Redstone knew that it was four o'clock.

At 3:59 Beckett K. McGillicuddy had been a staid and sober man of affairs, trustworthy, keen witted, fit for his responsible task; at 4:01 he was made over into—what? Troubadour; knight-errant; mountebank—pick the word you like for expressing your own conception of a man who has shaken from his mind and dropped from his shoulders every last shred and vestige of dull workaday care. It was an emotional emergence. No gayly caparisoned butterfly, bursting its sordid chrysalis and spreading its newfound wings to the languid air, had anything on Beckett K. McGillicuddy at that moment.

Whistling, he crossed the street. That is such an easy and obvious way of saying it! But so much remains to be said! The word has not yet been made for telling of his gait; it will not be made until some master wordmaker has a chance to behold Beckett K. McGillicuddy crossing that particular street at just that particular moment on just such a summer afternoon, with his hat set at that exact jaunty tilt and his thumbs tucked just so beneath the straps of his suspenders, and his impossible legs—— Everlasting fame and boundless fortune wait for the man who will transfer that gait of Beckett's into vaudeville. We shall have to let it go at that.

Whistling, he pushed open the swinging door of the Redstone Hotel Bar and went in. The place was empty save for the porky-jowled, sleepy-eyed, thick-shouldered bartender who lolled over the cigar case, reading a mussed newspaper. At Beckett's entrance the man glanced up from his paper, stirred and sighed windily. He had been enjoying his repose—and he had had much experience with these appearances of Beckett K. Each new experience was to him an ordeal; there lurked in his mind a dull certainty that he should never be equal to one of these daily encounters.

"Ah, Pete!" said Beckett, and walked sedately to the bar, leaning his elbow on it, setting one foot on the low brass rail, and turning to survey the dingy, empty room through a fictitious eyeglass, bowing and waving punctilious greetings to the empty chairs grouped about the battered card tables. "General!" he murmured suavely.

"Ah, Senator! Professor—delighted! A very distinguished company this afternoon, Pete! Gentlemen, will you join me? Pete, what can I offer my friends that's just a little bit extra-special?"

Pete spread his thick, hairy hands on the bar, blinked and waited solemnly.

"Pete!" Beckett chided. "Oh, come, now! Help me think! Nothing coarse or common, Pete. Some dear, dreamy little drink. Some airy, fairy little drink. Oh, Pete, please help me to think of the right thing!"

Pete shifted his weight to the other foot, chewed his mustache, blinked and waited solemnly.

"Oh, very well!" said Beckett. "Then just give me a Vichy. No ice, Pete!"

His way of leading up to the order was never twice the same; but invariably, day in and day out, at five minutes past four he drank his glass of Vichy, without ice, bought a black cigar and lit it, and then sat at one of the dingy tables and dealt a pack of dingy cards for solitaire. Thus he would while away the time until somebody would come in and maybe bring a cue for the rest of the day's behavior. Beckett would never plan his gayeties; he preferred to take just what came in the human order of things. If he planned, he would know what was coming; if he made no plans, then every experience was an adventure. After banking hours Beckett's moods were as adventurous as a pirate's.

Billy Fortune was the first man to appear, drifting in quite casually. That is just the word for Billy—casual. The whole of life for him, so far as a man might judge from the revelation he gave of himself, was no more than the sum of myriad mad activities of a very casual-minded company of gods. To take things exactly as they came and to suck the full savor out of every present moment—that was Billy's professed philosophy. For all he knew to the contrary, there might be a consistent scheme woven through the intricate maze of life's events; but if so it was a scheme the motive of which he never questioned aloud. He went where life invited, took what life offered, gave what life demanded of him—always with supreme good nature and avid enjoyment.

You might have argued that his was too shallow a life for man's estate; and certainly, if there were any emotional deeps in him the shimmering surface of his mind hid them most effectually on chance acquaintance. You might have complained that his fitful conduct was altogether too happy-go-lucky, too utterly haphazard, to be consistent with any sane or serious purpose in the world; but, at any rate, it was always beautifully consistent with his simple creed: "I believe in what's set before me." Thus he might have expressed his faith if he had ever taken the trouble to express it at all in terms. First and last, perhaps he got and gave as much good as most of us. If his philosophy was not profound, at least it kept him from all dismay; for whatever happened became to him, by the very virtue of its happening, the one most natural and inevitable thing in life. His habitual mood made him a perfect running mate for Beckett K. McGillicuddy when Beckett was in his off-duty humor.

There seemed to be nothing whatever on Billy's mind as he strolled leisurely over to Beckett's table, dropped sprawling into a chair, and sat for a few moments watching the other man's intent devotion to his game. As he watched, lips and eyes expressed a mild, tolerant sort of scorn. Billy could not abide solitaire, or any other sport that did not involve the play of his wits against another's.

"Sufferin' Peter, Beck!" he commented presently. "Where's there any excitement in that? It looks to me about as interestin' as tryin' to make love to a deaf-and-dumb girl. There ain't any comeback to it."

Beckett glanced up from his cards, grinning.

"Hello, Billy! You here? Oh, I don't know! If you win it's kind of nice. Don't you enjoy having things come out the way you want 'em to?"

"Not as bad as all that," said Billy. "I'd rather they wouldn't if it had to be that way. Supposin' you do win; what does it get you? Bunch 'em up, and I'll play you pitch to see who pays for supper to-night."

So Beckett bunched them up; but, first, he caught Pete's eye and held up a lean forefinger.

"What is it, Billy?" he asked, by way of invitation.

Billy shuffled uneasily in his chair, coloring a little.

"I don't reckon I better, Beck. I been kind of lettin' it alone this week. Oh, well, Pete, you might let me have a strawberry pop."

Beckett stared, then gave a short, dry chuckle of amusement.

"What?" he said. "You? Billy Fortune sucking pink bubbles through a straw? Well!"

"Yes, I know," Billy deprecated. "It sounds plumb ridiculous; but I'm sort of stayin' responsible this week, on account of me makin' a contract to take that Foster man down to look at some of them new copper prospects in the cañon. We're liable to pull out just any time. He's just been waitin' round till some letters he's expectin' can catch up with him, and then we're goin'. He's reckonin' mebbe he's goin' to take his wife with him too; so I been sufferin' the drinks to go by me this last couple of days. Go ahead; deal 'em up, Beck."

They fooled with their game aimlessly for a dull half hour. This was not the game that either man could put his heart into. Pitch was no better than a poor, futile bit of time-killing; the real thing would come by and by, most likely, when the men of Redstone had supped and refreshed their spirits. This trifling engaged only a fractional corner of either man's mind; it did not interfere at all with free attention to other things.

Once, in the middle of the play, a man came in, nodded an offhand greeting to the two at the table, and passed in obvious eagerness to the bar for a drink. He drank whisky straight, filling his glass to the very limit of propriety, as one will who would like two drinks if he had the price, but must make the most of one. He took it impetuously, at a gulp, and his glass rattled in his nervous grasp as he set it back on the bar. The signs were plain enough: he had deferred his drink till the demand within him would stand for no further delay. The merest amateur might have read that in his manner.

It was unmistakable, too, that the demand had been born of some particular stress and not of a chronic habit. He had none of the look of a confirmed alcoholic. There was abundant, strong, vigorous youth in him; his shoulders were carried straight and well; there was no least hint of shuffle in his step. He was a fairly normal sort of man under a strain that had set up in him a morbid need.

Normally his face would have shown only an easy-going, slack sort of good nature, with no particular, firm purpose beneath it; but now his lips, formed for the expression of light and careless moods, were grimly set; and in his eyes, though they were large and blue and clear, there was the troubled, half-furtive look of high mental tension. Any tyro might have told that the man had something out of the ordinary on his mind and that it was driving him to extremes. He was not himself.

When he had had his whisky he stood for a little time at the bar, as though waiting for the liquor to take effect. He was quite silent, wholly self-absorbed. After a few minutes he seemed to gather himself together, with a little effort, and, with no sign of attention to the card players, he went out to the street.

Beckett's eyes followed him curiously, intently. Billy had observed him too; but Billy's scrutiny was not so patent. He had time for a side glance at Beckett's face.

"Your trick, Beck," said Billy. "Play."

McGillicuddy's hands went on with the game, but evidently his mind was following that casual visitor.

"Billy," he said, "what do you make out of that Skip Liggett? What's ailing the boy? He ain't right, is he? But what's the matter with him?"

Buly finished the play of his hand before he answered, and then his answer was roundabout.

"Low—jack—game! You just did save high! Oh, say, Beck; how about that bet? Does it go for a hundred? I was bettin' you a hundred I'd find out before you did who got your money. Does it go?"

"Why, sure!" said Beckett.

"It goes, then?" said Billy. "All right. Then, let me tell you somethin'—I'm just throwin' this in: Skip Liggett ain't the man that took your money."

Beckett stared; then he grinned sheepishly.

"What makes you think I thought he was?" he demanded. "And what makes you think he ain't?"

"Oh, shucks!" Billy said. "If you don't want a person to see your notions, hide 'em! Anybody could have told that. You've been wonderin' who did take your money. All day you've been runnin' over them that might 'ave. You'd be bound to think of Skip. Anybody would. He's a man that might, mebbe. But he didn't. If it had been Skip he'd have packed off all them silver dollars, first thing. He's so simple, he'd have liked to feel the heft of 'em, and he'd have liked to hear the chunk of 'em. He'd never have left you the silver dollars."

Beckett stared again, wondering. He had had experience with the swift and ready reckoning of this odd-minded cow-puncher, which seemed sometimes almost uncanny in its directness; but each new experience was likely to be in the nature of a shock. Billy chuckled at his evident puzzlement.

"Wake up, Beck!" he said. "There's been several that's went to the bank for change to-day, and you've give 'em all a plumb plenty of silver. The town's fair noisy with silver dollars. That's what makes me know it wasn't Skip. Beck, I'll bet you a silver dollar on the side it wasn't Skip. Does that go?"

It went. Then the pitch game dragged its laggard course for another quarter of an hour, but without a glimmer of living interest. By and by, when the deal fell to him, Billy chucked the pack to the middle of the table.

"Sugar!" he said. "Let's quit this. Come on; let's go to supper."

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THEY sat together at a table in an obscure corner of the hotel dining room. The corner was Billy's choice, made without any reason given. It was too early in the evening for the lighting of lamps, though the room, even on a summer midday, had the solemn gloom of dingy walls and barely furnished tables. A feeble glow of the warm sunset light filtered its way through the unwashed panes of the windows. The glow was not an illumination; all radiance seemed to have been taken out of it, leaving it weak and degenerate.

Billy's corner was the room's dimmest part. He had chosen it because it gave him an excellent point of vantage for observing what went on, and because if he sat at that

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Developing and Promoting Men

By Forrest Crissey

UNDOUBTEDLY the most fascinating feature of business life, aside from the natural desire for personal gain, is the development and promotion of men. Here is the element that holds hundreds of American executives actively in the harness long after their private fortunes have reached proportions that permit little zest in their further enlargement. It is only another and higher expression of the pleasure that thrills the typical Kentucky turfman of the old school when he sees the colt that has been developed under his own hands win one triumph after another.

The measure of a man's worthiness to rank as a really great employer of labor is to be found in his capacity to develop the human units that come under his hand, and in the pleasure that this process yields him. No employer who fails to feel a thrill of joy when the man he has picked and developed gives proofs of his going powers is entitled to sit in the high places of great industrial authority. His judgment of human material in the raw may be little short of marvelous, but unless his sympathies move him to a distinct delight in every proof of development given by his men he is temperamentally disqualified for the highest walks to which an employer may attain, and he is debarred from the keenest enjoyment that can come to the man who is responsible for the industrial welfare of many others.

"Developing men," lately declared a white-haired captain of industry, "has brought me the finest satisfactions of a career of almost fifty years as a large employer of labor. No other pleasure connected with business is to be compared with this. It puts the human pulse-beat into the dullest day's routine and it keeps the hand of many an executive on the steering-wheel long after he would gladly let go, so far as selfish motives are concerned. There is nothing better, nothing bigger, nothing more vital, important and interesting in business to-day than this thing of developing and promoting men."

The development of raw human material into refined product, with the lowest percentage of loss and waste, is the livest problem to which the big constructive minds of this country can turn their attention. This may seem a decidedly cold-blooded way of putting it, but this viewpoint presents the situation more vividly than any other. Nothing that will lend emphasis to the industrial importance of pushing the art of developing and promoting men to the highest possible point of efficiency should be neglected or overlooked. "It's the work of the hour."

Until late years this line of development work was largely left to individual effort of a desultory and undirected sort,

The Legend Over the Door of the School Might Well Read "For Life"

depending almost entirely upon the personal mood and perspective of the employer. To-day the tendency of the larger employers of labor is to have a policy regarding the development and promotion of men as clear-cut, vigorous and consistently maintained as that in relation to finance or the credit terms of the institution.

Promotion on this plan appears to be almost impersonal. It is weak in story element, but strong in big, steady, constructive results. Those that are looking for little dramas of business life will find poor picking in the wake of the modern scientific device for developing men, and promoting them with the least possible friction and noise. But the fact that this sort of development work—a systematic and scientific effort to get all the growth possible out of every employee—is rapidly becoming the fashion throughout the industrial world is in itself a story that lacks no thrill to any man who is able to appreciate how greatly this widens opportunity, and how it narrows the chances that good men may fail because latent abilities are not brought out, or because all of their performances and characteristics are not weighed and considered. No, the story of what industry is doing to put the development and promotion of men on a surer, steadier basis is not exciting, but it means more in constructive economy than most of us are now able to appreciate, and it is altogether a worthwhile tale.

Broadly speaking, the bigger the corporation the more progressive is its policy in this respect and the more constructive are its aims. Perhaps there is no better example of the change that is taking place all along the line than that afforded by a certain steel company. About three years ago this concern began laying the foundations for the systematic development of its men, especially those of its sales force, through a regular training school. Previous to that time the hiring had been done largely on the basis of the individual judgment of the department head. The head of the most common line put out by the concern hired his salesmen from the outside, while the manager of another department, the products of which are far more "highly fabricated," and therefore demand a higher order of salesmanship, recruited his force from the salesmen broken in by the manager of the department selling the more common stuff.

About the only distinct development policy then in force was the practice of generous and systematic patience in trying to find the right place in the organization for any man who failed to make good in the position or the territory in which he was at first placed. This determination not to fire a man until he had been tried in various locations and under several superiors was then considered decidedly progressive. Many, perhaps most, employers were inclined to feel that this was going altogether too far in doing for the employee who had had his chance and failed to make good.

In another year the department managers of this great concern will recruit their sales force entirely from the school. The outside salesman will have no chance whatever to obtain employment here unless he is under twenty-three years of age and willing to start at the bottom as a

messenger. The mailing room is really the "Prep" of the Sales School. It is the distinct intention of the management that all the firing done by the company, so far as office and road men are concerned, shall be done here in the first or second year of preparatory work.

Usually a messenger is hired with scant ceremony, and the serious attention bestowed upon his progress and development by those in authority over him is not embarrassing in its extent. But here in the mailing room "Prep" of this steel concern the process is reversed. An experienced and appraising eye is constantly upon the young industrial cubs. From the moment they are admitted to the mailing room their physical, mental and moral characteristics are subjected to a searching scrutiny and a painstaking analysis and record. In fact, this scrutiny begins the instant that boy files his application, and it is becoming increasingly difficult to secure a try-out with this company.

"I Knew It Was Not a Pleasure Trip"

A large percentage of dismissals occurs before those who are let out become really familiar with their new surroundings. They are told that it is evident that they are not exactly fitted for the work that they would finally be called upon to do, and that it would be a mistake for them to remain. So kindly a dismissal, coming before they have become accustomed to their surroundings, leaves little sting. In this way those that do not give a promising performance are sifted out at the very start. Only those that are clean, alert, reliable, resourceful, good-humored and possessed of a pleasant address are allowed to remain for a more thorough probation.

When a department manager needs an office boy the most promising lad then available is furnished by the head of the mailing room. This requisition is filled with almost as much seriousness and care as if the boy were to start at once upon the road as a representative of the concern. The manager to whom the boy is furnished is given as full a knowledge of the messenger's history and character as the mailing-room specialists have been able to obtain from his parents, teachers and friends, and from observation of his working habits. When a boy gets his first taste of promotion, by being drafted from the mailing room to one of the department offices, his chances of being dismissed have materially diminished. Still, however, he is by no means out of the woods. He has passed muster under one set of observers, and progressed to a more intensive scrutiny. If he makes good as an office boy he is promoted to order clerk, for example; and, in the course of three or four years he may be entrusted with the handling of routine correspondence with the trade.

No boy or young man is encouraged to apply for admission to the school so long as there is any lack of confidence in his ultimate success. To all practical purposes the legend over the door of the school might well read "For Life." There is a distinct feeling throughout the organization that no man who is permitted to receive the instruction covered by the brief course at this school will ever care to leave the employ of the company, and that the management will never wish to dispense with the services of any man who received this industrial confirmation. Consequently when a young employee of this company receives an intimation that an application on his part for a place in class will be favorably considered, he may know that he has passed the sifting process and that he is entered with honor upon the road of development and promotion.

A School for Young Steel-Makers

IT IS not customary to take a young man into a class who has not been with the company for three or four years, and won his way to an office position of some little responsibility.

"The vital feature," declares an officer of the company, "about this 'Prep' work, which starts with the mailing room and continues until the youth is handling correspondence or some other office work of like importance, is the fact that he has been subjected to about all the critical pressure that would reasonably be brought to bear upon a man holding a position of far greater responsibility. We wish to sift out our human material before it is actually built into the structure of our organization. Consequently we take our young cubs seriously, study them as scientifically as possible, and throw out early in the process all timber that has developed a suggestion of possible unsoundness. From the attention that is now given to the hiring of a messenger one might almost draw the inference that we were laboring under the impression that he was being considered for the position of vice-president or some other officer of the company. And that's just the point—he is, ultimately. If practically all the official positions in this company are not finally filled by men who entered the 'Prep' of the mailing room as boys, and then passed through the school, the present management of the company is going to be greatly disappointed. This, of course, is the reason why almost every salesman, without regard to age, salary or length of service, has either been through the school already or is a candidate for admission to it. And the same is true of the department managers.

"We see in the school, which is really just getting under way, an official provision for the development and promotion of men who are expected to keep going until they reach the top. This provision has been carefully and wisely planned, and there is not a man in authority in the company who is not, I believe, already convinced that this school is going to produce the results aimed at by the men who started it. This is not because it enjoys official sanction, but because it has the power to develop men along the lines especially demanded by this industry. It is too early in the history of the school to back up our faith in its results by extensive statistics based on the performance of its graduates. But no department manager who has watched the young men who have gone through the school, and contrasted their work with that of the men who did not enjoy this advantage, can have any doubt as to the general effectiveness of the new plan.

"Let us look at this from still another viewpoint. It has been demonstrated that it is a sound manufacturing policy to be as independent as possible of outside sources of supply, whether for raw materials, for partially developed materials or for finished products in the form of parts or elements necessary to your own output.

"Nothing that we make is more essential to our success than good salesmen, managers and executives. It is not only vital to us that the available supply of this kind of human material shall be sufficient at all times for the requirements of this institution, but it is equally important that its quality shall be maintained and constantly improved to meet the progressing demands of the business. Consequently this company has, to all intents and purposes, gone into the manufacture of a new line of product—highly equipped and specially trained salesmen, officemen, foremen, superintendents and higher executives. In a word, it has been considered an unsafe course to depend upon outside sources for any considerable part of our supply of this kind of human material, without which the company cannot hope to maintain its record and the standard of its product."

The present expense of this school is about seventy-five thousand dollars a year. When the first class was put through, a few years ago, it was felt that only those giving promise of especially brilliant performance would be sent to this finishing school. Actual experience with some two hundred graduates has, however, changed this policy. It is no longer looked upon as a special "Prep" for the production of executives and officers of the line. Young men are now being sent to this school who, in the opinion of the heads of their departments, have little or no chance of going beyond a minor position, who have given small indication that they possess the qualities that will carry them even into the salesman class. This new policy is in recognition of the fact that a man doing comparatively humble and humdrum routine work will do it more intelligently and with a keener and more lasting interest if he has taken this course that translates the terms and symbols on the papers passing under his hands into tangible things that he understands, and that he can visualize as he reads.

Each class contains from ten to fifteen men, and the length of the course is a little less than two months. Irrespective of their place on the company's payroll they receive three dollars a day and expenses while attending the school. The class is first taken to a point where great bodies of ore are delivered direct from the Lake Superior region. Here they are taught something of the selection of ores on the basis of chemical content. Here, as well as later, great care is taken to deal with only the simplest and most elementary chemical facts and principles involved in the making of iron and steel products.

The most difficult task that the teacher in this school has is to get and hold the firing range on the student who has not had the advantage of a technical education or anything resembling it. Scores of students, who began this course without so much as a taste of chemistry in high school, declare that they were astonished at the amount of "steel chemistry" that they were able to absorb in this short schooling, and that this was the beginning with them of a systematic study of this subject.

After dealing with ores and their selection, the attention of the class is next turned to the chemistry of the blast furnace and the practical production of pig iron. Here they not only learn something of what happens in the furnace when the ore is reduced to a molten mass, but they are also taught the wonderful economies that have evolved from manufacturing experience, how the gases that were once squandered upon the air are now used to heat boilers and make electricity, and how the soot and flue dust are captured and returned to the furnace. The class is then taught the fundamentals of the Bessemer and the Open-Hearth processes, of the production of the ingot and the reduction of the ingot into rails, bars and wire. Next come the hot-metal finishing processes. This is one of the most fascinating parts of the course, for the matter of heat treatments is a very important and highly specialized one. Wire drawing and the other cold-metal processes are also carefully studied.

How the School Opens Lifelong Careers

COVERING products with coatings of zinc, tin and other metals, to prevent oxidation and deterioration, is the next subject in which the students are drilled. The last step in the course consists of visiting the mills, where the fabricated products, such as woven-wire fencing, nails and tacks, are made.

This course involves a pilgrimage from one plant to another, starting, for example, from Chicago or Cleveland, and ending in the East, where the plants turning out the most highly fabricated products are located. From start to finish it is intensive instruction in the strictest sense of the term. Occasionally a young man enters upon the course with the idea that the company is generously providing him with a vacation in disguise, an inspection junket with all bills paid by the house. The disillusionment of any employee who starts in with notions of this sort is both speedy and painful, for at the end of the first week of instruction he finds himself subjected to a severe written examination, preceded by a merciless daily quiz by his instructors in the presence of all his classmates.

As a rule a class reports at the mills at eight o'clock each morning, and studies processes continuously until five o'clock in the afternoon, when the quiz, which generally lasts an hour and a half, is begun. After that the students apply themselves to the study of the textbooks prepared by the experts of the company. The student who does not, during most of his course, have to devote himself to the cramming process until long past midnight, six nights in the week, is exceptionally fortunate in his educational equipment. One student confesses:

"When I started upon this course I knew that it was a serious affair, not a pleasure trip; but because I had a good academic education behind me, and was especially well grounded in mathematics, I had no particular fear that I would find myself confronted by any problems that I could not easily solve.

"There was hardly a day, however, when our instructors did not provide a surprise party for me along this very line. It is surprising to what altitudes of higher mathematics you may be pushed in figuring how to meet a customer's requirements as to the tensile strength, elongation, elasticity and other elements of mechanical efficiency of a product as set forth in a rigid line of specifications. Some of the calculations put me on my mettle, and never in all my school work, before I entered business at all, did I work harder.

"What has been the effect of this whole course, so far as I am concerned? Just this: The company I am working for looks far bigger and greater to me in every way than it did before. I have lost all ambition to work for any other company; but I have an increased determination to go higher in this service. What is still more important, perhaps, I have greatly increased confidence that I can do so. I feel that I have a grasp upon this business that I never had before, and that the school course has started me upon a line that I shall follow until I retire on a pension."

The record that a man makes in this school becomes a very important part of his record as an employee of the company. Not only is every feature of his performance as a student set down in black and white on the card in the employment office bearing his name, but a good group photograph of every class graduated from the school is taken, and a copy sent to every department manager, superintendent and person in authority in the entire company. These photographs are filed with all the class records in a loose-leaf book in the desk of every department manager. Whenever a manager or superintendent sees an opportunity to promote a man this book is instantly consulted. Instinctively he scans the faces in the photographs. Often he is attracted by the face of a man he has never seen, and he naturally sends for the complete employment record of this man.

The account that this man gave of himself as a student in the school, together with his subsequent performance indicating the extent of his improvement as a result of the advantages of the course, forms the basis for promotion. If the employee who is under consideration for promotion happens to be a salesman, the report of the Efficiency Committee covers his road record in about this form:

John Doe, Fence Salesman.
2½ years service.

Makes two hundred towns, two hundred and fifty customers, and sells three hundred cars per annum. Thinks he gets seventy-five per cent of the business in his territory and will show a larger proportion before the end of this year. Sees his customer twice or more during the year, reports his trade well satisfied with the company. Has no suggestions to make regarding any change in methods. Makes a good impression, seems to be a live wire.

Occasionally a report concludes with a sentence to this effect: "Will have more to say when the time comes." This indicates that further inquiry is necessary before this man may be considered with entire favor as a candidate for promotion.

Many specific instances might be given of the advancement of men who have passed under the developing influence of the school. One salesman, receiving $125 a month when he entered the school a very few years ago, now receives three thousand dollars a year as an office manager. This case is typical of many others. Among the positions held by the graduates of this school are: Salesman, department manager, branch manager, mill superintendent, assistant mill superintendent, blast-furnace superintendent, assistant manager, correspondent, order clerk, price clerk, assistant chief auditor and warehouse manager.

Engineering Taught by Electrical Companies

IT IS not to be inferred, however, that all the holders of the higher positions in this list have won promotion because of the developing influence of the course. By far the greater part of the executives who have gone through the school were in their present positions when they applied for admission. As one department manager expressed it:

"The idea of having branch salesmen and correspondents under me, who were better posted on our goods than I was, didn't appeal to me. Evidently the other managers looked at it in the same way, for nearly all the executives of the company, below the rank of vice-president, have either taken the course or applied for the privilege."

In furnishing special provisions for the systematic development of its men this company occupies middle ground among the large corporations. There are a few concerns that provide still more elaborately for the schooling of their employees, while there are many big companies that depend less upon technical instruction, and more upon less formal means for the development of their men.

The three great electrical manufacturing concerns of this country—the Westinghouse, the General Electric and the Western Electric—undoubtedly lead the procession in providing systems of instruction calculated to keep their men moving along a steady course of development and promotion. The reasons for this are plain—the great demand and the brilliant opportunities for technically trained men in electrical work, and the fact that the growth of this line of production has been phenomenal, with the limits of probable expansion nowhere in sight. At least until the outbreak of the European war, one of the most acute problems faced by the management of these companies was the supply of technically trained men to do the engineering and to supervise the manufacturing processes. All of these institutions make a systematic still hunt for the best electrical engineering timber in the colleges and technical schools, and there is considerable well-disguised competition between them for the choice of talent. Before the future engineer has taken his first degree the tentacles of the great modern system of industrial development have reached out for him. His character and his abilities have come under scrutiny on the part of the professional prospectors for engineering talent. If his performance is satisfactory, Opportunity will tap him on the shoulder and say: "Come with me." Another feature common to all these great electrical concerns is the operation of an apprentice school intended to develop lay talent among the young shop workers who have not had the advantage of an academic education.

Because it puts out perhaps the greatest variety and the largest number of electrical machines in the world, the General Electric Company requires a large testing force, for no device is permitted to go out that has not been subjected to a thorough and scientific test. This work had to be done by men familiar with the theory of electrical engineering, and so the testing department of this monster electrical concern naturally became a hotbed for the development of men equipped to go to the top in this profession. Because of the great volume and variety of tests required as a matter of commercial necessity, and of the fact that this work is essentially educational, whether done from a utilitarian or an instructive viewpoint, this company finds itself in a position to turn its testing department into a great engineering school, the costs of which are legitimately chargeable to operating expense. In this particular its position is unusual.

The regular student engineering course is a full year in length, with the prize of special extension courses in the offing for those that show marked ability. These extension courses deal with research and with designing, operating, manufacturing, administrative or commercial engineering. One year in the testing department, where almost every form of electrical device is put through its paces, is practically certain to develop in every student a distinct preference for a certain specialty, and at the same time give him a broad and practical foundation of first-hand knowledge. The extension courses provide for this specialization. If the performance and promise of the student are sufficiently brilliant he may be permitted to continue for several years.

The pay of the student engineer when he enters is twenty cents an hour. This is increased at the rate of two and a half cents at the end of each half year. Postgraduate students of recognized colleges start at twenty-five cents an hour. Further increases are given those who take extension courses. The recruits for this work number not far from five hundred when business conditions are good. About three thousand engineers have taken the course in the testing departments of the General Electric Company. Many of the most important electrical engineering positions in America are held by these men. As a developer of high-grade technical men the Testing Department School has demonstrated remarkable efficiency.

The apprentice system of this company also provides for a generous course of development—one hundred and twenty-six weeks for boys with only a grammar-school education, and ninety-eight weeks for high-school graduates who are entered in the engineering school. From the grammar-school recruits the task is to eliminate at the outset all those that do not show decided promise of becoming good timber for skilled mechanics, foremen and tool designers, and from the high-school boys are weeded out those that do not give substantial evidence of an ability to become sound, practical engineers. An educational committee, meeting every week, performs this sifting, on the rigorous policy that both kindness and economy dictate the value of eliminating misplaced human timber at the earliest possible moment.

The Westinghouse Student Course

THE graduate-student course of the Westinghouse Electric Company, like that of the General Electric Company, provides for a general course of one year, followed by special training for those who have made a good record and who desire to remain with the company. Here the graduate student is paid twenty cents an hour for the first period, twenty-two cents an hour for a second period of equal length, and twenty-four cents an hour thereafter.

As more than fifty per cent of the leading positions in the company are filled from this school its efficiency is beyond question.

Three vice-presidents, an assistant to the president, an assistant to a vice-president, manager of the export sales department, manager of engineering, chief engineer, manager of the railway and lighting sales department, manager of the industrial and power sales department, consulting engineer, director of standards, processes and materials, and superintendent of the railway works department were all developed in this course. An official statement contains this significant paragraph:

"The importance of each man specializing in the work for which he is best fitted cannot be overestimated. Perhaps one of the most valuable features of this plan of training is the close personal attention that the educational department gives each student, studying him and checking up many of his characteristics from a number of different points of view."

How systematically this is done is revealed by the fact that all of the instructors dealing with the development of a student register their appraisement of his personal characteristics on the following points—Physique, Personality, Knowledge, Common Sense, Reliability, Openmindedness, Tact, Initiative, Attitude, Originality, Industry, Enthusiasm, Thoroughness, System, Analysis, Decision, English, Ability. In the record for shop work the student is marked upon Ability, Industry, Reliability and Initiative. At the bottom of each record is a place for general comments in which terse characterizations are condensed into a single line.

A distinctive feature of the general course of the Westinghouse Company is the fact that each student spends about six weeks in each of four different manufacturing departments, in addition to a three months' period of work in each of two different testing departments. Every feature of the general course, and of the special course following it, appears to be adapted to the practical developments of efficient men and to the early elimination of the inefficient. While the system seems to work with almost the precision of a delicately adjusted machine, the human equation is always given the fullest consideration. Undoubtedly it is more justly and universally taken into account under this system than when left to less systematic observation and record.

The Westinghouse course for apprentices covers a period of four years, of which the first three months are regarded as a probationary period in which the instructors are expected to determine, first, whether the probationer will prove to be a good investment for the company; and, second, the particular line of shop work for which he is best adapted. The combination of shop work and class work in the apprentice course in this institution is remarkably comprehensive and thorough and the scrutiny to which

(Continued on Page 48)

"This Company Has Gone Into the Manufacture of a New Line of Product—Highly Equipped Salesmen, Officemen, Superintendents and Higher Executives"

THE PHŒNIX

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"MY BOY"

"I Thought Ye Would Have Some Delicacy av Understanding," He Says, "When I Told Ye I Had Strained the Last Effort to Find Him to College"

IN THE Back Room of the Phœnix Hotel at Bodbank, Illinois, gather the group of old men who are mentioned as prominent citizens in the Daily Pilot. They subject themselves to unwritten rules of procedure as strict as those in a parliamentary manual. When the members have dropped in during the winter dusk, or Rufus P. Holland, the proprietor of the old hotel, has turned on the ceiling fan for a summer-evening session, remarks on the weather and the river stage of the Mississippi must yield to crops or business; crops or business, and even bankruptcy, yield to politics; politics is out of order if rheumatism is mentioned—but even rheumatism is tabled by a motion to introduce a yarn.

For instance ——

Malachi Sturges, the Stove King, said, tossing away a fifty-cent cigar.

"I, for one, am tired of this bitter cold."

He was about to enlarge on this theme when Dame, the Apple King, spoke up, with a mention of crops, and consequently of Bodbank business.

"A thaw might be good for your old bones, Malachi; but I'd blame it on you if one came and damaged my winesap trees," said he, grasping two fat knees with two fat hands.

"I thought from what ye'd said in the past that ye'd be blamin' the Democratic Parthy!" exclaimed Michael Lynch, opening his ancient but sparkling blue Irish eyes, and kicking with a square-toed shoe at the leg of the center stove. "I thought ye'd be blamin' the Democratic Parthy fer thaws, rust, scale, codling moths, frosts, high winds, orchard thieves and ——"

"And rheumatism," added Doctor Reeve.

"Yis—an' rheumatism," Lynch agreed. "But I wish ye'd not have mintioned rheumatism. Could ye not have spoken av the Baconian controversy? Or the attitude av Cicero on woman's suffrage? Or, by chance, the relation av the modern dances to the digistion av mince pies, or av ink to breach-av-promise suits? Could ye not have spoken on the changing ratio av the number of apartment houses to the number av divorces in the United States? Or asked which is held in higher esteem in a nation of idealists—money or idleness? Could ye not have told us why it is that so much consideration is bein' paid the tired business man, an' not one word is said fer that poor divil—the busy tired man? Top av all, ye haven't got the rheumatism."

"It's a pretense!" exclaimed Shook, the president of the Bodbank Trust Company, calling Lynch to order. "You're not talking rheumatism; and I want to ask Bosville, here, whether he feels a cold sensation under the knee before the stiffening begins. Last Sunday I walked down to the river to look over that new industrial site, and ——"

"Cold sensation?" asked Bosville. "No; I don't. I've had a hot sensation right in there, just above the ankle. But nobody can tell about rheumatism. Veterinaries know more about it than doctors, and horses more than veterinaries. It's like trouble. It goes and comes. It goes a little and comes mostly. Medicine has about the same effect on it that pills would have on worry. My wife says there aren't any admirable qualities about it but just one—it's loyal."

"Ah! An' there ye are!" said Lynch. "Loyal, says she? A fine tribute she gives it. She says it has loyalty; an', by that token, it may be forgiven all its sins. I sometimes wonder whether loyalty is becomin' a lost virtue. I see it goin' unrecognized these days, badly clad, shivering fer the want of warmth, miserable fer the lack of a kind word an' a slap on the back—a vagrant an' well-nigh homeless virtue—do ye mind? It should be a thing to inspire us, to make us speak with a gulp in our throats and rimember with loving regard. Foolish loyalty, ye'll say, when I tell a story. Only in part is it known to all av us. But there's no such thing as foolish loyalty. Loyalty is loyalty. The more it costs the more it's worth. Foolishness cannot corrupt it, because foolishness is a vice av the head; loyalty, mind you, is a virtue av the heart."

So on he went to tell of William Peebles Dike and the Junior—and the milliner too.

Bodbank has now become a large-enough town so that you can hear the sound av a cornet av an evening without knowin' the name av the creature who has it in his fiendish toils. Havin' lived here nearly forty years meself, an' been in the wholesale liquor business, I know there was a time, before the high-pressure water system, Paris fashions an' the smoke nuisance, when debtors an' creditors was old friends an' neighbors, whereas now the man to whom you oughter be owin' money with all the delights av intimacy has no more personality than a Smith in a telephone directory, or a vending machine that will exchange a package av gum fer a suspender button.

I uster be able to wake in the night at the clang av the fire bell in Woodmen's Hall, an' look out my back window an' say, when I see the red in the sky: "It's old Mayberry's barn. He belonged to the Know-Nothing Party an' once sold me a mare that had nervous prostration, an' cared only to live in case I died." But now, when the modern improved electric alarum rings and there is flames leapin' to the sky, I have to get up an' dress an' go out in the cold hall, and call up the tiliphone exchange to find out whether I'm wild with delight or only with the gentle pleasure that fills the soul av all av us durin' the destruction av strangers' property by fire. Once ye knew when any man in town had a new suit of ill-fittin' clothes, an' now ye learn that somebody is dead when ye're using an old newspaper to put away your flannels fer the summer. 'Tis the loneliness av congested population.

But, in spite av the fact that Bodbank is now filled with cut-price stores, an' has dentists who can make fillin's stay in, an' movin' pictures that can make whole families stay out, most av us know the familiar figure av William Peebles Dike.

I know his whole name, because the house he lives in I bought from Joe Goebinger, who took the home from him on foreclosure av mortgage many years ago; an', av course, I've seen the name signed to many a check in a fine old flowin' hand, that looked like the signature av a vice-prisident in the time av that great founder av the parthy, Thomas Jefferson. Only av late years have the checks ceased an' the rent been paid in one-dollar bills with an elastic band round 'em.

Av a mornin' you would see William P. Dike comin' down Main Street to his office in the Kimball Block, where all the other offices except his is empty, because business has now moved away. Ye'd see him, with his gray hair brushed so careful; an' his black cutaway lawyer's coat turnin' kind av green with age an' many brushin's an' sunlight, an' bein' caught in snows an' rains; an' his black felt hat, full of useless papers, when he'd take it off to wipe his high forehead. An' ye'd see his smile that was so friendly, but with a bit av the look av a sheep behind it. An' ye'd see him pick up somethin' a lady had dropped, or stop to shut somebody's gate, or walk all the way round a dog sleepin' on the sidewalk; for William Peebles Dike, whatever else he wasn't, was a gintleman. Few spoke to him.

"Did ye ever go into his office?" says Shippen, the sheriff, to me. "The windows are that dirty you'd scarce be seein' through 'em enough to get a glimpse av the Greek's Ice Cream Parlor across the way; an', winter an' summer, there is flies laying all about in attitudes av death. The ceilin' is cracked, an' ye can hear rats runnin' about in the vacant offices above; an' there are old tin boxes filled with papers full av the memories av such law practice as he hud once, an' shelves filled with reports av the Board av Agriculture and other memorials to the deceased, an' a few specimens av the minerals av our county."

It was true. If ye'd be wanting to find Dike in the daytime, about noon, ye'd find him in his old swivel desk chair that let out shrieks like a surgical case whenever he moved. He'd have his feet on the old haircloth sofa an' a far-away look in his eyes as he munched on the sandwich he'd bought down town, which was always wrapped up in a red napkin with a fringe, an' concealed in his pocket on the journey.

Ye ask what was the matter with Dike. Heaven knows! He had been master av the law once, an' no man in Bodbank could equal him for a flow av easy words. For any thought in the world he had a means of expression. He could play on the English language as though it was a musical instrument. Whin he spoke av the weather it was a beautiful an' entrancin' bit av oratory. An', above all, he had the look av a great attorney—bulges above his thick, grizzled eyebrows; an' a nose like one on a consul of Rome or a doorkeeper of a Chicago bank; an' a square mouth like a judge or a baseball umpire. Except fer a certain expression he wore—a kind av expression av excuse or apology, or bein' sorry fer it—his delineaments, as Judge Antrim would call 'em, did not look like failure. They looked a good deal more like a hall av statuary.

But men are like vaccinations—some don't take. Dike had slid into the human junk in a clandestine an' surreptitious manner. He looked more like the Prisident av the United States than most Prisidents ever dare to look. Maybe his trouble was that he didn't feel like one. Maybe Modesty wooed an' won him in an age when wise men are sued by her fer breach av promise. Failure, like success, is a mystery; men with chins receding quicker than the tides, an' pulpy lips, are run in limousines; whilst the sidewalks is covered with others who could make Bertillon think he'd found a regiment av Julius Cæsars.

"Dike talks about his law practice," said Lawyer Johnson. "He has none. He don't even sell enough life an' fire insurance to call it a law office, or hang up the calendars that casualty companies send him from Hartford, Rhode Island. He spinds his time wipin' his gold-bowed specs an' droppin' round to other attorneys' offices to talk about what he's read in the last Illinois Reports, an' then gets to goin' on that other subject—you know what I mean."

I knew what he meant. Nobody knew Dike without knowin'! Dike had a subject, an' when he'd got on that subject, or was goin' toward that subject, his old face would light up like the face av a slot-machine music box, an' the lines av his eternal apology would change to those av supreme triumph; an' fer a moment he would look like the discoverer av a continent.

I rimember that the first time he ever attacked me with his subject was the first time I had to speak to him about the rent, an' that was many years gone. His conversation was somewhere between Webster's reply to Hayne an' a book on etiquette published in 1836.

"Mr. Lynch, I am filled with regret," says he. "Like the Oracle at Delphi, I must make my answer to ye of a nature indefinite—though that not willingly. I have been subjected av late to an extraordinary expinse—a preparation fer an expinse. Now that he has been through the preparation at a distant institution, I am proud to say that I am able to sind him to a higher curriculum."

"I was merely mintionin' the rent," I says.

He turned red and glowered at me.

"I thought ye would have some delicacy av understanding," he says, "when I told ye I had strained the last effort to sind him to college."

"Who?" says I.

An' then the redness left his face an' was replaced with calm an' pride an' gladness, good to see. An' his voice was filled with that which would make a thrush stop singin' to listen.

"My boy!" says he. "My boy!"

"I didn't know—I'd forgot ye had a son," I says. "Did he go to school here in Bodbank?"

"He did," says old Dike, still smilin' at me through his gold-bowed glasses. "He did at one time. His teachers did not understand him. They forgot that he had the disadvantage av losing his mother an' her guidance—the tinder guidance which I, alone, could not supply, however much I tried. Nor did even some av my good old friends and neighbors, who could not make allowances fer his mischievous exuberance. Accordingly I sint him to a military school. I thought I should do all I could fer him. No one else would, surely. He's a good young fellow. An' he's my own boy!"

The older I grow, the more I believe that age is futile an' in vain, an' only youth is worth the treasure av youth. Hearin' old Dike speak av his boy, with that shake in his voice that seldom is heard except in the prisence av malaria, infatuation, stump speeches, an' other diseases, I asked a little about William Peebles Dike, Junior.

He was called Willy Dike, they told me; an' no doubt most av you remimber him. There is bad boys an' bad boys. A boy that isn't bad is no good, but there is a badness av a kind that promises no good at all. 'Twas this kind Willy Dike had.

Trust boys to know it. An' the Bodbank boys let Willy alone. If he fought he'd wait until he could throw stones; if he was peaceful he'd wait until he could have his own way. Trainin' animals he took as a substitute fer games like baseball. For days, he would sulk. At school, as he grew older, he was lazy an' sly as a weasel, always cheatin' an' lyin' an' whinin'.

"But his father always praised him," said George Henry Gunn, who was then school principal. "The worse the trouble into which he got, the louder the praise. To the boy he was stern enough; but to me an' everybody else it was always a word about 'My boy!' and how at the bottom he was a good boy, a fine fellow, a promisin' lad. Old Dike said he would turn out all right; he spoke av patience being necessary with a youth av so much mettle. 'An' he's my boy,' he said—'My boy!'"

Right on upper Main Street, about the very spot where Dazie Atkins, the milliner, who afterward came to town an' played a hand in the game, an' had her little shop, I first saw young Dike. It was the same winter his father had sint him away to college. A cold day it was, an' snow was on the ground; and many a good Bodbanker was rubbin' his ears. I noticed that the son must have been about old enough to vote, though I should have taken the franchise from him when once I had a good look at him. He walked bent over forward, an' had a way of lookin' all tired out an' of tryin' to make it appear that his eyes saw nothin,' an' that life was very dull to a man av experience.

He wore a high collar an' a tie that made me think av some av the advantages enjoyed by the poor an' humble; an' his shoes were pointed; an' his long overcoat was cut in at the waist. He looked as though he had reached the gate av discretion without so much as an admission ticket; he looked as though he could say "I love you!" to a girl when he didn't, an' lay in bed mornin's, an' in hacks evenin's.

But it's a habit av mine to be talkin' with the young; 'tis the way I keep my arteries from hardenin' an' my mind from softenin'. So I steps out in front av him an' says: "Are you William Dike's boy?"

He stops an' looks at me surprised; an' he whines at me: "I am his son."

"Back from college?" says I.

"Oh, you have heard?" says he, with a bilious smile. "This town is like something one finds at the bottom av a barrel. It has nothin' to do but talk about other people's business! I remember you; you're Lynch. Who told you I'd been—come back?"

"Nobody," says I, sarcastic, an' understandin' him. "I argued it from general probability. I have strange powers av divination. An' you've told your father?"

"Oh, yes—a nasty job I made av it," says he. "I can't get the old man to understand anythin'. He's gone hotfoot up to the university to try to square it. He is goin' to beg 'em to take me back, an' all that. He talks about disgrace an' what his ambition was for me. I can't make him see that plenty of good fellows are fired from college. He just looked at me out av his watery old eyes an' shook his head. He's a decent old chap—my Dad; but he's a kind av——"

"Av what?" I says, givin' him encouragement.

"A dead one," says Willy, thinkin' he had found a sympathizer—"a decent old chap—but an old fluff."

I thought av the overcoat the father had gone without during that winter—wearin' an old cardigan jacket instid; I thought av how he'd stopped his subscription to the law journal; an' how he'd sat up late o' nights with work av drawin' up titles for Johnson, Benderson & Johnson; an' had bent his pride by takin' on a law clerk's work from other offices—like crumbs from their tables. An' I could hear his voice, with that in it which would make a bird stop its singin' to listen, when he said "My boy!"

He came back from the university a very indignant man.

"I am humiliated," says he to me in Carson's drug store, talkin' as always like an orator an' a Guide to Correct Speech. "I am filled with resentment, Mr. Lynch. I had believed that an institution av learning would be the seat av intilligence, an', indeed, av human intilligence, understanding intilligence—intilligence, I may say, applied to human character; but I found a complete absence av appreciation that my son's fault was merely an abnormal instance—a single incident av departure from a character av fine worth."

He Seemed Contented With Three Meals a Day, a Package av Cigarettes, Conversation, Braggin', an' a Chair in Front av the Bodbank Hotel

"I think it would be a good thing to let the young man carve out his own career without any help," I says, wonderin' whether old Dike believed in his son or, what was more probable, hoped fer him with a stalwart an' unlicked courage.

"Not alone—not all by himself," says he. "No, Mr. Lynch; that would not do. He must feel that somebody is standin' behind him; that somebody loves him an' is loyal to him, come what may, sir."

An' then his face lit up again with a strange an' unreasonable radiance.

"Ye forget, sir," says he, as though he was forgivin' me for an insult—"ye forget that he's my boy."

So it was arranged by old Dike that he should write to a hardware merchant in the wholesale business in Chicago—a man whom Dike had once saved from bankruptcy thirty years before—an' ask fer an opening fer his son.

"He's gone away to begin his real career," the old lawyer said to me, comin' into my office many a month later. "All is well now; an', mark me, ye will hear from that young man. He has an active brain. It was only the other day when I was endeavorin' to prevail on him to eschew the smokin' av cigarettes that he turned on me in a flash an' said: 'For thirty years, accordin' to what ye say, ye have smoked a cigar after dinner. That one cigar is as much to ye as all the cigarettes I smoke. Why don't ye give it up?' So I gave it up. It was a pain, but also a pleasure—a keen pleasure.

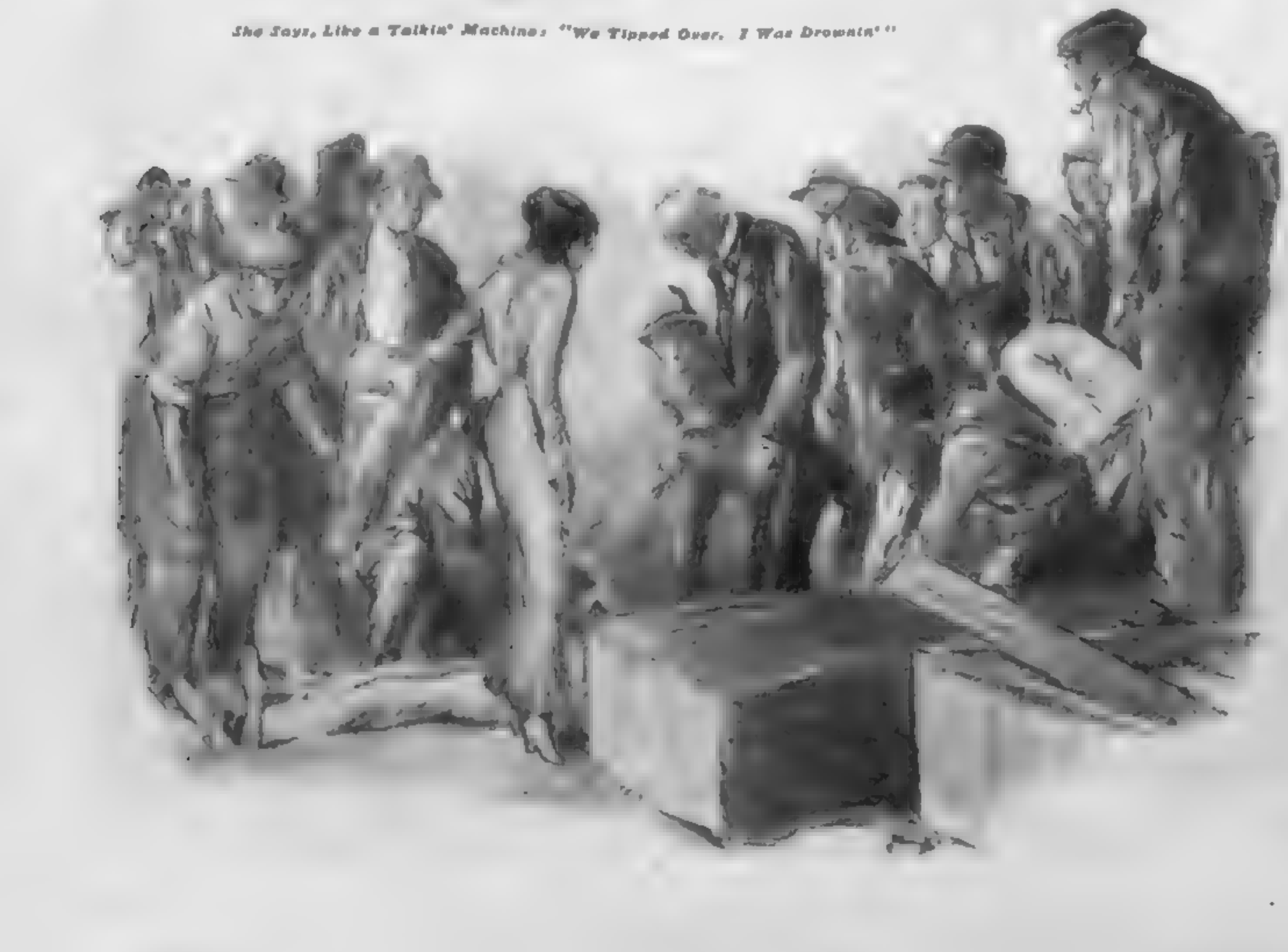
"An' now, sir, though I never intended to collect an old debt av friendship, an' though it galled me to do so, I have sint my boy to my old friend to begin his career. I should have known enough at first to place him in commercial pursuits. A university was not adapted to my boy. I have only myself to rebuke fer that error, Mr. Lynch."

To me he talked more familiar than to his lawyer friends, but, none the less, he haunted their offices, waitin' fer a moment when one av them would not be busy, an' he could put his old black felt hat, full of useless papers, on the man's roll-top desk an' discuss the recent decisions av the State courts—an' "My boy!"

"I write him long letters," he told Johnson. "An', av course, I am sorry that he seldom, if ever, lets me hear from him. An' yet, sir, I am not at all sure that letter writin' is not a weakness. When he is far away I desire to exert still such influence as I may. That must be my apology. At times I am anxious concerning him; but that, too, is natural. He is my boy. Indeed, I intind askin' Mr. Lynch to call on him at his place of business in Chicago."

He did ask me. An' when I went to the hardware firm one afternoon, at two o'clock,

She Says, Like a Talkin' Machine: "We Tipped Over. I Was Drownin'"



Willy Dike had just come in. He was the same young man I had seen in Bodbank except fer the fact that he was not so neat, nor yet so gaudy. He had grown stouter, an' somehow he looked less like his father than ever, with the exception av his nose, which was a kind av comedy version av what it was intended he should inherit.

On his breath was the far, faint an' ineffable perfume of cocktails, an' he looked even less like a business man than the rest av them who do not succeed because av hard luck. A blue-bordered handkerchief was stickin' out av his breast pocket, an' he wore a green hat with a bow in the back to steer it by. I've seen manny a woman wear a headdress more suited to a man, I'm thinkin'.

"What word shall I take your father?" says I.

"Well, I don't know," he says. "Ye know my dad. Oh, just tell him that the money orders he sinds me are too small to bother with. I'm making a few turns now in wheat."

I am old. There are some who believe that I am feeble; but—so help me!—quick temper an' rash acts have their home, habitat an' origin in the same peat-bog country I came from. An' if I had not had a thought av disgracin' my gray hairs in a large distributing house in a big, fine center av civilization, arts an' culture, an' robbery an' hold-ups an' murder, like Chicago, I would have wiped up the floor with William Peebles Dike, Junior.

"Listen to me!" I says. "Give ear! You are a yellow dog, an' a very poor yellow at that!"

He laughed, an' I left; an' from then to the day av the little milliner I never opened my mouth to that young man again.

But just two years ago come this April I was sittin' in one av the chairs in front av my storehouse. It was after supper, an' I was half closin' my eyes, an' watchin' the lights blinkin' in the farmhouses 'way over on the Iowa shore av the Mississippi. I was reflictin' on the growth av our city, an' who would win at the primaries, an' what kind uv a stained-glass window I'd want put up fer me when I'd gone, an' wonderin' what caused the clickin' noise in the motor car I'd bought the other day, an' whether another tall office building on Main Street would pay, an' which would stop first—sin or folly. An' then I heard quick steps shuffling along the sidewalk an' somebody puffin' all out av breath; an' out av the darkness, with no way to recognize him except by the light av the stars, came old Dike. He had a telegram crumpled up in his hand.

"I want to see ye, Mr. Lynch," he said, as though he was trying to speak slow an' firm, like Daniel Webster replying to Hayne. "Favor me, sir, by coming into your private office."

"What iss loose?" says I to him in excellent German. An' I lit the old lamp above my desk.

"I beg ye not to jest," he says; an' as he leaned forward I could see his waistcoat had been unbuttoned by his nervous fingers, as though he had sought air, an' his face—the delineaments av an emperor or av Charlemagne, or av a United States congressman—was white an' twisted with fear an' the old look av a sheep.

"You are sick!" I says.

"Yis; I am sick," he says. "No; I am not sick. I am all right. I want to make a quick deal in real estate. I must make it early to-morrow. I must make it to-night. I want to sell the farm."

"But the rent you get from it you need," I says.

He wiped his forehead.

"No consequence! No consequence!" he said. "Fer the love av mercy, Lynch, say ye will buy my farm! I must have the money."

"I haven't heard the price," I says, puttin' my hand on his sleeve; "but the farm is bought. Make your draft on a Chicago bank, fer the price you say is fair, an' I will indorse it. How much is he short?"

"Short?" he says.

"Yis," says I. "How much is the shortage?"

"It was an accident," says he, leanin' forward into the light av the old lamp. "That is all it can be called—an accident. There was no criminal intent. Not a bit in him! I grant that it was folly. I grant that he was carried into a speculative venture on the irresistible blasts av his environment. I should have kept him here in Bodbank to have developed the material that was in him."

"Stuff!" says I.

He sat up very straight under the light, an' fixed on me a look I shall not soon forget. For a moment some majesty av the man rose up on his face an' took its seat there. Before the flash in his eyes, his knitted brow, an' the metallic strength about his mouth, I was afraid and abashed, an' lost the tongue av me.

"Ye are speakin' av *my* boy!" he boomed out like a Krupp gun.

"I was wrong," I says.

He looked at me a minute; an' then there came onto his face that smile av calm an' pride an' gladness, so good to see. An' his voice shook a little when he went on:

"Yis; he is my boy," he says. "An' I shall adjust this matter fer him, an' he will come back to Bodbank an' to me. I have reproached him severely in the past, sir; but I shall never reproach him with this. No; he will come back here an' be able to earn his right to hold his head high. I have not made all I could av my own life, sir; but he shall do so with his own—a fine, useful, courageous citizen! When his life is finished it will be with honor!"

"Your boy," says I.

"My boy!" he says.

So Willy Dike came back to town. He came back about the same time in the spring that Dazie Atkins, who called herself Mademoiselle Dacey, began to upset Bodbank. He never did anythin' here when he came back; he seemed contented with three meals a day, a package av cigarettes, conversation, braggin', an' a chair in front av the Bodbank Hotel, where he could watch 'em stroll past. It was Dazie Atkins who was the active volcano; he was only a cold crater.

None the less, the old man made more fuss about his comin' back than was made about the return av Malachi Sturges from his wanton, an' reprehensible, an' enriching, an' envied career av breakin' the antitrust laws. He went about the offices again, tellin' about "My boy!" an' what he was goin' to do, an' how proud he was av him, an' what a satisfaction it was to be the father av "that boy."

On the other hand, who was to say a word about the comin' av whoever she was, alias Dazie Atkins, alias Mademoiselle Dacey? Nobody, is the answer; for nobody knew anythin' about her except that she had rented the store where the electric-light office used to be an' filled the window with hats that would make envious the lurid fowl av the tropical jungles, an' set monomanias prowlin' through the mental processes av fine ladies, an' make women who took in washin' wish that Fate had made heiresses av 'em. An' then, av coorse, there was that which any man could see.

"What he could see," says Jim Toomey, "would put his eye out."

She was a tall young thing, topped with hair as black as the outside of a stovepipe hat on a night without a moon. Her laugh sounded like chocolate soda water comin' up through honey in the comb. It would have teased caterpillars out av trees. Somehow I've thought she had Irish blood in her; fer with the black hair there were two eyes as blue as an unfortunate investor.

She looked to me, an' to two other men who are as shrewd an' cunnin' as I am—an' also to all women, bar none, in Bodbank—like damage an' danger. Wherever she came from she said nothing about it, an' had brought her clothes from there. Young men, in their haste, said she looked like a million dollars.

They Criticized What She Wore an' Wished They Had It On

You know an' I know that there is manny a woman who does herself terrible injury by sayin' nothin' av her history. A man may keep still about yesterday an' last month, an' what he was doin' in 1899, an' be credited with bein' a man who can have been doin' great things without boastin' about 'em afterward.

With a woman 'tis different. Let her hold her peace an' be accursed! If she can't account for every minute av the time since she was siven years av age it is all over with her. She must give a list av all the people she ever knew, an' all the places she has ever been—with dates an' cross references. An' if that is true in some places 'tis twice true in Bodbank. As the sayin' goes, Dazie was dished.

Women in Bodbank would not have bought her hats if they could have restrained their passion fer birds av paradise, an' dipped roosters, an' fearful blooms unknown to botanists, an' velvet crushes awful in their tasty intricacies. They had it in fer her. They boiled her in a tabasco av rumor. They set a boycott on her that no man in Bodbank with anythin' to lose dared to break.

The males av our town dared only to admire her from a great distance, via the hats av wives, sisters an' aunts who could not afford 'em. They dared hold no communication with her except to send her checks on the Bodbank Trust Company, in plain, sealed envelopes. The black list was wellnigh complete; the shrine av beauty, city wit an' metropolitan vivacity was walled up.

They talk av atrocities in war. Sure, it is nothin' to what women can do to women! Bodbank began by believing Dazie was a Chicago shopgirl who had saved her money to go into business fer herself; soon general opinion, molded by women who attinded church o' Sundays, wrote her down as an actress, or a circus rider disappointed in her profession. A bit later she was an unworthy stenographer, divorced by her innocent employer. She was a designing woman, whatever that is; an' they said there was somethin' mysterious about her. They criticized what she wore an' wished they had it on. At last she was a Lucrezia Borgia, an' very much alone in Bodbank, except in her little shop, where she took their money with such sweet an' unpretentious manners.

She had no one to go with durin' that late spring, an' 'tis not very merry sittin' alone on a boardin'-house piazza, listenin' to the grass grow in the night heat and fightin' mosquitoes. Well can I imagine the lonesomeness av the far-away sound av the excursion steamers chowing up the river, an' the clock on the Woodmen's Hall, an' the shuffle av feet av boys and girls in pairs, walkin' toward the hiss av the soda water, the clang av the drug-store cash register and the sad, sweet odor av banana ice cream.

'Tis a merciless stretch av fancy, but I'm not sure, had I been in her place, that I should not have been willin' to accept a ten-cent invitation or two from William Peebles Dike, Junior.

He must have got his money fer these two-bit revels from the fact that he had induced his father to give up the after-dinner cigar. He was smokin' cigarettes when he loafed round at the hotel an' the tobacco stores, an' the news stands, to which he would make two trips to read one story in a magazine that he didn't want to buy. He still had the look and weariness av a man av great experience, an' the yellow marks on his fingers; an' he still walked bent over forward, with his hat a shade on one side, like a young, successful an' fascinatin' Broadway actor. Dazie looked good to him, he said. So he told her he had a canoe. He had.

They'd been seen together often, when one evenin' old Dike, lookin' a bit shabby in spite av the third half-soles on his shoes, an' the new ribbon band on the old black felt hat, full of useless papers, an' white cuffs trimmed with nail scissors, stopped in front of my storehouse to pay his rent in ones an' twos, tied up with an elastic round 'em.

"You haven't seen my boy?" he says; an' his face lit up with that calm an' pride an' happiness.

"No," says Epson, the cashier at the bank, "but he's probably with that milliner."

"Ye spoke slightingly av her?" asks the old lawyer, drawin' himself up an' touchin' his black necktie.

"Yes; I suppose so," says Epson.

"Then, sir, I have to inform ye," says Dike, slowly an' measured—"I have to inform ye that a man speaks slightingly av no woman against whom he can prove no suspicion. And, sir, a gentleman speaks slightingly av no woman—in any case!"

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T A L L Y - H O

Westmeath Hounds on Knockdrin Castle Lawn, Mullingar

An Irish Hunting Field

THERE is, or perhaps I should say was, a popular legend in Ireland that away back in the good old days Satan landed in the Cove of Cork one fine morning and proceeded all unbeknownst to anyone to make himself at home.

As the story goes, he was projecting round something scandalous, just playing horse with everything that came his way and knocking down everything he couldn't jump over, when one of the lesser saints got busy and carried the tidings to Patrick.

Then began one of the most desperate manifestations of speed and endurance ever recorded in the history of Irish wars or pastimes. The Prince of Darkness did not wait to decipher the writing on the wall, but headed north as the crow flies, without packing as much as a clean collar. And, believe me! Patrick was hot-footing after him. By all accounts, when it came to leaving town in a hurry, the Devil was some stakehorse himself—no cheap overnight selling-plater in his—and he tore up through Cork and Limerick like a hook-and-ladder truck going to a tenement fire. He was doing finely until he crossed the boundary in Tipperary. It was dinnertime, and he hadn't had anything to eat since early morning. So, without stopping for refreshments, he hopped across the Galtees and turning eastward took a mouthful out of the low range of hills over beyant Thurles, and to this day that spot is called The Devil's Bit.

The Tales That Nelly Nolan Told

I WAS lucky or unlucky enough, whichever you will, to be born so near the big gap that what was left of the mountain cast long afternoon shadows over our house, and I know that the above-related story is true, because I heard it from the lips of old Nelly Nolan, my nurse, her that was Patsy Nolan's mother, who, as everybody remembers, was one of the greatest steeplechase riders Ireland—which is all the same as saying the world—ever saw. I believe the legend, because the old woman described the incidents and happenings with a wealth of detail that would make an ordinary modern descriptive writer hang his head for very shame. When it came to juggling with words in that connection, she could draw a composite picture that would have likened the films of Julius Cæsar to a daguerreotype.

And the stories she used to tell of the Fairies—perhaps you'd think they weren't true too. Of course old Nelly did not call them the Fairies; she always referred to them as The Little People, and related where they lived, and what they wore, and why they slept all day and came out only to play in the moonlight. And I remember the bewitching Queen of the Fairies, who used to take her bath in the dew that dropped into the bell of a buttercup. Sometimes, when the wind made an æolian harp and came sighing through the crevices of the ruins of the old Danish fort where we used to sit, she would whisper how that was only the Little Man in the Red Coat, who by the way was the most marvelous of all musicians, and who was practicing new dance music for The Little People.

You wouldn't guess in a thousand years what tremendous banquets they used to have. You see, they took the biggest mushroom and used that for a table; and for chairs they had bluebells and cowslips and buttercups. And they ate—let me see—my gracious, folks, I really have forgotten what dishes were served and what wines were drunk. But I will venture to say from the general impression left with me that they had Lucullus lashed to the mast.

I know these stories are true, because they were told me embellished by all the wild imagery and all the sorcery of native art. The compelling witchery of old Dame Nature is hard to improve upon. The dramatic sense of the unusual—and the skill with which it blooms into being—is an original gift. These tales evidently sprang from an inexhaustible source, and, mellowed by the brave, broad brogue of the beautiful South, they possessed an indescribable charm, one that has lingered and will remain to the end.

As far back as memory carries me I remember leaning out of the nursery window one day and seeing a man in a tattered green hunting coat, with dilapidated top boots and an old velvet hunting cap, sitting on a pile of the turf in the yard, singing away as gayly as if the whole world was a prodigious playground. I can see him as I write, rising and swaggering over to the kennels where the fox hounds were kept. He drew a battered hunting-horn from his pocket and blew several strident blasts upon it.

"Whoop! Whoop!" he shrilled. "S-t-o-l-e away! S-t-o-l-e away! Hoick to him, boys! Hoick to him! Hark forrard, hark forrard! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!"

His voice echoed and reëchoed from the walls of the rambling old house, surrounded as it was by stables and outbuildings. And the hounds, catching up the spirit, in sheer ecstasy leaped high against the sides of the kennels and gave tongue. It seemed as if a thousand canine throats were swelling one tremendous chorus: "Ow-ouw! Ouw! Ow-ouw! Boom! B-rr! Boo! Boom-boom! Ow-ouw! ow-w-w-w!" Tenors and basses, trebles and sopranos—melody without meter or rhythm, but oh, my brothers and sisters, how uplifting!

The man in the green coat was only one of the many hangers-on who were to be found attached to every Irish household of consequence at the time of which I write. About the stable yard the hunters and race horses were being groomed. An Irish gentleman might have been limited as to many things but he never was short of stable help. It always appeared to me that there were three grooms to every horse—not to mention a crowd of loungers who loafed aimlessly about, making suggestions or gossiping. Of course it goes without saying that when mealtime arrived they made themselves at home at a long table in the kitchen, from which no wayfarer in distress was ever turned away. How in the world any man's private treasury withstood such assaults upon it I am at a loss to explain, except perhaps it be, as an American friend who is at the head of a tremendous enterprise suggested, that an endless chain of credit must have prevailed.

As my father was master of a pack, much of the official entertainment devolved upon him, although it was the fashion of the time to keep open house. Formal invitations seemed to be regarded as reserved for only very special occasions. A party returning from the hunt and finding themselves too far from home to arrive in time for dinner, stopped at the nearest country house and invited themselves to dine. They—together with the ladies of the party, the horses, hunt servants and followers—were entertained without question just as long as they chose to remain.

My paternal grandfather was probably the only business man that the family had boasted of for generations. He bought and sold cattle on a large scale, shipping droves of them to England. It is hard to estimate what his income was. I only know that it must have been of consequence. Small wonder that he saw the necessity of really going to work. He had seven sons and four daughters. My father was the eldest, and by right of primogeniture enjoyed added privileges. For a gentleman's son of that day there were only five professions to be embraced with dignity: There was the army, the church, the law or medicine. Failing these he could be a master of hounds. My recollection of my father was that he always followed along the lines of least resistance.

Boyhood on an Irish Estate

THE other sons went into the army, which was at that time merely a question of going through college and having a commission purchased. The pay of an army officer would hardly have secured horse feed for his hunters. It goes without saying that it was an expensive luxury to boast that one had sons professionally engaged in defending their queen and country.

Even then my uncles, whenever their regiments were stationed in Ireland, seemed to spend most of their time at home, hunting or shooting. Sometimes, of course, they would be ordered off to foreign service in India, Canada, or the Cape.

I remember one of them returning with two small tots who could not talk a word of English, their language being Hindustani, which they had acquired from a tall, dignified Hindu nurse who accompanied them. Whenever opportunity afforded, my sister and I used to take great delight in purloining his turban and unwinding it. When he discovered the outrage he would curse us softly and fervently in his native patois.

When my grandfather died the wheels seemed to stop turning. I imagine that just about that time the passing of the old régime was commencing to be felt, not only in our own but in other Irish families.

Sunday was dedicated to rest. After breakfast my father adjourned to the stable yard, to which haven all morning his cronies continued to arrive. The major part of the day was devoted to discussing the merits of young hunters, schooling them over jumps, or to critical examinations of the juvenile product of the kennels. At ten o'clock the coachman drove round in state to take my mother to church. When we were very small my sister and I always accompanied her in the carriage. But as soon as we were big enough to ride we always journeyed to divine service on our ponies. I am afraid that the leaven of the Pharisees, old Adam and the voice of the tempter had taken powerful hold upon our juvenile minds. Our nearest neighbors were the Burkes. There were nine children in the family; in stature, commencing with the eldest boy who was about fifteen years old, they were graded down like a flight of steps. Their mother was a confirmed invalid, their father a gentle spirit who apparently had the real philosophy of life figured down to a fine point.

Under the tutelage of a small army of irresponsible servants, these children were growing up like so many unreconstructed heathen. It is almost unnecessary to

The Black Ditch, Limerick

state that they all were superb horsemen and that each had his own pony. There were eight boys and one girl in the family.

The smallest Burke boy, a little bowlegged imp, absolutely refused to ride a pony like the rest of us. His mount was a lean, superannuated chestnut thoroughbred over sixteen hands high. It was an impressive spectacle to see this horseman when mounted. Can you imagine a postage stamp pasted on Pike's Peak to create an impression?

On Sundays the Burkes usually waited at their avenue gate until my sister and I got within hailing distance. Then, with yells of derision and unkind comments regarding the brand of horse flesh we sported, they would light out licketysplit for town. It is in the spirit of true repentance I record the fact that more often than not we disturbed the peace and quiet of an otherwise Christian Sabbath by racing up the main street to the very doors of the church.

Our progress to the place of worship was never a dignified one, but in muddy weather we were a sight for the gods! The family pews were at the very top of the church, nearest the chancel. This very moment I can feel the horrified glances of the dowagers, boring holes through my back. I remember one time my face was so thoroughly coated with mud and my vision so impaired that I fell over the stove standing half way up the long aisle.

In those days the girls wore long, sweeping habits, and at times the texture was not strong enough to withstand the demands upon it. It was nothing unusual to see either or both of the young ladies entering the sanctuary and carrying the torn remains of a riding skirt, displaying an unorthodox amount of ankle.

Early Years in the Saddle

ON ONE particular occasion that I recall, my sister, resenting the limitations imposed upon her activities by reason of a long, cumbersome habit, took the shears and peremptorily cut off enough of the skirt to conform with her ideas of comfort. She is a staid middle-aged woman now, but in the minds of the dowagers I don't believe she ever really outlived that scandal.

I shall never forget the first time I was lifted on a horse's back. No king that was ever seated on his lofty throne had anything on me. A new deity was born right there. I imagine I was about two years old at the time, but the kingdoms of the world would have weighed little as against the horse. When I was about four years old I was given a donkey called Nelson, and was strapped on a little pad saddle, because my legs were not long enough to get a grip. I used to have him clipped and bandaged like one of the race horses, and always cooled him out after a ride just as carefully as if he were Salvator.

My first contribution to sport was the manufacture of lashes for the hunting whips, which Pollard—the man in the green coat—taught me to plait. And my father, who was one of the kindliest men I ever knew, used to make a mighty to-do over it and to have a new one put on his hunting-whip nearly every day. He used to exploit me to visitors as "the only boy who could plait a whiplash conforming to the exactions of a master of hounds."

In that way I got to imagine that I was a very necessary adjunct to the sport. When the meet was anywhere within reasonable distance my sister and I accompanied my father and followed the hounds as best we could. By creeping through gaps and taking all undue advantages, such as waiting in some shady boreen for a lucky turn, we sometimes bobbed up serenely right in the middle of the leading riders. My father used to take great delight in bringing us in to the dinner table at dessert, letting us romance along about the wonderful adventures and desperate chances we had taken in order to maintain our positions.

Usually the day's sport was preceded by a hunt breakfast. On days when there was a southerly wind and a cloudy sky the whole household was astir at sunrise. An endless stream of members, their wives and daughters, commenced to arrive. The meal was served—or rather not served—buffet style, huge spiced rounds of beef and game pies being disposed on the sideboard. They came in and helped themselves. What a jolly, carefree crowd they were! And what a bright picture the scarlet coats made in contradistinction to the dark riding habits worn by the ladies! Outside a veritable regiment of helpers and hangers-on led horses about, while one could hear the horn of the huntsman and the voices of the whips, trailing away in the distance as they took the hounds to covert. A wonderful sight, to be sure! A latterday theatrical magnate would have gone into ecstasies over it, and then he would have endeavored to figure the cost of production, but no man could have enlightened him on that point.

An Irish Water Jump

Added to the ordinary company it was not an unusual thing to find gentlemen of the cloth present. The rector of the Established Church and the priest of the parish, more often than not, met on the common and congenial ground of horse and dog. Father Ryan was a wonderful rider. In the time that has intervened from childhood I have often tried to picture to myself an ideal horseman, but somehow or other I always hark back to the gray-haired man, lean of flank, straight as an arrow, attired in clerical black but with garments withal tailored to the last expression of sartorial art, and bestriding a dark brown weight-carrying hunter built and mannered as if he had been made to order.

I never saw his reverence turn his horse's head away from any obstacle. At the time I speak of, the lamented Empress of Austria visited Ireland almost every season for the hunting. It was one of her witty sallies to remark that no woman who had once seen Father Ryan astride of a horse could help being a Christian.

The big entrance halls in most of the old Irish houses were veritable museums of curios—flags of various nations, old armor, spears from Zululand, presentation swords, cavalry lances, hunting crops, bridles, tiger-skins, oil paintings of mighty warriors and famous race horses lying round or hanging side by side without any particular idea of artistic arrangement. The most popular duster was a fox's brush, and by the way a most efficient one. The masks and pads, of course, were nailed to the stable doors.

An Irish Hunt Dinner

THE dining rooms were built without much idea of architectural elegance, but more with a desire to furnish lots of elbow room. The principal article of furniture was the long, solid mahogany table, at which you could seat forty-odd people comfortably. Much care was bestowed upon its polished surface.

It was never neglected, but was rubbed every morning until it shone effulgently. Looking back now, I cannot very well understand why such care should have been taken of it, because the average conduct of an Irish household was anything but forehanded.

Of course there was the big hospitable fireplace, the dingy rafters crisscrossed overhead, the trophies of field and stream hanging about, and the racing cups glittering on the long sideboard. A hunt dinner is a thing to be remembered; the men in their pink coats, the women in the conventional costume; the merry sallies anent the day's sport, the recounting of mishaps, or the tribute to brilliant performance. Say what you will, there was a time and age in this dull old world when the professional entertainer would have been superfluous.

After dinner the cloth was removed, the gentlemen rose and bowed gallantly, as the ladies at a signal from the hostess gathered their voluminous draperies about them and took flight, like a covey of scared partridges, to the drawing-room.

Then my father would beckon to the butler.

"Mickey," he would say, "bring on the materials, and be sure, Mickey, that the water is boiling and that there are plenty of lemons."

And Mickey himself would smile naively or perhaps even burst out laughing. What a ridiculous thing—that anyone should imagine for a moment that Mickey Sheridan would fail on a question involving such erudition and judgment!

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Ditch and Bank in Tipperary

LESLIE'S FRIEND

By Mary Stewart Cutting

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

IT WAS late in an afternoon, while the new parquet flooring was still distractingly in process of being laid downstairs, that young Mrs. Iverson, leaping from plank to plank across the hall to the telephone on the landing, heard her husband's voice at the other end:

"Hello, Win! Is that you?"

"Yes, dear." She could almost see his fair hair and sunny blue eyes. "Wait until I try to close the door; the hammering is something fearful. There!" She pushed the receiver again under her dark locks. "Aren't you coming home to dinner?"

"Yes, indeed! I'm going to bring somebody out with me—somebody you'll be glad to see—Della Bosby; she used to be Della Forrest, you know. I took my meals at her mother's the first couple of years I was at Amherst—before Della got married. Her father was awfully good to me. When I went out to Chicago, Della was living there. Oh, she heard a lot about you afterward! She's always wanted to know you. . . . Yes; she's here now from Indianapolis, overnight, with her boy, a fine little chap of six or seven. . . . I took them out to lunch and I've been looking up some people for her since. I found she was timid about going to a hotel; so I've asked them to come out with me. That's all right, isn't it?"

His tone had a disarming confidence in her approval of his unexpected invitation.

"But, Leslie!—the floors—it's all so upset!"

"Don't you worry about that; Della says she doesn't mind a bit. You don't need to make company of Della; she'll turn to and help you. We'll just picnic. Will see you soon, dear! Good-by!"

"Good-by!" said Winifred mechanically, with a dazed look round, as she dropped the receiver.

All the furniture of parlor and dining room was jammed into the hall or on the piazza. Two conversational men hammered in the midst of curly shavings, while one in the dining room, whistling between his teeth, pungently shellacked. Leslie had breakfasted that morning on this narrow landing of the stairway, with the slender piano stool as a perch for his tray, while Winifred purveyed coffee and bacon through the swing door of the kitchen; there was a delicate feeling that Minna, the new Swedish maid, did not fall in with the exigencies of the situation as whole-heartedly as she might.

Leslie had an abounding sense of hospitality—his friends, from all over the earth, were sacred; but heretofore they had always been men.

"Oh, you're here!"

The swing door that led from the kitchen opened, and the slender figure and charming face of Mrs. Silverton appeared, with the ample form of Mrs. Roberts, in purple velvet, just behind.

"The front seemed to be all blocked up with furniture; so we came round. The maid told us to look for you."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Winifred, flushing indignantly. "But I'm awfully glad to see you anyway. Come upstairs, where we can talk in peace."

"We've only dropped in to bring you the concert money for the Relief Fund. We can't stay," said Mrs. Silverton; the two, however, following Winifred's lead and seating themselves on the flowered lounge of the chintz-hung sitting room, the floor of which was littered with the toys of three-year-old Matilda. Mrs. Silverton glanced swiftly at Winifred, on whose face the large, marblelike brown orbs of Mrs. Roberts were already fixed.

"Is there anything the matter?"

"No, nothing; except that Leslie—I don't know what he was thinking of!—just telephoned that he's going to bring out a Mrs. Bosby, an old Amherst friend of his, with her little boy, for the night. She's on now from Indianapolis."

"Oh, Indianapolis!" said Mrs. Roberts, nodding sagely as though the fact covered some ulterior meaning. "Yes, I see! People are so literary out there, I suppose you can't expect much of them. It does seem a little odd to come on a man's invitation, doesn't it?"

"Oh, but I've always heard that she was very nice," protested Winifred eagerly. "I do think it's a little odd for her to be willing to come—with a child too!—when Leslie told her about the new floors; a woman ought to know what that means; but she only said she didn't mind the inconvenience at all. Of course a man never realizes."

"Oh, my dear! There are any number of people who don't mind how much you're inconvenienced if it suits them," said Mrs. Silverton tragically. "But we're not going to stay another minute if you've got to get ready for company." She gave Winifred an affectionate little tap as she jumped up. "My dear, don't look so intense! It never pays to take too seriously what a man does. If I had taken Edward Silverton seriously I should be in my grave now, after five years!"

"Well, I believe in making husbands see when they have been thoughtless," said Mrs. Roberts meaningly, with a careful precision of speech.

"Oh, they may see; but they never own that they do," said Mrs. Silverton laughing. "They may be awfully nice to you afterward, to make up for what they've done—but they never, never own up to anything!"

"I've Been Trying to Make Out These, But My Brain Gets Very Tired"

II

THE little table in the cleared-up chintz-hung sitting room had been festively laid with the rose-bordered china and the pink-shaded silver candlesticks some time before the guests arrived; the meal, though limited necessarily, was of the best: mushrooms plentifully bestrewed the steak; the creamed potatoes were *au gratin;* Winifred's mother, Mrs. Brentwood, on being hastily appealed to, had sent over a small freezer of chocolate mousse that had been destined for her own board. Leslie would be pleased to have his guest honored on her one night's stay. The lower floor was at least wrapped in silence—even little Matilda was in bed—when Winifred, in the pretty coral gown that set off her dark hair and eyes, ran down at last at the sound of Leslie's ring, to greet a short, veiled lady.

"Here we are, Win—Della and the boy, and all. She wants to go straight to her room, first."

"Yes, indeed! I'm very glad to see you, Mrs. Bosby. You'll have to step on these boards to reach the stairs. Will you come right up?"

"It is very good of you to have us," said the visitor in a very sweet, low voice. "I hope you won't take any trouble for us."

"Oh, no! This is your room. I hope you'll find everything you need. As soon as you're ready we'll have dinner—just across the hall here, you see."

"Well?" said Winifred to her husband interrogatively when the two were alone together.

He put his arm round her.

"Well, I've had a day of it!" He smiled down at her with sparkling eyes. "Gee! Della is a little woman, but she's had me on the jump. She got into town about eleven; she telegraphed me to meet her. I tell you she was glad to see me; she kissed me right there in the station before she knew it! We've been trying all the afternoon to locate a lawyer who once drew up some title deeds for her mother; I think we're on his trail now. She's come on about some lots in Brooklyn that she hopes to get money from; it may keep her here for three or four days. I told her I knew you'd like to have her."

"Three or four days! But, Leslie——" Winifred's arms slipped away from him. "With everything in such a state ——"

"Oh, you'll get along all right," he said reassuringly. "She'll be out nearly all day anyway. You see, she can't leave the child alone in a hotel."

"But why doesn't her husband see to the law business?"

"Hush! Don't speak so loud; she'll hear you—these walls are so thin! That's just it—he wouldn't raise a finger to help her. So she got a pass and came on herself. To tell you the truth, I think he's a bad egg: I only saw him a couple of times when I was out there—he seemed all right then; but she can't even buy a winter coat, he keeps her so close. The thin suit she wears is all she has and that's why she's trying to raise something on the lots. She doesn't say much about him, but you can see that she feels pretty badly about it. Rough, isn't it, dear?" He bent over to kiss his wife again. "I'll help you carry up the dinner things, Win. Ah, here comes the lady now, and my young friend, Major! Well, Major, what do you think of it here?"

"I like it!" said the little boy in a singularly sweet voice like his mother's, jumping up and down lightly.

He was a straight little fellow in a blue Russian blouse, with dark eyes and close-curled dark hair, and a great contrast to his mother, who was a short, plump, but graceful little woman with a round face, a large waist and small, plump hands. She had a snub nose and a large mouth; her large, well-opened eyes, which had a vague, abstracted expression, were of the palest blue; her hair was a light drab; and her skin, which was opaque rather than pale, added to her general effect of colorlessness. Even her lips were a pale pink; but when she smiled, as she did now languidly, she showed very white though large teeth. Her brown traveling skirt, of some silk and satin weave, and her handsome white-lace waist, though slightly rumpled, had an effect of elegance borne out by her silk stockings and buckled pumps, the little gold-mesh bag she carried, and the many sparkling rings on her small fingers.

"I hope you'll excuse my not changing to another waist: my head is very tired," she announced in a low, plaintive voice. "I can never sleep on a train and I have been doing so much since I reached town."

"Please don't apologize," said Winifred warmly. "Leslie, will you show Mrs. Bosby her seat?"

"Now you two girls mustn't be formal: you're to be Della and Winifred to each other," said Leslie, beaming on them both.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bosby. "I was afraid I shouldn't be able to come to dinner at all, Mrs. Iverson—I had such a pain in my arm: but Major rubbed it out for me—he's very clever at it." Her smile rested for a moment pleasingly on the child, who responded proudly with a nod.

"I always rub her out," he announced. "Mother, may I have some olives? Mother, may I have some olives? Mother, may I have some ——"

"Be quiet, Major; you will be helped in your turn," said his mother languidly. "May I ask whether there is a window open anywhere? I thought I felt a slight draft. My throat is delicate. Thank you!"

"Does Winifred look as you expected?" asked Leslie.

Mrs. Bosby bent a blank gaze on her hostess.

"Not at all. My nerves have been in such a state lately —— Mrs. Culver, one of our wealthiest women in Indianapolis—I wish you could see her home!—says she

never knew anyone with such a highly nervous organization as I have. You don't know what it was to me, Mrs. Iverson, when I saw Leslie's dear, kind face, and knew that, at any rate, he was the same true friend that he had always been! I have gone through so much!"

"Ah, now—now! You mustn't talk like that," responded Leslie cheerily, yet with a half nod at Winifred, which seemed confirmation of depths of sorrow. "I don't know any girl who was ever more popular than you, Della. Do you remember ——" The college Past flooded in, Winifred being necessarily left high and dry on the bank; though Leslie occasionally, with gallant effort, strove to throw a grapple in her direction.

The little boy was charming and well behaved, though he had a way of stretching out his small hand slyly and with lightning rapidity abstracting salted almonds or olives, with a roguish smile when his eyes met Winifred's. The latter smiled in return.

"I have a little girl; she's asleep now, but she'll be very glad to see you to-morrow," she said aside to him.

"I like little girls," he agreed gravely. "They give you half their apple."

"Oh!" said Winifred, laughing.

"Is Mr. Iverson your little girl's papa?"

"Yes."

"My papa is awful fond of me!" he confided. "That is why my mamma can always get what she wants. My papa and mamma fights terrible, Katie says. Katie is our cook. We had a nautomobile, and papa sold it; and mamma cried."

"Oh!" returned Winifred, staring, before turning to answer a question of Leslie's, with a side glance at Mrs. Bosby, who was consuming all the good things set before her, but without any apparent interest in the act; even when passing her plate afterward, on Winifred's invitation, for a second helping of Mrs. Brentwood's delicious mousse, she remarked that it never made any difference to her what she ate.

After dinner she disappeared, going to her room to unpack her bag and put Major to bed, while Leslie and Winifred hurriedly conveyed dishes and débris to the lower regions, to the sternly disapproving Minna—never in any house where she had lived had there been company at such a time!

When the sitting room was finally set in order Mrs. Bosby reappeared, with a bundle of papers in her hand.

"I've been trying to make out these, but my brain gets very tired," she announced in her gently plaintive voice. "You don't mind my asking Leslie to look them over with me, Mrs. Iverson?"

"No, indeed!" said Winifred cordially, making way for the two on the flowered lounge, where the table, with the lamp, would be in front of them. She had a vague impression, as Mrs. Bosby glanced round, that the latter was rather disappointed because the surroundings were not more affluent.

Winifred tucked herself into an armchair, with a book, and after a while went to sleep to the continued slight rustling of papers and the low, monotonous sound of voices—woke up and drowsed off again; repeated the process, and finally jumped up with the lightsome proclamation that they would all be better in bed.

Even then Mrs. Bosby stood in the doorway, with her hand on the jamb, ready to pass through, but not passing through for an hour more, talking to Leslie, with an occasional word from Winifred. It was after twelve when they separated.

"You must be tired," Winifred said to her husband.

"Oh, not a bit of it!" he protested. "What do you think of Della? Fine, isn't she! She thinks you're wonderful—so sympathetic; that's what she needs—sympathy. If I could tell you all she's been through—she doesn't talk about it, of course, but that husband of hers —— Why, she doesn't dare leave that child behind when she goes away! It's the only hold on him she's got."

"Hush! Don't talk so loud, Leslie; Mrs. Bosby will hear you!" said Winifred nervously. "Do you realize that I've got to carry up the dishes now and set the table for breakfast?"

III

IT WAS rather a relief that Mrs. Bosby asked whether she might have her breakfast in bed; a tray was an easy matter.

Major, however, appeared, fresh and smiling, to the great delight of the little, fair-curled Matilda, who neglected her own cereal while he ate dramatically for her benefit with large wavings of his spoon and snapping bites at his toast; afterward he sat down on the floor by her and built railroads with blocks, keeping her delightedly absorbed.

Leslie had hurried tersely through his meal to the sound of hammers below; so many things had to be left undone yesterday. And just now when, even through the war depression, the much-needed business was starting up a little! To Winifred, it always seemed as though when business was better all care should cease, but it served to make Leslie even more preoccupied.

It was a couple of hours later when the guest appeared, ready for her journey into town, round-faced and pale-eyed but with that subdued effect of elegance in her appointments; she did not look like a lady who was suffering for lack of funds.

"But is your jacket warm enough to-day?" Winifred queried incautiously.

"It is all I have," said Mrs. Bosby in a tone charged with quiet bitterness.

"I hope you slept well."

"Thank you; I seldom sleep, but I rested," said the visitor. "Is that your little Matilda? She doesn't look like her father, does she? Well, Major!" A charming

"Such a Friend as Leslie Has Always Been! You Don't Mind My Saying That, Mrs. Iverson?"

smile lit up her face as the boy ran to her and put his arms round her neck. "Kiss mother good-by. No; you can't come with me—I shall not be home until late. Mind everything Mrs. Iverson tells you while I'm gone. Now run back to the little girl and amuse her nicely."

"He is a dear little boy," said Winifred warmly as he obeyed. Mrs. Bosby nodded solemnly.

"Major is a wonderful child. Mr. Palfrey—he's one of our millionaires—says he has never seen a boy with such a beautiful face and nature as Major; he hasn't a fault—Major, use your handkerchief! Those workmen make such a frightful noise I don't see how you stand it! No—don't come down to the door with me; you have enough to do. I can find my way out."

In the visitor's glance round, Winifred received the impression of the night before, she couldn't tell how, that Mrs. Bosby was disappointed because they lived on so small a scale. She seemed really rather nice, yet oddly baffling; there was a feeling that she might develop in some way that was not expected.

It was a little difficult flying round the house, putting the rooms in order, with Major interestedly following—little Matilda, of course, stumping in his wake—undoubtedly good, but hamperingly conversational.

"Why do you make the beds, Mrs. Iverson? Why are those men working here? Why haven't you got a little boy like me? Why are you going downstairs again? Why do you have that little mole at the corner of your mouth, Mrs. Iverson?" Questions interspersed with remarks that Winifred felt she should not hear, such as: "My papa didn't know we were going away. I guess he was awful mad. Sometimes my mamma cries at breakfast."

It was a relief when Mrs. Brentwood, after telephoning, stopped to take care of the children; and Winifred herself got over to the market, where you met everybody you knew at eleven o'clock, in these days when people openly bragged of their economies; those whose incomes had not been lessened by the war were almost apologetic.

Back of one's own affairs there was ever that deepening sense of urgent need, both here and abroad. Every small social diversion was made to pay its toll, as well as the big balls and charity concerts. Lucia Bannard's bridge party that night cost you fifty cents for the local Relief Fund; the little dance at Mrs. Silverton's, the Monday when you carried over all your own fox-trot records, mulcted you the same amount for the noncombatants; women knitted woolen scarfs for soldiers, in trains and penitentiaries and opera boxes.

"And if you have an overcoat for a poor man ——" Lucia Bannard, velvet toqued and furred, made incidental appeal to Winifred as they stood by the pearly onions and golden grapefruit, unheeding the outstretched hand of the vender behind the stall, patiently offering change.

Winifred shook her head.

"We haven't a thing left to give away."

"Well, somebody's got to find one! Did you ever see anything so cheap as things are here?" Lucia's tone took on a fervid quality. "It's the most astonishing thing! I don't know how we've managed it; but now, when Donald's business has been so bad and there's less money than we've ever had, we're actually paying cash for everything. Oh, I can't begin to tell you how those bills have hung over me each month ever since I was married! I feel like a free woman. . . . Yes, that is my change; thank you. Oh, I think I'll take one beet. No, I don't care if a bunch is only five cents; I just want one for garnish."

"Your company came, didn't she?" said Mrs. Roberts, ornately joining the group. "I saw her walking home from the station with Mr. Iverson last evening; he was talking so interestedly he didn't see me. What did you say? She's going to stay a couple of days longer? No—not really! Well, you'll have to bring her to the Bannards' bridge party to-night then. You and Leslie can't possibly drop out now!"

"Leslie told her we had the engagement, but she said last night she didn't know much about the game."

"Oh, then she'll come!" said Mrs. Silverton with decision.

Events proved her right. Mrs. Bosby did not return until dinnertime, with Leslie; little Major had been glued to the upstairs window for an hour, watching for her, the floor below being still in chaos. She had, it appeared, been sitting all day in a corner of Leslie's office by the stenographer's desk, waiting for a telephone message from her husband or the lawyer, neither of which came, and only going out to lunch meekly with Leslie because he insisted on it.

"She hasn't the spirit to eat," he confided to his wife. He himself looked worn, but was almost aggressively bright and cheerful. "I tell you that husband of hers is a brute—just plain brute—to keep her waiting like that. She was afraid she was in the way; but I said to her: 'Della, in the little time you're here I want you to use me, or the place, in any way you can.' When I think of what her father did for me! If I have anything private to talk over with a customer I can go in the next room. I tell you, she's as plucky a little woman as you'll find. I don't believe she'll get off now before Monday." His eye fixed Winifred's. "I admire Della more than anyone I know."

"Yes, dear," said his wife heartily.

Mingled with an amused consternation was a tender pride in his unflinching courtesy—she had certainly married a gentleman! She touched his hair with her light finger tips as he went on, with a change of voice:

"I tell you I'm looking forward to a good game to-night with the Wilmers! I wouldn't urge Della to come if I were you—she wants to go straight to bed."

Though Mrs. Bosby ate her dinner in silence, except when admonishing Major to use his handkerchief, afterward, when she sat with the boy on her lap watching Winifred clearing up, while Leslie shaved, whistling, in remote regions, she roused herself to say that she supposed she might as well make the effort to join the party.

"My brain gets very tired thinking so much alone, and I know it would please Leslie—dear fellow—to have me go. If I can wear what I have on ——"

"Why, yes," said Winifred; later laying aside her evening gown for a plainer one, on Leslie's delicately asking

whether it was not a little too dressed up, considering Della's lack of festive array. She knew Leslie would have donned overalls if a friend had been reduced to that garb.

The game, perhaps, failed of its expected bloom, Leslie, with Mrs. Bosby as his partner for most of the evening, being painstakingly occupied in telling her when it was her turn to bid, and what took the last trick, and whether the make at the beginning of the hand had been spades or no-trumps, while their opponents merrily forged ahead.

Afterward, however, Mrs. Bosby proving abstractedly nonconversational with strangers, he sat by her at supper, a little apart from the jolly, intimate crowd, affectionately entertaining and protective, as she evidently leaned toward him in spirit; she looked really pretty when she talked, smiling. Leslie said almost defiantly to Winifred, when they got home, that he had never enjoyed an evening more in his life.

IV

"WELL, really, I think it's an outrage that Winifred should have to take care of that boy all the time; she couldn't even come to the matinee with us now!" Slender, green-velveted Mrs. Wilmer's hair was red and her tone had the fervid quality. "How long is that Bosby woman going to stay? Don't get out your money; I always have tickets for the Tube."

Mrs. Roberts, a large moving mass of brown fur tails, replaced her perfunctorily offered pocketbook as she hurried along with the others.

"Thank you. Well, it seems to me there's something very strange in her staying on in this way from day to day—with a husband in Indianapolis! I should think she'd want to go home and get some clothes anyway. Yes, I know they say she's here on business; but still —— Do you think Winifred realizes"—Mrs. Roberts was one of those kindly women who never think you know anything about your own affairs unless somebody tells you of them—"how much Leslie and his friend are together?"

"Oh, goodness! Of course she realizes!" responded the pretty Mrs. Silverton carelessly. "She doesn't mind, though. I think it's awfully tiresome myself. She says they've always been like brother and sister." Her tall-feathered hat forged ahead. "Come on, if you don't want to miss that train!"

Though, indeed, always heralding her expected flight on the morrow, after two weeks Mrs. Bosby still left the house every morning with Leslie and returned at night with him, her dumpy little figure inclined toward his protective one as they talked earnestly. She spent the greater part of the day in the office, waiting for that telephone either from her husband or the lawyer; the latter sometimes called her up, but the former never did.

There seemed to be, also, an endless amount of complications in regard to title deeds, involving long journeys by trolley with Leslie to mysteriously situated courthouses, imposing without and incredibly dingy within, which, after traversing immense hallways, always turned out to be the wrong courthouse—trips that necessitated endless studying of papers with Leslie in those evenings when they stayed home.

There was a continued confusion and uncertainty, on receiving an invitation, as to whether it included Mrs. Bosby, or whether she would still be there if it did. She was not, in the slang parlance of the day, a mixer; wherever they went she fell tacitly to Leslie's sole lot. If her bridge playing was bad, her dancing was even worse; small woman though she was and graceful ordinarily, she seemed weighted with lead; her feet clung to the floor. No man asked her as a partner a second time—but Leslie fox-trotted with her heroically and sat out the intervals, affectionately conversational, the smile she always had for him lighting her pale face.

The pile of magazines lay untouched on the table at home; the intimate, haphazard intercourse with the Wilmers and Bannards and Silvertons was imperceptibly cut off. Sometimes Mrs. Bosby took Major to town for the day, and they seemed to make a tour of the shops, but he was usually left in Winifred's hands except when kind Mrs. Brentwood helped her out.

Winifred was sorry for the little fellow; but, despite his ostensible goodness, he proved to have annoying ways. Sweet things disappeared in the most astounding quantities; as stated, indeed, by the cheerful Irish Ellen who had taken the place of the gloomy Minna, you couldn't keep a thing hid from that young limb. He as often left little Matilda howling as amused her, and he would scuff his feet along the new floors; even the poor child's caresses were pervaded by the fact that he hadn't used his handkerchief.

It was impossible, perhaps, not to resent somewhat that Mrs. Bosby seldom noticed little Matilda. When Della occasionally talked to Winifred, however, she had a certain charm, in contrast to her usual vague, harassed air of abstraction.

Leslie's ardor never flinched; he was as affectionate, as scrupulously kind, as ever, and even more insistent on the fact of how much they enjoyed Della's visit, narrowly watchful of any hint of dissent from Winifred. Yet there was a change in him. He was, though controlledly, tense to a degree; little things irritated him unaccountably—Major's scuffing feet and sniffle, for instance. He almost shunned his wife, seeming, in their moments alone, separated from her as by a wall of glass, either too sleepy to talk or frustratingly monosyllabic, with the warning to her not to speak so loud. If she knew that the state of things was being commented on in the neighborhood she felt an arrogant disregard of it in his behalf.

Husbands and wives, like children, have their streaks of being "good"; this was one of Winifred's. She had a carelessly proud, unalterable faith in her husband's faith, too intimately personal to be formulated: he was Leslie! Exasperating as the situation was, she felt that tender, half-humorous, half-admiring indulgence of his state of mind, even though she could not sympathize with it; she knew that Leslie's friend *had* to be sacred!

For a moment, indeed, one afternoon, the sense of Mrs. Bosby's presence in her husband's office sent a lightning flash of jealousy through her, which seemed to whelm her even for that instant in a flash of choking horror, where every sense writhed in torment. She struggled out of it instantly, and reached the clear sunlit world again with an inexpressible joy and lightness of spirit, in her freedom from the evil thing.

V

IT WAS at the end of the third week, when the two came home from the station one night somewhat earlier than usual. In the first light snow of the season Mrs. Bosby's apparel showed thinner than ever.

It was evident to the most casual observer that something had happened; she looked as though she were crying, while Leslie bent over her solicitously, half supporting her. Mrs. Roberts and the Silvertons walked, unseen, behind.

"Well, what is it?" asked Winifred curiously of her husband as Mrs. Bosby, culling Major on her way, disappeared in her own room.

Leslie spread out his hands as though unconsciously to keep his wife away, and mechanically dropped into a chair; he looked tense and haggard.

"It's hot as the deuce in here. Open the window—she can't feel the draft here."

"Yes, she will. But what is it, dear?"

Gone to Dinner With Mrs. Bosby Without Taking the Trouble to Let Her Know!

"She's had an awful time to-day—she won't get a thing from those lots; and she had a letter from her husband this afternoon. That man's a bad egg; he won't give her a cent. We were all at a consultation in the directors' room when Miss Connolly came running over for me. . . . They had Della lying out on the floor. I got her quiet after a while. . . . She can't go back to him—that's certain. I told her of course you'd want her to make her home with us as long as she needed it."

"But, Leslie ——"

"Don't you *want* Della?"

"Yes, yes!" said Winifred hurriedly. She strove for ground to stand on. "But don't you think it would be better if she had some other place to wait in besides your office?" she hazarded, and stopped as he put up his hand impatiently.

"Yes, yes; of course! Don't speak so loud. I told her that last week, and she spoke at once of the Young Women's Christian Association. She doesn't want to stay in the office. Well, I'm glad, at any rate, to do what I can for poor little Della—when I think of what her father did for me. Great Scott!" The sound of Major's slippers scuffing down the stairs became apparent. "Can't that child ever lift his feet?"

"Hush! Don't speak so loud," said Winifred.

Mrs. Bosby was red-eyed; she looked paler and plumper than ever in the invariable brown skirt and lace waist, but she seemed to retain her composure with difficulty. Winifred could not help feeling really sorry for her as the meal progressed.

"I hear you had bad news to-day," she ventured sympathetically.

Mrs. Bosby's voice was tremulous.

"Yes. My brain is very tired. My husband's letter—it was most insulting! If it were not for Leslie—such a dear, true friend as he is—I don't know what I should have done. I will never go back with Major until his father consents to my terms."

Little Major nodded.

"My papa thinks a lot of me—that is why my mamma always gets what she wants," he asserted gently.

"You don't say you are still at dinner! We finished half an hour ago," said a voice in the doorway—no other than that of Mrs. Roberts, in a wonderful lace evening cap, with crimson bows on each side like blinders, her large form wrapped in a long purple cloak.

Mrs. Roberts, after four years of neighboring with the Leslie Iversons, was invariably surprised that they hadn't finished dinner.

"Now don't get up—anybody; please don't get up! I can't sit down; I can't stay a moment. Mr. Roberts is outside, with the Wilmers, in a taxi; we are on our way over to the Ridge. I just stopped in for a second to inquire about Mrs. Bosby. Mr. Wilmer said she had such a terrible time in the office to-day; it made quite an excitement, everybody was talking about it. I'm so glad to see you downstairs, Mrs. Bosby."

"Oh, she's much better," said Winifred cheerfully. "It was very kind of you to step in."

(Continued on Page 46)

"No. Keep Away! I Tell You I Won't be Kissed. I ——"

BERLIN—By ERNEST POOLE

Making Clouts Used for Wrapping Feet of German Soldiers. The Parcels, Ready for Shipment, Contain 60,000 Woolen Clouts

Daily Feeding of 600 Children of Soldiers by the German-Evangelic Confederation of Women at Berlin

I WAS sitting at a window of a café in Berlin. Outside on the Friedrichstrasse, that narrow, crowded thoroughfare of sparkling shop windows, a December night had fallen though it was not yet five o'clock. The arc lights sputtered and flared in the rain. It was the coffee hour, and the huge hall behind me was packed full of people; but my eyes were on the street. Outside my window, on the curb, her gray woolen dress and shawl sodden and dripping wet with rain, stood a stout old woman with a bundle of newspapers under one arm. The glare of light from an arc above fell on the title, *Die Zukunft*—which means, The Future. And as though it were a message of ill-omen that she carried, this old witch kept peering at the multitude pouring by her, and every few moments, darting out, she would display this title and scream it in their faces:

"The Future! The Future!"

The life of Berlin swept endlessly by. Along the narrow street behind came wagons, drays and taxis, in one of which, as it stopped in a jam, I caught a glimpse of a couple inside—a most absorbed young officer with a slender young person in brown in his arms. The old crone saw them, too, and thrust her newspaper into their window: "*Die Zukunft! Die Zukunft!*"

An old bus drawn by horses passed, its near platform crowded with soldiers and their knapsacks. They were singing, but I could not hear. A score of wounded soldiers passed, arms in slings, heads bandaged, with a Red Cross nurse as guide. They looked like simple peasant boys being shown about the town. Laughing, pushing, jostling, they entered a "movie" across the way. Soldiers passed by thousands, in couples and in groups and crowds, wearing *feldgraue* overcoats, helmets, caps with colored bands, heavy boots clopping over the pavement. And as these youngsters, talking and laughing, hurried along, the old woman flourished her paper: "*Die Zukunft! Die Zukunft!*"

Christmas in the German Capital

A GIRL of the street came gayly dressed, from under her small blue-silk umbrella anxiously watching the faces of men. She and her like had been through hard times. Ordered off the streets at the start of the war, since then the police repression had been modified only to a degree, and in all the relief work there was no helping hand for her. So she kept smiling eagerly, as though afraid to stop for a moment. "*Die Zukunft!*" Then she was gone.

A woman with three small children came up the street on the other side. She looked worried, worn and anxious. She stopped before a window marked: "Christmas gifts for men in the field." As she scanned these gifts in a quick, tired way, one of the children, a boy of six, kept tugging at her arm and pointing to the next window, where was an infant soldier uniform which was just about his size. She shook her head and he started to cry. Now anxiously watching the crowded street, she saw her chance and hurried her small brood across. As they came close to my window I noticed how seedy and patched were their clothes. The old woman, as though she had noticed, too, screamed in their faces: "*Die Zukunft!*"

All Germany seemed to be passing. Stolid family parties, men, women and small children, sober men of business, Lutheran preachers, scientists, writers and musicians, one with his fiddle under his arm, all poured by my window, talking as they went along. And as they talked of their affairs—the business, homes and churches; the science, literature and music of this German people—I could hear nothing of it all but a deep, vibrant humming, out of which, like a challenge, the old woman's voice rose harsh and clear:

"The Future!"

What would it be? As I went about the city and watched and listened to its life, I could feel this question everywhere.

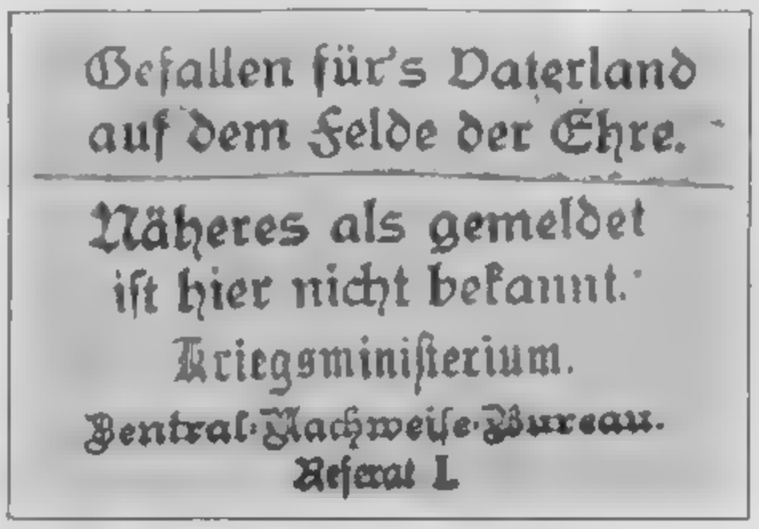
At first I had not felt it. Berlin had seemed nearly normal. I had thought to find it a dreary place, a city besieged, hard pressed for life. I had heard that the prices of food were high, that there was no "gas" for the taxis and that the shops were deserted. I found the big department stores crowded with Christmas shoppers. I found taxis by thousands on the streets in which for a mark you could ride a mile. I found theaters, operas, concerts running, the cafés all crowded at night and prices of food as usual. And even on the streets themselves I had at first an impression of life going on very much as before.

But this was only for the first day. Then beneath the stolid surface of this German civilization I began to feel the presence of deep fires of anxiety; a tense, constant realization of the long, thin lines of trenches far to the west and east and south—the feeling of a beleaguered land. What first struck me as abnormal was that every German whom I met asked me at once very eagerly: "Well? Don't you see how normal it is?"

Then other impressions came crowding in. I noticed throngs of men and women round the war-news bulletins. In the theaters, concerts, movies, and even at Salome one night, I saw hundreds of wounded soldiers, for whom seats everywhere were free. The prices of food were as usual, but I learned of a government bureau here watching the food supplies of the nation, and through the press constantly urging the people to give up certain foods that were scarce and turn to others "just as good." There were indeed plenty of taxis, but there were no private motors, for all such had been painted gray and were in the government service. Every few moments on the street I heard the harsh commanding blast of a military motor's horn. On Unter den Linden just after dark I heard the cry: "*Ein Luftschiff!*" And looking up, I saw an immense dark phantom, with spectral eyes of red and green, drift by under the stars above. At all hours on the streets I kept meeting soldiers marching by, and I began to notice that of the men in citizens' clothes those who were young did not look strong. In the American bar at the Adlon Hotel, where the correspondents gathered at night, the bartender's two predecessors had already been called to the colors. He himself expected his call any day. In the barber shop was only one barber.

"Where is the other?" I asked him.

"He was killed at the front last week."



Death-Notice Sent to Soldier's Family

Daily Street Scenes in Berlin

TWO million men, I was told, from sixteen to twenty-one, had already volunteered. Fifty thousand boys of sixteen were already at the front. Impressions like these kept piling in, until in this hub of the nation I felt an ominous constant drain, day by day and week by week, of the last of the strong young men.

I felt a deep anxiety and a steady, grim resolve. It was not so much: "We are sure to win." The phrase I heard more often was: "We are fighting for our country's life." By degrees I got a feeling such as I've never had before—the feeling of a city united for one purpose, bound together by one question: "Is it to be life or death?"

I can give only rough impressions of the scenes I witnessed here.

At all hours, day and night, I saw troops march by on their way to the trains. I met one small company late at night—two hundred recruits in citizens' clothes with satchels and small boxes, heavy boots strung over their shoulders. One of them was leading a shaggy little dog by a chain, perhaps the company mascot. I saw a whole regiment march along, an hour before daybreak, in a cold, dense rain. They were in full field equipment. The street was empty except for one girl. Holding an umbrella over the baby in her arms, she hurried along beside one of the soldiers. I caught a glimpse of her face as she passed, and she looked terribly alone.

I remember one day when I too fell in line. I heard the approaching boom of drums, and down the street came a solid mass of men, women and children blocking the way from wall to wall. The music broke out with a crash, and now in the center of the throng I saw tall, husky German boys, of from eighteen to twenty-four, come swinging along in marching step. There were flowers in their helmets, flowers even in their guns. Some of these guns were carried by wives and others by young girls and boys, and one by an eager old woman who hurried along by a man in the ranks. Most of these women were laughing or smiling. A Red Cross wagon went ahead. We passed a house with a Red Cross flag, and out of the window came the heads of many wounded soldiers. We passed a church, and out of the door came two women in black, one wiping her eyes with her handkerchief. But when she saw us she waved it instead.

I had often marched to a band, but never with men so soon to die. Despite all one's natural common sense

something seemed to swell and rise with the regular tramp, tramp of thick boots, and the steady looks in the faces of these simple German youngsters. These were not the men who made treaties or broke them, but only the men from the fields and mines, the mills and shops and factories—simply the men who were going to die.

By my side marched a little shaver not more than eight years old, taking prodigious strides to keep up. Every now and then, like me, he would look at those rows of motionless faces, steady eyes, and as the music crashed and boomed the look on his face grew more and more tense. Suddenly, eyes radiant, the little chap burst into tears.

On a Sunday night about one A. M. I went into one of the large cafés. In the enormous billiard room, even at that hour, each of the twenty-two tables was taken The balls were clicking as peacefully as though there were no bullets on earth. And in the huge hall adjoining, some two thousand people sat at the tables, sipping their beer. But even here I soon felt war. Sprinkled everywhere through the throng, in almost every family group, was a soldier or an officer. I heard talk about war on every hand. Suddenly on his high platform the orchestra leader turned off the lights and plunged the place in darkness. Then from down behind him a lurid reddish glow appeared, the drums made a sound like thunder, and now as he led the orchestra with a rifle in his hands he fired blank cartridges over the crowd.

"At last!" I thought. Here was that German hysteria of which I had heard so much at home! Here was the real Prussian *Stimmung* of war! And further to embellish my story, I sent for the orchestra leader. He came to my table. And, alas!

"Me a Prussian? Hell, no! I was raised in Illinois," he said. "There's my American passport, see, tacked up on the orchestra platform. I'm doing my best," he added, "to keep up the good feeling in this town toward the little old U. S. A. I've got an act specially for that. Just wait and I'll spring it, and you'll see."

His act was a medley of national airs, with England, France and Russia left out. With each song the flag of the nation was waved. The loudest cheers were for Germany; Austria came second; while the Crescent and the Stars and Stripes ran a close third for this German applause.

The Belgian Girl Who Missed

AT OUR table sat a young Prussian who was a motorcycle scout. Only twenty-two years old, he had clean, handsome features and gay, sparkling eyes. He was dressed in a black leather suit. As he sat beside me, smoking hard one cigarette after the other, his limbs, his muscles and even his eyes gave me his deep restlessness, his impatience to be off. He was going with sealed orders down to Turkey, he confided. He had been a scout in Belgium, where they had scouted in groups of five, always sending two ahead through a village to see if the way was clear. He showed me his automatic pistol, and I asked how many he thought he had killed. With a reminiscent smile on his face, as the orchestra played gayly on, he began to count on his fingers.

"Eight," he said at last. "And one was a girl."

"Why a girl?"

"What else could I do? I was with my comrade in front of a farm. It was hot. We had stopped for a drink of water. There was a shot from behind the hedge not ten meters off and he fell dead. I turned and saw a Belgian girl taking aim at me with her rifle Both of us fired and she missed. I had important dispatches It was either her life or mine."

Services Before Monument to Bismarck in Berlin

Later he was joined by a friend, a serious youngster of twenty-three. This chap was an aëronaut. When we asked how he got his Iron Cross he replied in brief, commonplace phrases:

"It was over Rheims about nine o'clock. There was a moon. There were no other *Taubes* up. I had risen about half a mile. My observer sat behind me, strapped into his seat with a radium map in front of him. The radium lines stand out in the dark. He was jotting down the positions of the enemy's batteries below, which he could tell by the flashes. The fire was very heavy, but we could hear none of it up there—it was drowned in the noise of my motor. The French must have seen us against the moon and opened with a machine gun. And though I still heard nothing, what happened was like one, two, three One I felt my motor stop; two—my observer, shot through the head, fell against my shoulder; three I got a bullet through both legs above the knees I glided for ten minutes down and then I must have fainted. But I came to with a crash, my *Taube* smashed to pieces. We had struck in a small plowed field. I got up, unstrapped my observer's body, got his maps and crawled two miles. It took about two hours. When I came to our trenches I shouted and our fellows pulled me in. At the field hospital, just behind, they dressed my wounds. Then with a man to help me walk I went to brigade headquarters and turned in the maps."

On another evening, at the large round table at which I was dining with a friend, a wounded officer showed his companions a big knife, which he said he had taken from the body of an Englishman. And while it was passed round the group he told of a soldier in a trench who had carefully made a mark on a stangle for each Englishman he killed.

"How many?" they asked eagerly.

"There were thirty-two marks," he said. For his own part, he added, he hated England as much as the rest, but he liked the English soldiers. "They're such a funny crowd," he explained. "One day after a hard fight we captured about forty of them. Three of these were officers. They had fought like devils until now, but the minute it was over they came up to me smiling and held out their hands. 'Well, shake hands, no hard feelings!' said one. Yes, they're a queer, funny lot."

Swamps for Military Purposes

YOU see countless heroes here. In a *Bierhaus* late one night I found a dozen gray-headed old men celebrating the return of one of their sons, a young officer They looked like a group of German professors. It was a jovial, noisy throng. The hour was near midnight, but still the steins kept being refilled, and each time they were lifted it was to toast the young warrior, the Kaiser or the Fatherland. At the next table, quite out of the picture, sat an admiring group of smiling elderly women—their wives.

About Hindenberg, the national hero, I heard stories by the score.

"I met him in Posen the other day," said a German correspondent. "And he told me: 'Young man, when you get back to Berlin please insert in every paper a denial of this rumor that I am afflicted with the gout.

How the lie spread I do not know, but every *Hausfrau* in Germany has been writing me letters, telling me what and what not to eat, sending me medicines of all kinds. These letters and bottles come by thousands! They are clogging up the mails!'"

"Swampy Hindenberg," he had been called. Born in East Prussia, he had studied swamps all his life with an eye to their use in warfare. He had defeated a project to drain them. "We need them for defense," he had said. And now his chance had come at last, and, in a cool, deadly way of his own, Swampy Hindenberg had made good. There is not a café in Berlin where some eyewitness has not described the famous defeat of the Russians up in the Masurian lakes. You are told of great false boulevards with rows of trees on either side leading out into the marshes. Over these fled the Russians from the German artillery behind. And the boulevards suddenly came to an end, and into the swamps by thousands plunged men and horses headlong. Other thousands piled on top. The night was filled with their frenzied cries. Some German officers went insane because of the horrors they had heard.

"I have two as patients," a German doctor told me. "It is horrible to listen when they talk of war." Even now, months later, he said, the stench in the swamps was so sickening that the local government was offering the peasants twenty marks for each body pulled out. The General Staff denies this story, but I heard it everywhere. True or false, it's a part of German folklore now.

I heard atrocity tales by the hundred, sitting in these Berlin cafés.

"In East Prussia," said an officer in a restaurant one night, "we entered a small village from which a troop of Cossacks had just been driven out. They had left four women and girls and three small children—naked—all

The German Empress Visiting the Red Cross Train at Berlin

Imprisoned Russians in Germany

Russian Prisoners Cleaning Streets in Berlin

nailed by their hands and feet to a barn.' They were dead, but their bodies were still warm." He went on into unprintable horrors.

"Six hundred German surgeons," said a medical friend of mine who had just returned from Belgium, "were shot by Belgian peasants as they bent over the wounded." And he went on to narrate in detail how these peasant men and women gouged out the eyes of wounded Germans on the field. He himself had seen such cases.

"In Belgium," said a soldier, "we found a wounded German inside a big brick oven that stood beside a farmhouse. We pulled him out, but he was dead. His face was brown. He was baked to death.

"We found three peasants in the barn, and first we made them dig their graves. Then we shot the murderers and we threw them in the hole. One of them kept kicking still, even when he was covered with dirt. But we finished him with our bayonets."

I heard this pleasant little tale to the tune of a café orchestra.

So this flood of bloody folklore has poured over Germany as over France and England. And what is true and what is false no man can tell. But the effect is easy to tell. The effect is as atrocious as though every alleged atrocity were true. For not only in the cafés of Berlin, but in the cafés of every town in every country now at war, and in every village, every hut, such tales are being passed round among simple men and women, are being told to children, planting in their hearts and minds that narrowness, that bitter hate, that fear of other peoples that is war's deadliest gift to men.

The German Chant of Hate

THIS hatred in all its intensity was brought vividly to my mind one evening in Beethoven Hall. One of the great German concert halls, it has been a holy of holies for all that is best in the nation. I had been here the night before and I had seen no hatred. I had seen not even a sign of war. It was a symphony evening. In the orchestra at tables sat a thousand men and women, a few with steins before them, some of the women knitting, some of the men with heads in their hands. The orchestra played Haydn. Coming in here from modern Berlin was like coming from Fifth Avenue into some old Colonial home. This old symphony was so peaceful, so sweet and gracious and tender and gay, rising up out of the Germany of a hundred and fifty years ago. I felt a delicious restfulness here. I had come from thundering trains filled with troops and cannon, from ugly modern industrial towns, from great mills working day and night, from a whole world seething in a mighty change. I had felt a whole people filled with a deep, surging restlessness. But watching these men and women here, all under the spell of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, I forgot the deep fires of war beneath, and suddenly as I looked on the faces they appeared as though transformed—a peaceful, music-loving race. They were playing The Eroica now, and Beethoven loomed before my mind as the epitome of Die Ordnung.

For all the tremendous passions in this grand old symphony were held down by an almost iron restraint, the restraint of a great artist. And so it was with the people round me.

But on the next night it was not so. The hall was crowded to the doors, and in place of the orchestra on the stage stood one of Prussia's actors reciting poems and songs of war. And every poem was filled with malice, ridicule and hatred. He seemed to hold this crowd in his hand, rousing their worst passions, snapping every bond of restraint. Rising at last to his climax he began The Chant of Hate, the poem that is known in every trench, in every business office, in every church and home and school:

French and Russian, they matter not;
A blow for a blow and a shot for a shot;
We love them not, we hate them not;
We hold the Weichsel and Vosges gate,
We have but one and only hate,
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone
ENGLAND!

He is known to you all, he is known to you all;
He crouches behind the dark gray flood,
Full of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
Cut off by waves that are thicker than blood.
Come, let us stand at the judgment place,
An oath to swear to, face to face,
An oath of bronze no wind can shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons to take.
Come hear the word, repeat the word,
Throughout the Fatherland make it heard:
We will never forego our hate,
We have all but a single hate;
We love as one, we hate as one,
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

In the captain's mess, in the banquet hall,
Sat feasting the officers, one and all.
Like a saber blow, like the swing of a sail,
One seized his glass held high to hail.
Sharp snapped like the stroke of a rudder's play,
Spoke three words only: "To the Day!"
Whose glass this fate?
They had all but a single hate,
Who was thus known?
They had one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

Take you the folk of the earth in pay,
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,
Bedeck the ocean with bow on bow,
Ye reckon well, but not well enough now!
French and Russian, they matter not,
A blow for a blow, a shot for a shot,
We fight the battle with bronze and steel,
And the time that is coming Peace will see.
But you will we hate with a lasting hate!
We will never forego our hate!
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate of seventy millions, choking down!
We love as one, we hate as one!
We have one foe and one alone—
ENGLAND!

His face red and distorted with passion, veins swollen and eyes blazing, his two clenched fists held high in air, the actor finished this hideous chant in a veritable scream of rage. And then those quiet, stolid German men and women rose like one man from their seats, and there burst forth a fury of cries that set the air to quivering. And looking round on those faces, I wondered how many long years it would take for such a passion of hatred to die.

In Berlin there is another place where at all hours of the day you can see in a grim spectacle the stark underside of war.

It was already dark one afternoon when I came to a building of red brick which had been the old war academy. As I climbed the broad stone stairs inside, two women in black were coming down, and one was supporting the other, who was sobbing violently. On the floor above I found a lofty chamber, with lead-colored columns at either end and pictures of Prussian heroes upon the walls and ceiling. Although this hall was crowded, all was strangely hushed and still. Upon a placard on one wall was written in heavy letters, "Walk softly and speak low."

Down the center of the hall ran a long semicircular counter behind which sat many elderly clerks, most of them in black frock-suits. And facing this counter in rows of chairs, several hundred men and women, tense and silent, motionless as though at some gripping tragedy, sat watching a great red curtain at one end of the chamber. This curtain was restless, never still. Every few moments it leaped apart as a messenger came quickly in. Then a name would be called out, and some man or woman would jump up and go to the counter, would stand there rigid, listening. Here Germany learns of her dead.

Forty-five hundred hospitals reported to this place each week, all pouring in the details which in scores of busy rooms men and girls by hundreds, writing and typewriting, copying, comparing, checking, classifying with Prussian precision, were building up into neat typewritten little tales, which on post cards every day were sent out by the thousands to German towns and villages, to be read by wives and mothers.

News for the Women at Home

MOST of these brief narratives are concerned with wounded men. Through many rooms on different floors I slowly traced the narrative of one wounded soldier. Chapter One was meager, a mere entry in an enormous book, his name, his rank, his army corps, his regiment, his company and the battle where he had been wounded. In another room, in another book, I found the same brief narrative with "Badly wounded" at the end. In a third book there had been added the name of the field hospital where he was taken first, and also, "Shrapnel wound on right leg." In a fourth another hospital was named, with the news, "Recovery probable"; and in the fifth, "Recovery sure."

This story, in five chapters, could be read at any stage of its growth by any anxious relative who came to the great hall outside, filled out an inquiry slip and then sat watching that great curtain for news. From every town and village, too, came a daily stream of inquiries, all of which were answered at once. It is part of this uncanny miraculous German system. It saves German wives and mothers long, terrible weeks of waiting for news, and so helps to keep up the nation's strength, its courage and endurance.

There was, too, a "prisoners' section" here, where another small army of men and girls were at work on hundreds of ledgers. The walls of one room which I entered were massed solid with card catalogues, where under the main headings of French, Russian, English, Belgian and Japanese, was carefully recorded every enemy taken or killed. If wounded, his card showed his condition and the hospital where he lay. If well, his prison camp was given. All this information was being sent to Switzerland, to an international bureau there, an immense intelligence office for all prisoners of war.

In a little room near by an official opened a heavy safe and lifted out an enormous steel ring on which were strung hundreds of medals of lead. As he tossed them into my hands he told me that each medal had been taken from the body of a Frenchman on the field. With a slight shiver I handed it back. He showed me, too, a small paper box with the property of a dead Belgian inside. And here

(Continued on Page 77)

The Crowd in Front of the Berlin City Bank

THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"It Seems to Me That if Your Secret-Service Department Were Worth Anything at All Your Country Would be in a State Almost of Panic"

XVII

THE Ambassador glanced at the clock as he entered his library to greet his early morning visitor. It was barely nine o'clock.

"Dear friend," he exclaimed as he held out his hands to the Baroness, "I am distressed to keep you waiting. Such zeal in our affairs must, however, not remain unnoticed. I will remember it in my reports."

Anna smiled as he stooped to kiss her fingers.

"I had special reasons," she explained, "for my haste. I was disappointed indeed that I could not see you last night."

"I was at Windsor," her host remarked. "Now come; sit there in the easy-chair by the side of my table. My secretaries have not yet arrived, so we shall be entirely undisturbed. I have ordered coffee here, of which we will partake together. A compromising meal to share, dear Baroness, but in the library of my own house it may be excused. The Princess sends her love. She will be glad if you will go to her apartments after we have finished our talk."

A servant entered with a tray, spread a cloth on a small round table, upon which he set out coffee, with rolls and butter and preserves. For a few moments they talked lightly of the weather, of her crossing, of mutual friends in Berlin and Vienna. Then Anna, as soon as they were alone, leaned a little forward in her chair.

"You know that I have a sort of mission to you," she said. "I should not call it that, perhaps, but it comes to very nearly the same thing. The Emperor has charged me to express to you and to Count Lanyoki his most earnest desire that if the things should come which we know of, you will both maintain your positions here at any cost. The Emperor's last words to me were: 'If war is to come—and it may be the will of God that it shall come—we are ready; but there is one country that must be kept from the ranks of our enemies. That country is England. England must be dealt with diplomatically.' He looks across the Continent to you, Prince. This is the friendly message I have brought from his own lips."

The Prince stirred his coffee thoughtfully. He was a man just passing middle age, with gray hair, thin in places but carefully trimmed and brushed sedulously back from his high forehead. His mustache, too, was gray and his face heavily lined, but his eyes, clear and bright, were almost the eyes of a young man.

"You can reassure the Emperor," he declared. "As you may imagine, my supply of information here is plentiful. Supposing those things should come that we know of, it is my firm belief that if we handle the situation with sufficient diplomacy this government will never lend itself to war."

"You really believe that?" she asked earnestly.

"I do," her companion assured her. "I try to be fair in my judgments. London is a pleasant city to live in and the English people are agreeable and well-bred; but they are a people absolutely without vital impulses. Patriotism belongs to their poetry books. Indolence has stagnated their blood. They are like a nation under a spell, with their faces turned toward the pleasant and desirable things. Only a few months ago they even further reduced the size of their ridiculous army and threw cold water upon a scheme for raising untrained help in case of emergency. Even their navy estimates are passed with difficulty. The government which is conducting the destinies of a people like this, which believes that war belongs to a past age, is never likely to become a menace to us."

Anna drew a little sigh and threw herself back in her chair with an air of contentment.

"It is so pleasant once more to be among the big things," she declared. "In Berlin they are so pompous and secretive. Tell me, dear Prince, will you not be kinder to me? Tell me what is really going to happen?"

He moved his chair a little closer to hers.

"I see no reason," he said cautiously, "why you should not be told. Events, then, will probably move in this direction: Provocation will be given by Servia. That is easily arranged. Tension will be caused, Austria will make enormous demands, Russia will remonstrate, and before anyone has time to breathe the clouds will part to let the lightning through. If anything we are overready, straining with overreadiness."

"Austria and Italy," the Prince continued slowly, "will easily keep Russia in check. Germany will seize Belgium and rush through to Paris. She will either impose her terms there or else leave a second-class army to conclude the campaign. There will be plenty of time for her then to turn back and fall in with her allies against Russia."

"And England?" Anna asked. "Supposing?"

The Prince tapped the table with his forefinger.

"Here," he announced, "we conquer with diplomacy. We have imbued the present Cabinet, even the Minister who is responsible for the army, with the idea that we stand for peace. We shall seem to be the attacked party in this war. We shall say to England: 'Remain neutral; this is not your quarrel. If you do that we shall be capable of a great act of self-sacrifice—we will withhold our fleet from bombarding the French towns. England could do no more than deal with our fleet if she were at war. She shall do the same without raising a finger.' No country could refuse so sane and businesslike an offer, especially a country that will at once count upon its fingers how much it will save by not going to war."

"And afterward?"

The Prince shrugged his shoulders.

"What comes afterward is inevitable."

"Please go on," she insisted.

"We shall occupy the whole of the coast from Antwerp to Havre. The indemnity that France and Russia will pay us will make us the mightiest nation on earth. We shall play with England as a cat with a mouse, and when the time comes—— Well, perhaps that will do," the Prince concluded, smiling.

Anna was silent for several moments.

"I am a woman, you know," she said simply, "and this sounds in a way terrible. Yet for months I have felt it coming."

"There is nothing terrible about it," the Prince replied, "if you keep the great principles of progress always before you. Even supposing a million or so of lives are sacrificed, the great Germany of the future, gathering under her wings the peoples of the world, will raise them to a pitch of culture and contentment and happiness that will more than atone for the sacrifice of to-day. It is, after all, the future to which we must look."

A telephone bell rang. He listened for a moment and nodded.

"An urgent visitor demands a moment of my time," he said.

"I have taken already too much," Anna declared, "but I felt it was time that I heard the truth. They fence with me so in Berlin, and, believe me, Prince Herschfeld, in Vienna the Emperor is almost wholly ignorant of what is planned."

The door was opened behind them. The Prince turned round just as a young man ushered in Herr Selingman. For a moment the latter looked steadily at Anna. Then he glanced at the Ambassador questioningly.

"You two must have met," the Prince murmured.

"We have met," Anna declared, smiling, as she made her way toward the door, "but we do not know each other. It is best like that. Herr Selingman and I work in the same army ——"

"But I, madame, am the sergeant," Selingman interrupted with a low bow, "while you are upon the staff."

She laughed as she made her adieus and departed. The door closed heavily behind her. Selingman came a little farther into the room. "You have read your dispatches this morning, Prince?" he asked.

"Not yet," the Prince replied. "Is there news then?"

Selingman pointed to the closed door.

"You have spoken for long with her?"

"Naturally," the Prince assented. "She is a confidential friend of the Emperor. She has been intrusted for the last two years with all the private dispatches between Vienna and Berlin."

"In your letters you will find news," Selingman declared. "She is pronounced suspect, and she is under my care at this moment. A report was brought to me half an hour ago that she was here and I came on at once myself. I trust that I am in time?"

The Prince stood quite silent for a moment.

"Fortunately," he answered coolly, "I have told her nothing."

XVIII

NORGATE, as a little later on the same morning he entered the premises of Selingman, Horsfal & Co., looked round him in some surprise. He had expected to find a deserted warehouse, probably only an office. He saw instead all the evidences of a thriving and prosperous business.

Drays were coming and going; crates were piled up to the ceiling; clerks with notebooks in their hands passed continually backward and forward. A small boy in a crowded office accepted Norgate's card and disappeared. In a few minutes he returned and led him into a waiting room and handed him a paper.

"Mr. Selingman is engaged with a buyer for a few moments, sir," he reported. "He will see you presently."

Norgate looked through the windows out into the warehouse. There was no doubt whatever that this was a bona fide and considerable trading concern. Presently the door of the inner office opened and he heard Mr. Selingman's hearty tones.

"You have done well for yourself and well for your firm, sir," he was saying. "There is no one in Germany or in the world who can produce crockery at the price we do. They will give you a confirmation of the order in the office. Ah, my young friend," he went on, turning to Norgate, "you have kept your word then? You are not a customer, but you may walk in. I shall make no money out of you, but we will talk together."

Norgate passed on into a comfortably furnished office that was a little redolent of cigar smoke. Selingman bit off the end of a cigar and pushed the box toward his visitor.

"Try one of these," he invited. "German make but Havana tobacco—mild as milk."

"Thank you," Norgate answered; "but I don't smoke cigars in the morning. I'll have a cigarette if I may."

"As you will. What do you think of us now that you have found your way here?"

"Your business seems to be genuine enough at all events," Norgate observed.

"Genuine? Of course it is!" Selingman declared emphatically. "Do you think I should be fool enough to be connected with a bogus affair? My father and my grandfather before me were manufacturers of crockery, and I can assure you that I am a very energetic and a very successful business man. If I have interests in greater things those interests have developed naturally side by side with my commercial success. When I say that I am a German, that to me means more, much more, than if I were to declare myself a native of any other country in the world. Sit opposite to me there. I have a quarter of an hour to spare, and in that time I can show you, if you will, over a thousand designs of various articles. I can show you orders—genuine orders, mind—from some of your big wholesale houses that would astonish you. Or if you prefer it we can talk of affairs from another point of view. What do you say?"

"My interest in your crockery," Norgate announced, "is nonexistent. I have come to hear your offer. I have decided to retire—temporarily, at any rate—from the Diplomatic Service. I understand that I am in disgrace and I resent it. I resent having had to leave Berlin except at my own choice, and I am looking for a job in some other walk of life."

Selingman nodded approvingly.

"Forgive me," he said, "but it is true then that you are in some way dependent upon your profession?"

"I am not a pauper outside it," Norgate replied, "but that is not the sole question. I need work, an interest in life, something to think about. Either I must find something to do or else I shall go to Abyssinia. I should prefer an occupation here."

"I can help you," Selingman said slowly, "if you are a young man of common sense. I can put you in the way of earning, if you will, a thousand pounds a year and your traveling expenses, without interfering very much with your present mode of life."

"Selling crockery?"

Selingman flicked the ash from the end of his cigar and shook his head good-naturedly.

"I am a judge of character, young man," he declared, "and I pride myself upon that accomplishment. I know very well that in you we have one with brains. Nevertheless, I do not believe that you would be very useful to me as a crockery salesman."

"It seems easy enough," Norgate observed.

"It may seem easy," Selingman objected, "but it is not. You have not, I am convinced, the gifts of a salesman. You would not reason and argue with these obstinate British shopkeepers. No, your value to me would lie in other directions—in your social position, your opportunities of meeting with a class above the commercial one in which I have made my few English friends, and in your own intelligence."

"I scarcely see," Norgate remarked, "of what value these things would be to a vender of crockery."

"They would be of no value at all," Selingman admitted. "It is not in the crockery business that I propose to make use of you. I believe that we both know that. We may dismiss that possibility from our minds; for when we refer to it we are only fencing with words. I will take you a little farther. You have heard, by chance, of the Anglo-German Peace Society?"

"The name sounds familiar," Norgate confessed, "but I can't say that I know anything about it."

"It was I who inaugurated that body," Selingman announced. "It is I who direct its interests."

"I congratulate you, I'm sure. You must find it uphill work sometimes."

"It is uphill work all the time," Selingman agreed. "Our great object is, as you can guess from the title, to promote good feeling between the two countries, to heal up all possible breaches, to soothe and dispel that pitiful jealousy which, alas, too much exists. This is not easy, Mr. Norgate. It is by no means easy. I meet with many disappointments. Yet it is a great and worthy undertaking."

"He Came Over Here to Make Friends With England, and He Has Done It"

"It sounds all right," Norgate observed. "But where do I come in?"

"I will explain," Selingman promised: "To carry out the aims of our society there is much information that we are continually needing. People in Germany are often misled by the press here. Facts and opinions are presented to them often from an unpalatable point of view. Furthermore, there is a section of the press which, far from being on our side, seems deliberately to try to stir up ill-feeling between the two countries. We want to get behind the press, and for that purpose we need to know the truth about many matters. As the truth is a somewhat rare commodity we are willing to pay for it. Now we come face to face. It will be your business, if you accept my offer, to collect such facts as may be useful to us."

"I see," Norgate remarked dubiously—"or rather I don't see at all. Give me an example of the sort of facts you require."

Mr. Selingman leaned a little forward in his chair. He was warming to his subject.

"By all means. There is the Irish question then."

"The Irish question," Norgate repeated. "But of what interest can that be to you in Germany?"

"Listen," Selingman continued: "Just as you in London here have great newspapers that seem to devote themselves to stirring up bitter feeling between our two countries, so we, alas, in Germany have newspapers and journals that seem to devote all their energies to the same object. Now in this Irish question the action of your government has been very much misrepresented in that section of our press, and much condemned. I should like to get at the truth from an authoritative source. I should like to get it in such a form that I can present it fairly and honestly to the public of Germany."

"That sounds reasonable enough," Norgate admitted. "There are several pamphlets ——"

"I do not want pamphlets," Selingman interrupted. "I want an actual report from Ulster and Dublin of the state of feeling in the country, and, if possible, interviews with prominent people. For this the society would pay a bonus over and above your traveling expenses and your salary. If you accept my offer this is probably one of the first tasks I should commit to you."

"Give me a few more examples," Norgate begged.

"Another subject," Selingman continued, "upon which there is wide divergence of opinions in Germany, and a great deal of misrepresentation, is the attitude of certain of your cabinet ministers toward the French *entente*—how far they would support it and at what point they would stop short."

"Isn't that rather a large order?" Norgate ventured. "I don't number many cabinet ministers among my personal friends."

Selingman puffed away at his cigar for a moment. Then he withdrew it from his mouth and expelled large volumes of smoke.

"You are, I believe, intimately acquainted with Mr. Hebblethwaite?"

"How the mischief did you know that?" Norgate demanded.

Selingman smiled ponderously.

"Our society," he announced, "has ramifications in every direction. It is our business to know much. We are collectors of information of every sort."

"It seems to have been part of your business to follow me about," Norgate observed.

"Perhaps so. If we thought it good for us to have you followed about we certainly should do so," Selingman admitted. "You see, in Germany," he added, leaning back in his chair, "we lay great stress upon detail and intelligence. We get to know and understand things thoroughly—we are not satisfied with surface information that you over here content yourselves with. Nothing ever takes us by surprise, for we are always forewarned. So far as anyone can, we read the future."

"You are a very great nation without a doubt," Norgate acknowledged; "but my quarter of an hour is coming to an end. Tell me what else you would expect from me if I accepted this post?"

"For the moment I can think of nothing," Selingman replied. "There are many ways in which we might make use of you, but to name them now would be to look a little too far into the future."

"By whom should I really be employed?"

"By the Anglo-German Peace Society," Selingman answered promptly. "Let me say a word more about that society: I am proud of it. I am one of those prominent business men who are responsible for its initiation, and I have given years of time and thought to it. All the efforts of this society are directed toward promoting a better understanding with England, toward teaching the two countries to appreciate each other. But in the background there is always something else. It is useless to deny that the mistrust existing between the two countries has brought them more than once almost to the verge of war. What we want is to be able at critical times to throw oil upon the troubled waters; and if the worst should come, if a war really should break out, then we want to be able to act as peacemakers, to heal as soon as possible any little sores that there may be, and to enter afterward upon a greater friendship with a purified England."

"It sounds very interesting," Norgate confessed. "I had an idea that you were proposing something different."

"Please explain," Selingman insisted.

"To be perfectly frank with you," Norgate acknowledged, "I thought you wanted me to do the ordinary spy business—traces of fortresses, and particulars about guns and aëroplanes ——"

"Rubbish, my dear fellow!" Selingman interrupted. "Rubbish! Those things we leave to our Military Department, and pray that the question of their use may never arise. We are concerned wholly with economic and social questions, and our great aim is not war but peace."

"Very well then," Norgate decided, "I accept. When shall I start?"

Selingman laid his hand upon the other's shoulder as he rose to his feet.

"Young man," he said, "you have come to a wise decision. Your salary will commence from the first of this month. Continue to live as usual. Let me have the opportunity of seeing you at the club and let me know each day where you can be found. I will give you your instructions from day to day. You will be doing a great work, and, mind you, a patriotic work. If ever your conscience should trouble you, remember that you are working not for Germany but for England."

"I shall always remember that," Norgate promised as he turned away.

XIX

NORGATE found Anna waiting for him in the hall of the smaller hotel, a little farther westward, to which she had moved. He looked admiringly at her white muslin gown and the perfection of her somewhat airy *toilette*.

"You are five minutes late," she remonstrated.

"I had to go into the city," he apologized. "It was rather an important engagement. Soon I must tell you all about it."

She looked at him a little curiously.

"I will be patient," she promised, "and ask no questions."

"You are still depressed?"

"Horribly," she confessed. "I do not know why, but London is getting on my nerves. It is so hatefully, stubbornly, obstinately imperturbable! I would find another word, but it eludes me—I think you would call it smug. And it is so noisy! Can we not go somewhere for lunch where it is tranquil, where one can rest?"

"We could go to Ranelagh if you liked," Norgate suggested. "There are some polo matches on this afternoon, but it will be quiet enough for lunch."

"I should love it!" she exclaimed. "Let us go quickly."

They lunched in a shady corner of the restaurant, and sat afterward under a great oak tree in a retired spot at the farther end of the gardens. Anna was still a little thoughtful.

"Do you know," she told her companion, "that I have received a second hint to present myself in Vienna as soon as possible?"

"Are you going?" Norgate demanded quickly.

"I am not sure," she answered. "I feel that I must, and yet in a sense I do not like to go. I have a feeling that they do not mean to let me out of Vienna again. They think that I know too much."

"But why should they suddenly lose faith in you?" Norgate asked.

"Perhaps because the end is so near," she replied. "They know that I have strong English sympathies. Perhaps they think that these would not bear the strain of the times that are coming."

"You are even a greater pessimist than I myself," Norgate observed. "Do you really believe that the position is so critical?"

"I know it," she assured him; "but I shall not tell you all my reasons. There is no need for me to break a trust without some definite object. It seems to me that if your Secret-Service Department were worth anything at all your country would be in a state almost of panic. What is it they are playing down there—polo, isn't it? There are six or eight military teams, crowds of your young officers making holiday. And all the time Krupps are working overtime, working night and day, surrounded by sentries who shoot at sight any stranger. There are parts of the country even now under martial law. The streets and the plains resound to the footsteps of armed hosts."

"But there is no excuse for war," he reminded her.

"An excuse is very easily found," she sighed. "German diplomacy is at times clumsy enough, but I think it can manage that. Do you know that this morning I had a letter from one of the greatest nobles of our own court at Vienna? He knew that I had intended to take a villa in Normandy for August and September. He has written purposely to warn me not to do so, to warn me not to be away from Austria and Germany after the first of August."

"So soon!" he murmured.

They listened to the band for a moment. In the distance unceasing streams of men and women were passing backward and forward under the trees and round the polo field.

"It will come like a thunderbolt," she said; "and, when I think of it, all that is English in me rises up in revolt. In my heart I know so well that it is Germany and Germany alone who will provoke this war. I am terrified for your country. I admit it, you see, frankly. The might of Germany is only half understood here. It is to be a war of conquest, almost of extermination."

"That isn't the view of your friend Selingman," Norgate reminded her. "He, too, hints at coming trouble, but he speaks of it as just a salutary little lesson."

"Selingman, better than anyone else in the world, knows differently," she assured him. "But come, we talk too seriously on such a wonderful afternoon. I have made up my mind on one point at least—I shall stay here for a few days longer. London at this time of the year is wonderful. Besides, I have promised the Princess of Thurm that I will go to Ascot with her. Why should we talk of serious things any longer? Let us have a little rest. Let us promenade there with those other people and listen to the band, and afterward let us have some tea."

Norgate rose with alacrity, and they strolled across the lawns and down toward the polo field. Very soon they found themselves meeting friends on every side. Anna extricated herself from a little group of acquaintances who had suddenly claimed her and came over to Norgate.

"Prince Herschfeld wants to talk to me for a few minutes," she whispered. "I think I should like to hear what he has to say. The Princess is there, too, whom I have scarcely seen. Will you come and be presented?"

"Might I leave you with them for a few minutes?" Norgate suggested. "There is a man here whom I want to talk to. I will come back for you in half an hour."

"You must meet the Prince first," she insisted. "He was interested when he heard who you were."

She turned to the little group which was standing awaiting her return.

The Ambassador moved a little forward.

"Prince," she said, "may I present to you Mr. Francis Norgate? Mr. Norgate has just come from Berlin."

"Not with the kindliest feelings toward us, I am afraid," the Prince remarked, holding out his hand. "I hope, however, that you will not judge us as a nation too severely."

"On the contrary, I was quite prepared to like Germany," Norgate declared. "I was simply the victim of a rather unfortunate happening."

"There are many others besides myself who sincerely regret it," the Prince said courteously. "You are kind enough to leave the Baroness for a little time in our charge. We will take the greatest care of her, and I hope that when you return you will give me the great pleasure of presenting you to the Princess."

"You are very kind," Norgate murmured.

"We shall meet again then," the Prince declared as he turned away with Anna by his side.

"In half an hour," Anna whispered, smiling at him over her shoulder.

XX

THE Right Honorable John William Hebblethwaite strolled along by the rails of the polo ground, exchanging greetings with friends and feeling very well content with himself and the world generally. A difficult session was drawing toward an end. The problem that had defeated so many governments seemed at last, under his skillful treatment, capable of solution. Furthermore, the session had been one that had added to his reputation both as an orator and as a statesman. There had been an astonishingly flattering picture of him in an illustrated paper that week, and he was exceedingly pleased with the effect of the white hat he was wearing at almost a jaunty angle. He was a great man and he knew it. Nevertheless, he greeted Norgate with ample condescension and engaged him at once in conversation.

"Delighted to see you in such company, my young friend," he declared. "I think that half an hour's conversation with Prince Herschfeld would put some of those fire-eating ideas out of your head. That's the man we have to thank for the everyday improvement of our relations with Germany."

"The Prince has the reputation of being a great diplomatist," Norgate remarked.

"Added to which," Hebblethwaite continued, "he came over here charged, as you might say, almost with a special mission. He came over here to make friends with England, and he has done it. So long as we have the Prince in London there will never be any serious fear of a misunderstanding between the two countries."

"What a howling optimist you are!" Norgate observed.

"My young friend," Hebblethwaite protested, "I am nothing of the sort. I am simply a man of much common sense, enjoying, I may add, a few hours' holiday. By the bye, Norgate, if one might venture to inquire without indiscretion, who was the remarkably charming foreign lady whom you were escorting?"

"The Baroness von Hause," Norgate replied. "She is an Austrian lady."

Mr. Hebblethwaite sighed. He rather posed as an admirer of the other sex.

"You young fellows," he declared, "who travel about the world are much to be envied. There is an elegance about the way these foreign women dress, a care for detail in their clothes and jewelry, and a carriage that one seldom finds here."

They had reached the far end of the field, having, in fact, turned their backs altogether upon the polo. Norgate suddenly turned the course of their conversation.

"Look here," he said in an altered tone, "do you feel inclined to answer a few questions?"

"For publication?" Hebblethwaite asked dryly. "You haven't turned journalist by any chance, have you?"

Norgate shook his head.

"Nevertheless," he admitted, "I have changed my profession. The fact is that I have accepted a stipend of a thousand a year and have become a German spy."

Hebblethwaite laughed softly.

"Good luck to you!" he exclaimed. "Well, fire away then. You shall pick the brains of a cabinet minister at your leisure, so long as you'll give me a cigarette—and present me, when we have finished, to the Baroness. The country has no secrets from you, Norgate. Where will you begin?"

"Well, you've been warned, anyway," Norgate reminded him as he offered his cigarette case. "It is part of my job to obtain from you a statement of your opinion

(Continued on Page 73)

"Even Supposing a Million or So of Lives are Sacrificed. It is, After All, the Future to Which We Must Look"

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The Rural-Credit Case

SEVERAL years ago President Taft passed on to the public a statement purporting to show that farmers paid an exorbitant interest on farm-mortgage loans. We have never been able to discover any authority for the figures in that statement. Two or three years later a numerous commission, composed of congressmen and others, spent months in Europe studying the various rural-credit systems there and made an elaborate report. Another year or so passed and a joint commission of House and Senate canvassed the whole situation anew and made a report. Meantime volumes of discussion, proposals and bills dealing with the subject were produced.

Then, in the last days of the last Congress, Senator McCumber proposed to dispose of the whole matter very tidily by authorizing a virtually unlimited issue of Government bonds to raise capital for farm loans. Fortunately the House balked at this and the question was referred to a brand-new commission, which will report to the next Congress. All of which is an interesting symptom of our disease.

There is, of course, no more reason for the Government to take over the business of lending money on farms—as Senator McCumber practically proposes—than to take over the business of lending money on sawmills or gas plants. It might very aptly assist farmers to mobilize their credit—wherever they need such assistance—as it assists them to increase soil fertility or to market certain products; but that would involve a lot of bother, much thought and much work.

It would involve remedying local laws where they adversely affect the borrower; getting borrowers in unexploited sections into touch with lenders; probably a national organization to cooperate with local organizations and so form a channel between the reservoirs of investable capital and borrowers in regions where private enterprise has not already set up the connection.

How much simpler to dump the whole thing on the treasury and let the Government virtually make the loans! That is a very prevalent idea nowadays. Why exert ourselves when the Government can do the work? If the Government is going not merely to assist farm borrowers but to do the business for them, why should it brutally shut the treasury door on any other class of borrowers?

Probably the next Congress will decide whether the upshot of all the elaborate investigating and reporting is to be simply that the Government takes over the business.

The Expense Account

LAST autumn's official estimates of the cost of the war were sufficiently staggering; but the actual expense is considerably outrunning them. This is evident, as to England, from Premier Asquith's statement, while such French and German information as comes to hand indicates a like experience in those countries.

Except by comparison, the figures convey little meaning. For the sake of comparison, then, consider that England's funded debt began about two and a quarter centuries ago in the struggle with Louis XIV. It was augmented by the Seven Years' War, when England granted subsidies to Frederick; by the costly fight with the American Colonies; the prodigiously expensive contest with Napoleon; the Crimean War; and the Boer affair. Last summer the funded debt amounted to three and a half billion dollars—virtually the unpaid cost of establishing and maintaining the British Empire from the overthrow of the Stuarts down to date.

On April first this war had lasted two hundred and forty-eight days, and Mr. Asquith gave the average expenditure on account of it as a million and a half pounds sterling a day, or nearly two billion dollars for the eight months. Deducting advances to allies, which may be repaid, the net bill for the eight months was almost half the accumulated and unpaid bill for the preceding two and a quarter centuries.

Mr. Asquith added that, from April first on, expenditures would probably run about two million pounds a day. Four months' fighting at that rate would bring the bill for the full year of war above three billion dollars. For France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Belgium and Servia, say, you multiply by five.

To say that war is an inevitable incident of modern society strikes us as nonsense. An age that understands economics, after duly pondering this war bill, will take up the subject of preventing war with a seriousness heretofore unknown.

Savings Deposits

THOUGH the industrial pace in 1914 was comparatively slow and there was extensive unemployment during the latter half, deposits in the savings banks of the state of New York increased by thirty million dollars during the year; but that is hardly a satisfactory showing in view of the fact that interest credited to depositors exceeded sixty million dollars. In other words, depositors, in the mass, put in no new money and drew out over half the interest credited to them.

This country has more savings deposits than any other, but less than it ought to have. The mutual banks, which are most attractive to depositors because they offer both the maximum of safety and the maximum interest return, are still mostly confined to the North Atlantic seaboard. In those banks the depositors get all their money earns, less expenses. Many nonmutual banks that handle savings deposits for the profit of their stockholders are ably managed and as sound as any institutions in this country or elsewhere; but among such banks there have been scandalous failures.

In some states supervision has been lax or lacking altogether. If the depositor selected a sound bank his money was safe. If he selected a rotten one it was lost. There ought to be no chance of a rotten one. The fear of it handicaps thrift, for to most persons who are not misers surplus cash on hand is a temptation to spend. There is very little risk incident to the business of a savings bank that is honestly and intelligently managed. The failure of a savings bank, with any loss to depositors, is always absolutely inexcusable. The sign "Savings Bank" ought everywhere to be a guaranty of solvency.

The mutual banks of New York have more than three million depositors or deposit accounts, owning nearly two billion dollars of assets—a fund the total social value of which it would be hard to compute.

The Railroad Potentates

TEN years ago one of the standard amusements of politics and journalism consisted of compiling tables to show that a few men ran nearly all the railroads in the United States. There was the Harriman system, and, by including every company in which that gentleman or one associated with him held a directorship, it was made to embrace many thousand miles. There was the Gould system, of eighteen or twenty thousand miles. There was the Moore system, including Rock Island, Frisco, Alton, and so on. There was the Hill system; and the remainder was mostly divided up between Morgan and Rockefeller, according to the fancy of the divider.

The purpose of the tabulations was to impress the country with a fearsome sense of the personal power of these rail potentates and to raise a disquieting suggestion that a few families were absorbing most of the business opportunities. Twenty years earlier William H. Vanderbilt and the elder Gould were the octopuses of the railroad field.

Harriman is dead and the two chief properties he dominated have been judicially divorced. The last of the Gould roads passed from the control of that family recently and a large portion of the remainder of the system is bankrupt. The Moore system is dissolved and mostly in the hands of receivers. We can still shudder over Mr. Hill if we like, but that department of the shuddering business has fallen to low estate.

The history of our roads shows that the personal or family element in management is only a temporary phase. No doubt this will prove true of all business. The Chicago packing houses are the most conspicuous instance we recall of great businesses the letterheads of which bear the same family names for two generations. As for railroads, being so extensively under state and national control, how many boards one man sits on is of no consequence to anybody except himself.

A Municipal Experiment

FOR some time an interesting development in public utilities has been pending in Chicago. There is already a rather close accord among the street railroads, the elevated roads, the electric-light concern and the gas company. It is proposed to put them all into one big corporation—which should, for perfect symmetry, include the telephones.

Like most American cities, Chicago passed through the phase of public-utility loot and graft when the street railroads were taking an invidious hand in city politics, watering stocks and incidentally giving an abominable service. That phase has passed in most cities; yet in few cities is there a really satisfactory relationship between the public and the corporations on which it depends for transportation, light and telephones.

Usually a row of some sort is going on. Often the companies need reproof and correction. Always pitching into them is the safest of occupations for newspapers and local politicians. The continual jar tends to breed a chronic irritation that is not finally good for either party.

Gathering all the utilities into one company may prepare the way for smoother contact between the utility concerns and the public. There might even be a nonpolitical and expert commission to supervise the utility corporation with fairness to itself and vigilance for the legitimate interests of its patrons.

When it comes to a question of doing anything right, the first consideration is to get it out of politics; but when the only action the public can have on it is political action, that is exceedingly difficult. A single utility corporation, however, would occupy so important a place in the city's affairs that a more enduring amity between it and the public would probably ensue.

Keeping it Going

WE DO not know how many years ago Sing Sing Prison was first expertly and officially condemned; but as far back as our own memory of adult affairs goes we were aware that it was thoroughly bad. About every second year since then—we should say offhand—somebody, or bodies, who spoke with authority iterated, with increasing emphasis, that the site was unhealthful, the buildings inadequate and insanitary. "Not fit for a pig to live in!" one report had it.

Nobody has ever denied the general indictment; but as one building became overcrowded to the bursting point or positively unusable, the state has put up another, which temporarily relieved the pressure without altering the general character of the institution. It is agreed now that the prison is intolerable—and it is proposed to keep on with the old expedient of adding a new building. Every present building is antiquated, says the warden, except a comparatively new power house; but if a new cell house is constructed, then there will be two buildings temporarily up to date; and they will constitute a convincing economic argument for continuing the prison indefinitely.

That prisons of the type of Sing Sing can never be good; that they are most ill-suited to the functions they are supposed to perform; that they are always highly uneconomical—on a broad view—has been recognized by all students of the subject for some time. With a somewhat greater present expenditure New York could have an out-of-door industrial-farm prison, where the human salvage—as compared with that at the stupid, walled, cell-block prison—would probably yield social dividends of fifty or a hundred per cent a year on the investment.

The Emotional Side of War

DEVOTION to one's country, rising to such a height that one willingly gives all and suffers all, is a noble human sentiment—though by no means the noblest, for a strong flavor of selfishness inheres in it. For the final elucidation of that question see the fifth chapter of Matthew, verses forty-three to forty-eight. But the noble sentiment of devotion to one's neighbors is not what sustains war. War feeds on hate. As this war has progressed, its literature has disclosed that very clearly. All for Germany! or All for Britain! is not enough to keep it going. Its real emotional fervor is better expressed by Blast the Dutch! or Curse the English!

Merely loving one's country is not acceptable to Mars. What that grim-visaged divinity particularly requires is hatred for some other country. If you could analyze the spiritual contents of the war you would find that the will to protect comprised about three parts, while the will to destroy comprised seven parts. War's real appeal is to the low passion, not to the high.

MOUNTAIN CAMPING

A PECULIAR phase of life in Europe seems to be that it is all based on some permanent abode. Do you recall having seen any sort of tent or encampment in all Europe except such as are used for military purposes? The camp in the wilderness seems unknown there. Hotels, inns and cottages abound, and you can be very comfortable in the remotest regions attainable; but of camp life, as we understand it at home, there seems to be none at all.

Take other countries as they come: East Africa is a good outdoor region, and it is a pity it is so far away and so expensive. The game regions of the Far North of this country—on the Mackenzie, the Yukon—are impossibly inaccessible; impossibly uncomfortable as well. The upper Rockies—say, of British Columbia—hold one of the best regions we have, but travel there is a matter of time and expense; and, moreover, it is not a pleasant mountain country, for the timber is very heavy, the climate is damp, and there is much devil's-club.

Even our own Alaska, abounding as it does in big game, is not a comfortable camping country, so far as the western coast is concerned, because of the continual rains. It is true that in all the countries named there is an extensive and interesting outdoor life, but it is not the most pleasant phase of possible outdoor life.

The best man's country that ever lay out of doors still lies along the great double backbone of the United States—the Rockies and the Sierras. Take the foothills and mountains of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, as well as of the more western ranges owned by Washington, Oregon, California, and you have the cream of all the world for the outdoor man.

True, the big game is not so abundant there as was once the case, but the angling is better than ever; and the mountains are there, the sky is there, the water is there, and the wind and the trees. Camp life in the upper regions of this man's country is, in the belief of the most experienced, about the summit of human happiness here below.

Mountain camping has something entirely apart from the creed of the lower levels. The base of supplies is left far behind. Transportation is practicable, but not too abundant. The main charm of it is its absolute independence; the feeling that you have cut loose from civilization with its comforts and its complications; and that at last you have gone into a country sacred to the hermit, the hunter, the prospector, the recluse, the trapper—or just the loafer, like yourself.

There are just two ways of getting into the high country—you must go on foot or on horseback. That venerable naturalist, Mr. John Muir, of California, traveled all over the Sierras on foot and alone. He did not carry even a blanket, and for food he took little except a sack of bread, which sometimes got rather stale before he had eaten it all. Berries and the like helped him out. He was hardy enough to stand that sort of thing. For you it might be a mere pose and a large discomfort to undertake anything of the sort.

What it Costs

IT IS true there is considerable foot travel in some of the mountain National Parks where the grades are easy and the trails perfectly plain; and there are also hiking parties of young and enthusiastic persons who manage to cover considerable distances through the mountains, carrying their impedimenta on their backs. For the average man this is not a practical and pleasant way of going into the mountains; it is hard enough even at the lower levels. Avoid the crime of insincerity and pose in your pleasures. Do not pretend you like to play horse.

The alternative transportation is that of the saddle horse and the pack train. This is really the pleasantest sort of outdoor trip that a healthy and hearty man can make. It leaves all the delights of our Eastern, Northern and Middle Western country entirely eclipsed. A horse, a saddle and the diamond hitch—there lies the answer to your questionings if you have *Weltschmerz*, dyspepsia, or hard luck of any kind.

It is customary for anyone undertaking to describe mountain travel to waste valuable space in trying to explain the diamond hitch, that essential of all mountain travel. No man ever read a description of the diamond hitch, even illustrated by the most ingenious pictures, who ever got any idea whatever out of the reading. It is entirely different on paper from what it is on a wall-eyed cayuse, with a bulldog fly biting him in a tender place. The place to learn the diamond hitch is in the mountains, with your packer, who has practiced it all his life, without the aid of any printed page.

By virtue of the diamond hitch, the most astonishing things can be done by way of mountain transport. Pianos, cookstoves, talking machines, sideboards, melodeons—anything else—can be taken into the mountains if you like. Perhaps your guide, if he be one of the large tourist outfitters, will encourage you to take a lot of stuff. You will pay three dollars a day for a pack horse in some of the parks, two dollars a day in some of the others. One dollar a day is about the average rental for a Western cayuse for packing purposes. Your outfitter has them to rent.

Too big a train—too heavy a camp outfit—simply anchors you and wastes your time; though, on the other hand, too meager a layout may leave you handicapped by discomfort. The average pack-train trip in the mountains costs about fifteen dollars a day a head for a party of one, two or three. It all depends on the length of your trip and its purpose. A delightful trip in the mountains can be made by two or even three good partners who take not more than one pack horse between them. Sometimes hardy young men will walk, and drive along a single pack horse or so to carry their belongings. A saddle horse and a pack horse for each man are, as they used to say in Texas, thousands. A heart-to-heart consultation with your outfitter will regulate these matters.

Your pack train once provided, you will find that it affords a very wide range for practical outfitting. It is a man's proposition. As practiced by real men in the real West it cuts out all the dinky stuff with which modern sportsmanship has a tendency to overload itself.

The go-light craze is viewed with cold disfavor by the real old-time pack master. He wants man's-size stuff with him. His cooking outfit will be made of steel, iron, agateware, tin—something that will stand the grief of use and travel. He is apt to have a couple of kettles, a good coffeepot and a teapot. These will have riveted spouts and each will have a handle or bail. You can get all these things in aluminum or other ware; but you had better leave that to your guide. He will have stuff that is time-tried.

Sheet iron is not bad stuff for camp ware. I have in my possession a sheet-iron coffeepot, riveted, with not a bit of solder about it, which made a trip to the Rockies in the days before the Civil War. My father gave it to me, and I find it will still make excellent coffee and not come apart on the fire.

Pack-train experience on your own part will teach you to leave most of the go-light stuff at home, and you will come to like the practical, simple outfit of the real old-timer.

For instance, I presume you could get quite a good sum of money if you could devise a really practical detachable handle for a frying pan; there are all sorts of these things advertised. Of course you know that the handle on a frying pan, sticking out the way it does, makes it a very awkward thing to transport. Follow an old prospector or packer into the hills—especially any sheepman—and you will find that his frying pans do not have any handles, but nest down handsomely.

Tents for Mountain Campers

ALSO, you will find that somewhere, in his hip pocket or his saddle pocket, he will have a big pair of pliers, useful for many things round the camp—pulling nails, shoeing a horse or cutting wire. It is the easiest thing in the world to take a frying pan off the fire just by means of this old-time pair of pliers. Try it and you will agree that there is no need at all for any patent handle to a frying pan. There is no charge for this advice and you may patent it if you like. A mountain friend called it to my attention.

Your tent in the mountains may be large and comfortable, for the back of a pack horse is pretty broad. If you are going to move continuously the A tent is as practical as anything you can take. If you are to have a permanent base camp, perhaps it is just as well to take along a good practical wall tent. You can get a big one, fourteen by sixteen feet, made of a light paraffined fabric, which will not be very bulky or heavy.

If you want to take a tent for your own private use, as many men do, it can be of the single-pole variety. In general, however, stick to the time-tried and not the fanciful things in your outfit. You can get many tents of the dude order, with which you can do many different things. Leave them in the front yard at home for the boys to play with.

I have a friend who delights in showing me his new six-shooter, which he can take apart by two or three movements of the wrist. He never can understand why I do not admire his gun. It is because I once lived in a country where everyone considered his frontier six-shooter as a part of his clothes. I never saw one taken apart or one that needed to be taken apart. No one in that country wanted to be caught with his gun taken apart.

It is the same way with all the items of your mountain outfit. Let the dinky stuff and the dude stuff stay back home, and be guided by the experience of your old-time pack master, who will not lead you astray.

As to your bed, let us have one more whack at the sleeping bag—that accursed invention of a misguided soul. Leave your sleeping bag at home, in the Adirondacks, or in the Minnesota woods. Take a pair of good wool blankets which will weigh not less than ten pounds; more weight is better than less. It is cold up high.

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Do not despise a good wool comforter, or katy, which will fold double and make a nice mattress under you.

And, whatever you do, do not fail to have for your own use a good big bed tarp—as it is known in the West. On the stock ranches we always used to have a tarpaulin of twenty-ounce duck, about seven feet by fourteen; and sometimes it had harness hooks on it, sometimes not. It surely would turn rain. For the pack travel of to-day you will not need canvas of quite so much weight; but both canvas and wool, and in abundance, you surely should have for your bed. No hunting trip is a success when you do not sleep well and dry at night. Canvas and wool together make the correct dope for the mountains.

Very probably your outfitter or guide is careless—it is only human to be careless. Therefore, before you start on the trip, see that his ax is a man's-size ax and that it is really sharp; also, that there is a file in camp to keep it sharp. It is very well that there should be in the party one or two additional axes—hand axes of at least a pound's weight. The dinky sort that goes in your pocket ought to be left at home, with that patent tent in the front yard, for the children.

You can get a good practical little hand ax, with a knob on the end of the handle, a claw to pull nails, and some real steel in the blade. This will be a little heavy to carry on your belt unless you are out for a hunt by yourself and may get caught out overnight. It will, however, go well on your saddle horn.

Keep your ax to yourself in your own tent, and do not lend it or let it lie round. Keep it sharp. One or two of these little affairs will help a great deal in camp work. They cannot, however, take the place of a real ax in certain phases of camp life and mountain travel.

A folding pocketknife, with a good-sized blade, supplants the long-blade hunting knife, which most of us like to wear in the wilderness. This will do for your cutlery list, except that you should see that there is a spoon and a fork in the grub box for you. You want your own box of matches in your vest pocket, with your own compass. A pair of small, light opera glasses will make a very practical field glass, and will go in a pocket.

On your saddle is your rifle scabbard, as well as your camera, which latter goes at the side of the horn. At the cantle you can tie your coat and slicker. Do not forget a good loose woolen coat, for the nights in the mountains are cold and, even if you button up your flannel-lined canvas waistcoat, you will be none too warm. Moreover, there should be a good sweater somewhere in your outfit. Also, there should surely be half a dozen pairs of heavy woolen stockings. You can wear one or two pairs of these over a light and soft pair of stockings, so that your feet will not be chafed.

Footwear for the Mountains

A very useful form of footwear for almost any sort of wilderness travel is the leather-topped, rubber-footed shoe, with a corrugated sole. You can get them with heels, also, if you like. Until worn smooth they hold very well on the rocks. It is always more or less damp round camp—even in the mountains—from dew or the like. If you have on a couple of pairs of heavy stockings and these waterproof boots or moccasins, you can hunt in rain or snow, and be comfortable in the evening or in the morning dew, when you go out to hunt the horses—which naturally always are lost. A light pair of real moccasins supplements this style of footwear very nicely for use in camp when on dry ground.

The very high boots had better be left at home in that tent for the kids in the front yard, but you ought to have a good, substantial pair of calfskin boots with hobnails. You cannot ride in the rubber-soled shoes and they are not good for dry, hot weather. The hobnails make riding a little more dangerous, as they hang to the stirrups; but, as most of your horsemanship will be simply sitting on top of a horse as it plods dispiritedly along, you probably can use hobnailed shoes or boots in the day's work in the saddle, as well as on foot. Do not have your boots too heavy or too new. Get them handmade if you can afford it. The course affairs, with big thongs for strings, are manufacturers. A good light practical model would bring money to the maker.

Your guide or outfitter will usually attend to the grub list. Be sure he has read very little in expert counsel on emergency rations and the like. He is very apt to start out with a sack of potatoes and onions and shows mighty good judgment in doing so. The usual tendency in camp food is not to have enough bulk and coarseness in the diet. If you are going very far and cannot carry much bulk, you can use the desiccated onions and potatoes.

Your guide is very apt not to put into practice any theories about going light when it comes to grub, for he figures that he has a human appetite, and that you, also, have or are going to have. The bacon of the West is apt to be pretty salty and somewhat different from that which friend wife gives you at breakfast at home. Still, it is greasy, and it will make a meal before you find any partridges or venison or trout. Bacon is indestructible, indispensable and time-tried. Accept no substitutes, for you surely will regret it. Bacon is legal tender, man's-size, C. O. D., John-on-the-locality. Take plenty of bacon, and then a little more.

Take, also, a sack of flour, a quarter of a sack of corn meal, and an eighth of a sack of rice. Rice carries a lot of food value, and the average tenderfoot can use it more profitably than beans. You can make puddings out of rice if you find any berries, or if you care to use some dried fruit—apricots or the like—with it. Also, rice goes well in the stew kettle—to which you add squirrel, partridge, venison, bread, bacon, old boots—anything on which you can lay your hands. Sometimes the stew kettle, still half full, will travel along on top of the pack horse from day to day. It is better than using too much fried food.

Salt is one of the heaviest things in the pack train, but you must have it if you are on a big-game hunt. It takes about five pounds of salt safely to cure the average scalp of a big-game head. In the moist country of Alaska we always used to figure that for a big bearhide we should need about fifty pounds of salt to save it surely. You and your guide can figure out about how much you will need. If you run short of salt perhaps you can save a scalp by careful fleshing and drying in the open air. Even pepper will tend to preserve it and protect it against flies.

Choosing Your Guide

Sugar you ought to have, as well as tea and coffee. You can make sirup out of brown sugar and mountain water. Do not carry the water in with you on horseback, because it is already there. There are a thousand other things you can take if you like, but very probably your guide's imagination will stop working at about this stage of the game.

Choosing your guide—or, rather, call him your companion, for the word "guide" is a misnomer anyhow—is the most important problem of your trip into the mountains if you yourself are not a regular mountain man. In general, take the companion who is recommended by some friend or the man you yourself have seen. Do not pick out a guide who wears buckskin, or very high-heeled boots, or very large spurs, or a very wide hat, or a very fancy hatband.

Go in for the chap who wears an ordinary hat; who is very much sunburned, rather lean and hard-looking; who probably does not wear spurs at all when you see him, and who is dressed in pants and overalls, and the common sort of shoes. Better get a rather oldish man, one who does not talk very much at first, and who has that sort of look round his eyes which you know when you see it. I like him to have rather blue or gray eyes, wrinkled round the corners; but this does not bar a good man with optics of another color.

Contrariwise, if your guide were choosing you, what do you think he would rather find in you? Would he pick you out of a crowd if you were dressed to the limit of would-be Westernism—high hat, high boots, long knife, six-shooter, and all that sort of thing? Would he naturally choose you if you were turned out in an ultra-dude outfit—accordion panties, silk shirt, and all that sort of thing? I trow not. You are looking for a human being in your guide. He is looking for the same thing in you. He wants you to be his friend and companion as well as his employer, and he wants you to be a human being with no frills.

Once more, avoid the crime of insincerity. Do not pretend to be what you are not. Simplicity and sincerity are the two great points in good breeding and good conduct. If you are a tenderfoot do not throw any bluff to the contrary. There are good

69

69 Years to Make a Suit

Back in 1846 the makers of Clothcraft began to manufacture medium-priced clothes for men and young men.

Their idea was to keep in that field—about $10 to $20—and make the best possible clothes for the money.

This sticking at it for 69 years has produced extraordinary results through continuous advancement of factory methods, improved machines, training of workers, and so on.

We haven't any more hesitation in investing in Clothcraft Clothes than we would in buying gilt edged securities.

We *know* what you'll say when you see Clothcraft 5130 Blue Serge Special at $15 and the other spring models at $10 to $20. Come in today.

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All Wool Clothes
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The Reason for the Enormous Demand for Nashua Blankets

Nashua Woolnap Blankets have combined remarkable warmth and strength in a low-priced blanket. Though all cotton, they have a soft, deep, permanent nap that gives them the warmth of wool. This is what the people of the country want—and want in such quantity that we cannot be sure of supplying the demand.

Nashua Woolnap Blankets

For Any Size Bed **Pure Cotton** $1.75 to $3.50 a pair retail

Nashua Blankets don't shrink, tear out (as many do), nor lose their good looks when washed. Plaids or plain with borders, all sizes, all weights, all colors, are obtainable at leading shops. If you want to see the soft, rich quality of Nashua Blankets, **we'll send you a blanket—doll's size**—on receipt of 15c. It will give unbounded joy to some little girl.

Merchants—Order Early

To better meet the constantly increasing demand for Nashua Blankets, we have made provision for a very large increase in manufacturing facilities this year. But we did this last year and the year before. Yet both seasons the same complaint reached us from the merchants—inability to secure an adequate stock.

Therefore, while we expect that stock conditions will be better this coming year, we urge you, Retail Merchants, as the only guarantee against disappointment, to place your order with the wholesaler at the earliest possible moment. If you do not know where to secure Nashua Woolnap Blankets, we shall be glad to refer you to wholesalers handling them.

Our advertising has proved so successful that during the single month of December, 1914, we received 31,590 inquiries, each enclosing 15c for a Sample Doll's Blanket. This advertising is to be continued with equal force next Fall.

Be sure you see this label on the Blankets

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tenderfeet as well as bad ones. As to accordion panties, I often wear them myself, because I find them sincerely comfortable.

Choosing your horse is another matter which may sometime come up to you and not to your Western counselor. If so, do not pick out the fat, sleek horse, with no marks on his back. Select a cayuse of rather rugged architecture—of course with legs not too straight up and down and with hoofs not entirely too large.

Be sure he has some white-hair marks on his back; that means he has been ridden. Do not indulge in any bursts of confidence in Western horses. For the first few days casually insist that your guide or the cook, or somebody else, top off your mount for you in the morning before you mount—especially if the morning be frosty or rainy. There is no crime in confessing inexperience with mean horses.

In handling a strange Western horse take him by the cheek piece of the bridle and turn him round a few times if you have any suspicions about him. Mount with your back to the horse's face, the stirrup turned square round to meet your left foot. Do not take hold of the cantle of the saddle—that is tenderfootism—but grasp the horn with your right hand. Then, as you swing up, you do not have to cross your arm with your leg as you get into place. If you perform this way you may fool your horse into thinking you are his boss, which is all he wants to know.

Generally, however, any regular outfitter for the mountains is careful about his saddle stock, and he does not wish to play any tricks on his employer; and most of your saddle work, as has been said, will not be wildly splitting the breeze, but simply plodding along hour after hour in rather rough country at a slow walk.

Sawbucks and Kyacks

Your rifle, of course, goes under your leg—preferably your left leg—when you are in the saddle. If you can take only one rifle along, let it be a twenty-two; it will mean more meat in camp. Your fly rod should go with you, and it should be a good one. A very practical form of fly rod is made with a detachable short handle, which is not easily broken and which will go in a bag or valise. The middle piece and tips can be carried in a steel tube, with a screw cap. This will stand the grief of the biting lash rope.

Your fly book need not be bulky or too numerously stocked. Some bucktails, some professors, some coachmen—these will do the work for you in wild streams. Have them pretty large, or part of them so, at least; for often you will strike trout of four or five pounds in some of the bolder waters.

There is only one saddle worth thinking of for the mountains, and that is the cow saddle. If you can afford one of your own, all the better. Have it made to fit you, like a suit of clothes, and then stick to it. As to the pack saddles, you will see all sorts of pack saddles and saddle rigs recommended. Stick to the time-tried sawbuck, which very probably will be the choice of your guide if he is an oldtimer.

Very probably he will have kyacks or panniers for the saddles—it takes time to roll up a series of packs made out of the camp outfit every morning and to get these into place. Kyacks of rawhide or canvas simplify matters very much and are more apt to stay put when you hang them on the saddle. I once saw a very good set of panniers made out of willow champagne cases. They come a little high these days if you buy them with the intent of first exhausting their fluid contents.

Pack-train travel itself is something different from any other form of human activity. Unless a train has worked together for some time and is used to going away from home, some of the horses will need watching to keep them from turning back at night to their old pastures, hobbles or no hobbles. Then, again, there is always a pack horse that does not want to go along with the rest, which has to be herded all the time to keep him in line. If you can, get a train made up of animals that have worked together. There is a curious sort of attachment between horses that have lived together. They have the most acute dislike for being left alone.

Take some decrepit old wall-eyed cayuse that will scarcely even groan under the rope's end, and which bears every mark of early dissolution; watch him when the other members of the train disappear round the shoulder of the hill. He will raise his

"As sunshine bright, and balmy air
Set flowers springing free,
So this delicious *Campbell* fare
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It beats a "spring tonic"

In fact this wholesome tomato soup is a *natural* tonic. It contains the invigorating properties which nature has stored up inside the juicy, red-ripe tomatoes from which we make it. They are the basis of

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You ought to keep a supply of this strengthening soup on your pantry shelf, and enjoy it regularly on your table. You can prepare it easily in a variety of tempting ways. And it is as convenient as it is tasty and appetizing.

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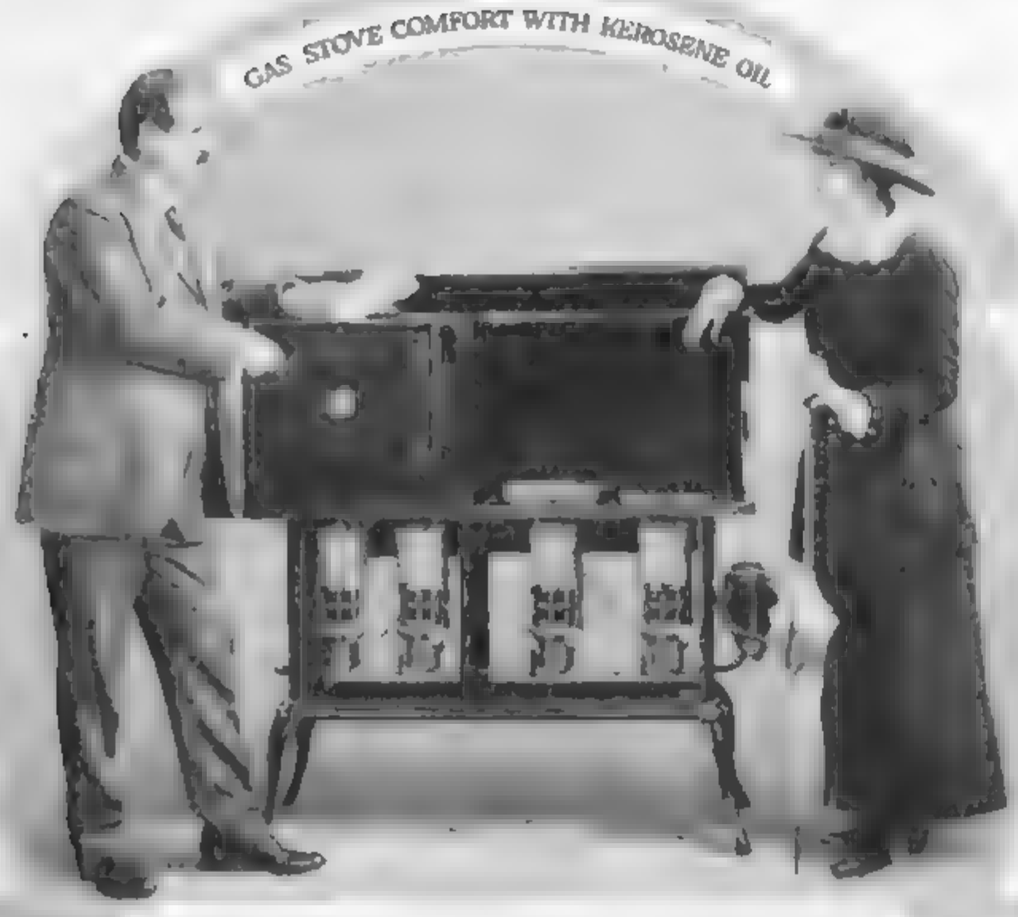

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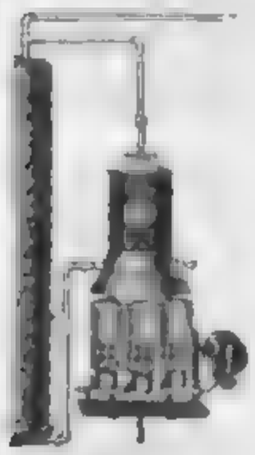

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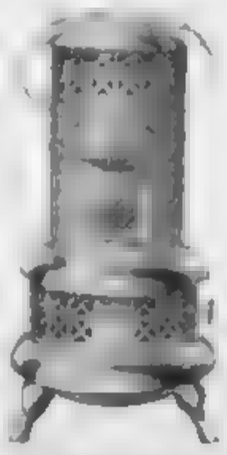

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head, extend his ears, and emit the most heartbreaking wail of protest. Then he will squatter off on a fast trot until he gets within sight of his friends again. Horses do have strong friendships of this sort, and they are very gregarious in their nature.

I was once coursing deer down in the Indian Nations in old times, and a friend and I rode a pair of states' horses we had taken down there as a harness team. If one of these got out of sight of the other he would immediately begin to neigh in the most impassioned fashion; and often his appeal would start our game and spoil every plan of the hunt. We felt like killing both of them before we got through. Of course, also, you will feel like murdering every pack horse in your train before you are done with them. Your guide will be more philosophical, for he has been there before.

You can crowd quite a lot of stuff on top of a cayuse if you insist. If, however, you keep your packs down to one hundred and twenty-five pounds or less, and if you travel five hours a day or less, you will get along more comfortably and steadily, and not have any of your stock knocked out—always provided your outfitter knows the least bit on earth how to pack. Do not try to take too much or try to go too far. Take it easy. Do not crowd the ball.

The one great delight of the mountain trip is that you have cut loose from all sorts of worries. Forget all about the day when you must meet a date at the railroad. Remember that you have left the telephone and the daily newspaper far behind you. Do not crowd your horses and do not crowd yourself. Take it easy. If you can do this I presume you will find your camping trip in the mountains one of the pleasantest of all possible human experiences.

This country of ours is so big that no one-tenth of it knows how the other nine-tenths live. The curse of American life, in general, is that of strain and hurry, and the ambition to make all the money there is or get all the so-called success there is. Most of these gods of ours are clay in the feet and a good deal higher up. We do not get enough out of human life as we go along.

Motor Camping Parties

Perhaps the best human life ever lived in America was that of Colonial days in the South. The nearest approach to that which we have now is the life on the Pacific Coast. There are only two places in the United States where men and women of to-day know how to live at all: one is still in the South and the other is on the Coast. In California, Oregon and Washington the visitor will find phases of life altogether unknown in the East or the Middle West.

A most pronounced feature of this is the tendency to get out of doors—a tendency, of course, made possible by the climate of that country. We do not in the least know how to live east of the Alleghanies or in the Mississippi Valley, or even on the eastern slopes of the Rockies. On the Coast they are now beginning to get something out of life as they go along. In that part of America you will see more camping, especially camping in the high places, than you will anywhere else in our domain.

By this I mean not so much the professional camping out of the big-game hunter or the mountain climber as that of the amateur and of the family party. The automobile has changed the social life of our country, and nowhere so much as on the Pacific Slope. It is there much used as a practical means of transportation into the mountains. You will see countless motor camping parties all through the Sierras and Cascades at elevations of six thousand, seven thousand, eight thousand feet above the sea.

Naturally they are confined to the mountain roads that have been built. It is to be hoped that our Government will extend more and more its series of roads through the Sierras and Rockies, for they certainly open up a new world of delight for the use of Americans.

The boundaries of the world have been moved out enormously by the invention of the gasoline engine. I once saw a family party of campers in the pine woods near the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. They had come all the way from Los Angeles, across the desert, and brought everything with them they needed—their tents, beds, cooking outfit and grub box, all lashed on here and there about their sturdy motor cars.

When I saw them they were in camp, half a dozen in all, who had come in a couple

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By preparing the house at the mills sawing and working the lumber to fit, marking it plainly, detailing full directions for erection, and shipping **direct to you**, means only one small profit to pay. **Saves time, expense, labor, waste** and **worry**; insures **best** grade of lumber, includes hardware, paint, glass, varnish, plaster, nails, accurate, understandable plans and instructions—**everything.**

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ONE LOOK tells you why you're going to wear NEVERBIND. It can't choke your leg—always lifts on the socks just enough to keep them smooth.

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To be punctual be guided in your engagements by the unfailing accuracy of a South Bend Watch. - -

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WHETHER you own, buy or give a South Bend Chesterfield, it evidences your discriminating taste and sound judgment. It is a watch of beautiful grace and symmetry, and though only a trifle thicker than a silver dollar, it is a time-keeper to pin your faith on.

Men skilled in the building of hundred-dollar watches make *every* South Bend Chesterfield. The only practical difference between $100 movements and those selling for less is in the number of jewels, the number of adjustments given and the kind of case.

Send for the 68-page "BOOK OF WATCHES"

illustrating the Chesterfield and 18 other movements and 116 different cases in full color. It also describes

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Kindly send me "The Book of Watches."

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of cars; and in the party there were two or three of the brownest, healthiest, heartiest young children you ever saw in the world. They did not seem to have a care on earth, they were so happy and wholly in tune with life. The horizons of the life of these girls and women were broader than those of twenty years ago. They had found something of the comfort of the hills, so long selfishly monopolized by men.

In the course of travel through the Sierras, the Cascades or the Rockies to-day you will find many automobile camps. Sometimes a solitary individual will take his light and cheap but wholly practical car into the mountains all by himself. He will have room for a dog, a tent, a bed and abundant grub. He may stop where he likes for a day or a week—at some spot where the water is good and the view is grand.

You will see him, with his tent extended back from the side or rear of his car, making a part of his temporary house out of the car itself. In half a dozen such camps in the high places you will find half a dozen ingenious schemes for utilizing actual means at hand—human ingenuity employed in human enjoyment. This new and increasing use of the delights of high mountain scenery is one of the pleasantest phases of our new American life, which more and more is demanding let-up and leisure.

The medium-sized car at a low price is the most efficient enemy the insane asylum ever had in all the world. It gives an outlet for the man who does not want to use a pack train, but is content with something a little less than a big-game hunt, and willing to remain a little outside of the innermost penetralia of the wilderness.

You may choose quite a range of motoring enjoyment in the wonderful country of the West. Indeed, you could use the same means of enjoyment in any one of scores of places along the Alleghanies or Appalachians, in the East.

Fishing, climbing, loafing or traveling—there is nothing better than this sort of thing, high up in the hills, in places where you can see the ragged line of the white mountains lying ahead of you; where the trees round you have grown small and crooked, but where the sky has taken on a strange new blue, the grub a strange new taste, your heart a strange new charitableness toward all mankind.

You cannot call that kind of trip a failure, even though you do not kill very much game.

Flaw Detectors

X-RAYS promise to have busy use in shops in the near future, for it has lately been discovered that they will, under some conditions, detect hidden flaws in steel and other metals. An American research laboratory has already successfully applied them to this task, and the investigators are confident that, with a little more study, practical methods for daily service can be worked out.

In these times, when steel enters so much into ordinary living and a flaw in a piece of steel may cost many lives and great damage, a flaw detector is a great need. For instance, two years ago a large number of railroad wrecks were blamed on faulty rails, which had been made from steel ingots that had flaws. Steel ingots always have a flaw at the top end; so the end piece is discarded for this reason.

The question always is as to the length of the piece off the end which should be discarded in order to make sure that no flaws have been left in the block of steel to be used. The researchers are confident that the X-rays will be able to answer this question.

In the experimental case a sheet of steel half an inch thick was photographed by X-rays. The rays come in different kinds hard and soft—and each kind has its own preference as to what material it will go through. Accordingly rays were used that would nearly go through half an inch of steel—but not quite.

The photographs of the steel sheet showed that the X-rays did go through at some spots, which indicated that there were flaws at those places. When the steel was cut through at those parts holes were found near the center—just as the X-rays had indicated.

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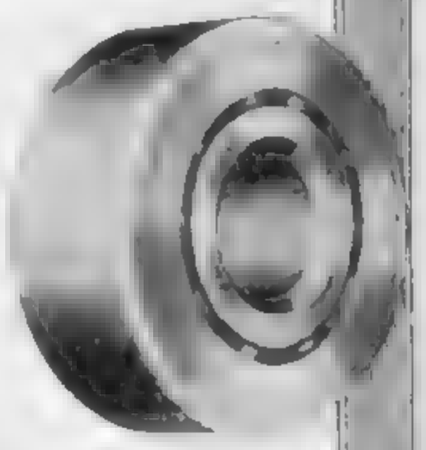
BALL BEARINGS
AMERICAN MADE FOR AMERICAN TRADE

LAST SEASON A MAN BOUGHT a car which failed to show the power he expected. It was nearly two months before he discovered that he was trying to drive with one of his brake bands pinching.

Many car owners are just as unfair in blaming the motor for its lack of power, when all the time plenty of power is really there but is being wasted by bearing friction. The ball type of bearing reduces friction to a minimum. You well know that the smaller the area of contact in a bearing, the less friction there is bound to be—and friction means resistance and waste. Friction in the motor, transmission, differential, wheel hubs, wherever frictional losses occur in your car, means that these parts are wasting motor energy.



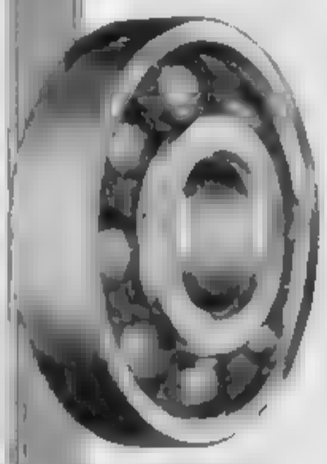
DOUBLE ROW

A dual capacity bearing taking end thrust from any direction and radial loads in combination. Will replace one radial and two thrust bearings in any mechanism. Has greater radial capacity than other forms of equivalent bore and outside diameter.

SINGLE ROW

Designed as the final standard of this type of bearing for radial load only, reducing friction losses to the minimum

New Departure Ball Bearings so completely reduce friction as to practically eliminate it—nothing can roll so easily as a ball because of the exceedingly small area of contact.



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An angular contact single-row bearing designed to carry a radial load in combination with one-direction thrust

This is but one of the reasons why you should see that New Departure Ball Bearings are installed in the car you buy.

A post card will bring to you a copy of our interesting booklet, "New Departure Ball Bearings and What They Mean to the Car Owner." Write at once, and for convenience please ask for Booklet "A."

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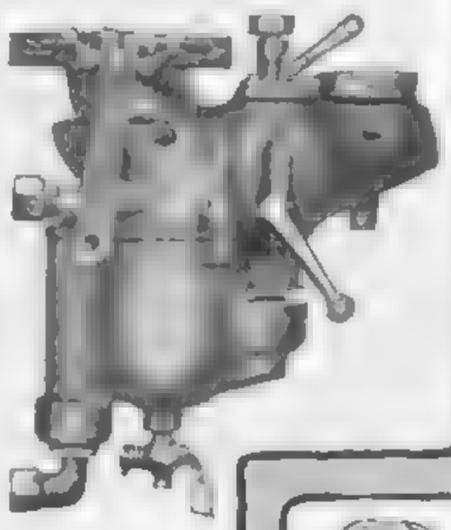

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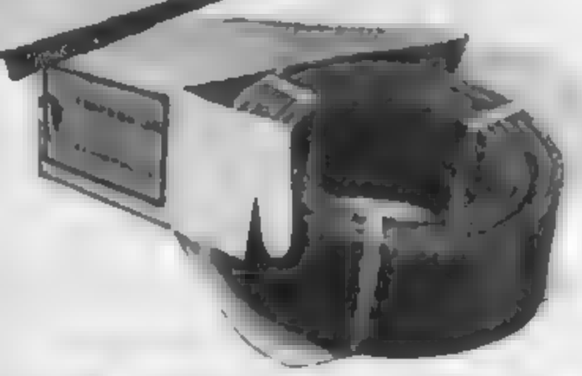

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leaves nothing to chance. It *grips* as soon as the brake is applied and *holds* as long as the brake is on.

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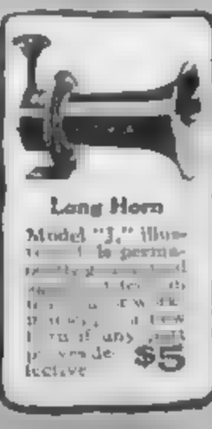
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VALCOURT'S GRIN

By Richard Dehan

THE lovely and high-born relict of a decrepit and enormously wealthy commoner, she had sustained her husband's loss with a becoming display of sorrow, and passed with exquisite grace and discretion through the successive phases of the toilet indicative of connubial woe. From a lovely chrysalis swathed in crêpe she had changed to a dove-colored moth; the moth had become a heliotrope butterfly, on the point of changing its wings for a brighter pair, when the post brought her a letter from one of her dearest friends. It bore the Zurich postmark and ran as follows:

"HOTEL SCHWERT,
"APPENBAD, June 18th.

"I wonder, dear, whether you would mind being troubled with Val for a day? He is coming up from Seaton next Thursday on dentist's leave, and one does not care that a boy of twenty—one can consider Val a boy without stretching the imagination overmuch—should be drifting anchorless in town. You will find him grown and developed. You see, I take it for granted, in my own rude way, that you have already said 'Yes' to my request. . . . The views here are divine—such miles of eye flight over the Lake of Constance and the Rhine Valley! To quote poor Dynham, who suffered much from the whey cure: 'Every prospect pleases, and only man is bile.' Kiss Val for me. My dear, the thought of his future is a continual anxiety—the title to keep up and an income of barely eight thousand pounds. 'Marry him,' you will say; but to whom?

"American heiresses are beginning to have an exorbitant idea of their own value, and then Val's is an open, simple nature, unworldly to a degree! Not that I, his mother, could wish him otherwise, but you will understand and sympathize, I know! And boys are so easily molded by a woman who has charm! If you could drop a word here and there, calculated to bring him to a sense of the responsibility that rests upon his young shoulders, the duty of restoring the diminished fortunes of his house by a really sensible marriage. I have dinned and dinned, but I fear without much result.

"Ever yours,
"G. D. E. V."

"Please address Val 'Care of Reverend H. Buntham, Seaton College, near Grindsor.'

"Buntham is the housemaster. V. says he 'understands the fellows thoroughly.' Such a tribute, I think, to a tutor from a boy. G."

So a dainty monogrammed and scented note, on heliotrope paper with a thin but decided bordering of black, was sent off to the Marquis of Valcourt, and Valcourt's hostess in prospective consulted a male relative over the luncheon table as to the most approved methods of entertaining him.

"Heaps *of* indigestible things to eat, sweet for choice, and a box at the Gaiety if there's a matinée; if not, the Hippodrome. But who's the boy?" asked the male relative.

"Lord Valcourt, Geraldine's eldest."

The male relative pursed up his lips into the shape of a whistle and helped himself to a cutlet in expressive silence.

"Geraldine is devoted to him. He seems to have a delightful nature, to be quite an ideal son!"

"That young—that young fellow?"

"You have met him, haven't you?"

"Oh yes, I have had that privilege. I was one of the house party at Traye last September."

"Geraldine asked me, but of course it was out of the question."

"Of course—poor Mussard's death quite too recent," murmured the male relative, taking green peas.

Poor Mussard's charming relict drooped her long-lashed, brown eyes pensively, and the transparent lace that covered the hiding-place of the heart that had been wrung with presumable anguish eighteen months before billowed under the impulse of a dutiful little sigh.

"What a prize for some lucky beggar with a big title and empty pockets!" reflected the male relative, who happened to be a brother and could therefore contemplate dispassionately. "Twenty-eight—and looks twenty-one *en plein jour* without a pink-lined sunshade." Aloud he said: "So you are to entertain Valcourt—Tuesday, I think you said?"

"Thursday. It would be dear of you to come and help me," murmured Mrs. Mussard plaintively.

"It would afford me delight to do so," returned the male relative unblushingly, "had I not unfortunately an engagement to see a man about a fishing tour in Norway!"

"Tiresome! I know so little about modern boys!" murmured Mrs. Mussard.

"The less you know about 'em, my dear Vivienne, the better."

"Having been a boy yourself," the speaker's sister responded with gentle acerbity, "you are naturally prejudiced. But, going by Geraldine's account, Valcourt is not the ordinary kind of boy at all. Indeed, I have promised her to take him in hand and impart a few lessons in *savoir faire* and worldly wisdom."

"Have you? By Jove, Vivie, you've taken something upon yourself! 'Angels rush in where demons fear to tread.' I'm mulling the quotation, but in its perfect state it isn't complimentary. May Valcourt profit by the instructions you give him on Thursday!"

Thursday came, and with it Valcourt. He was pleasing to view—a clean-limbed, broad-shouldered, straight-featured, pink-and-white specimen of the well-bred English youth of twenty, with fair hair brushed into a silky sweep above a wide, ingenuous brow; sleepy gray-green eyes, with yellow and blue reflections in them, reminding the beholder of tourmaline; well-kept hands, pleasing manners and a wide, innocent grin of the cherubic-angelic kind, never more in evidence than when Valcourt was engaged in some pursuit neither angelic nor cherubic. Mrs. Mussard at first sight was conscious of a brief maternal inclination to kiss him. Geraldine's boy was, she said to herself, "a perfect duck!" She subdued the osculatory impulse, shook hands with the boy cordially, and hoped the dentist had not hurt him.

"No, thanks awfully," said Valcourt with his cherubic grin. The teeth revealed were exceedingly white and regular.

"But you had gas, of course?" proceeded his hostess.

"When I have teeth out I generally do," said Valcourt carefully. "It costs half a guinea extra for gas, so I usually ask to have it." He touched his waistcoat pocket meditatively as he spoke, and smiled, or rather grinned, again so seraphically that Mrs. Mussard longed to tip him a ten-pound note. She gave her young guest a sumptuous luncheon, and, not without serious misgivings, commanded the butler to produce the exhilarating beverage of champagne.

"A little sweet, isn't it?" said Valcourt critically.

"I thought that you—that is ——" Mrs. Mussard crumpled her delicate eyebrows in embarrassment and the butler permitted himself the shadow of a smile.

"Ladies like sweet wine," remarked Valcourt. He refused liqueur with coffee but considered Mrs. Mussard's cigarettes "rather mild."

"I—I don't usually have that brand," his hostess explained. "I—I ordered them on purpose for ——" She broke off, in sheer admiration of Valcourt's beautiful grin.

The matinée for which she had secured a stage box did not commence until three. "Time for a little chat in the drawing-room," she thought, and ran over in her mind a list of the things dear Geraldine would have wished her to say. She bade the boy sit in the opposite angle of her pet sofa, upholstered in shimmering lily-leaf green, billowed with huge puffy pillows of apricot-yellow, covered with cambric and Valenciennes. She thought the harmony well completed by Valcourt's sleek fair hair and inscrutable tourmaline eyes, and wished for the first time that poor dear Mussard had left an heir. Vague as the yearning was, it imparted a misty softness to her brown eyes and caused the corners of her delicate lips to quiver. She drew a little nearer to Valcourt, and laid her white

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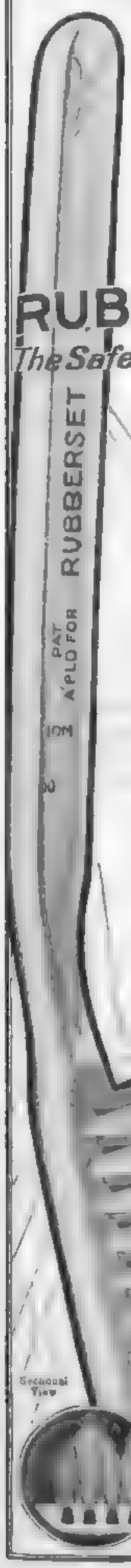

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jeweled hand softly upon the muscular young arm, firm and hard beneath an uncommonly well-cut sleeve.

"My dear Valcourt ——" she began.

"Your eyes are brown, aren't they?" asked Valcourt.

"I believe they are," murmured Mrs. Mussard. "My dear boy, I trust that ——"

Valcourt shut his own sleepy tourmaline eyes and sniffed a long, rapturous sniff. "Mother uses attar of violets. It's her pet scent. Jolly, but not so nice as yours. What is it?" He sniffed again. "I can't guess. M'ph! I give it up. I know!" The sleepy tourmaline eyes opened, large and round and bright; the cherubic-angelic smile suffused his features. "Why, it comes from your hair!"

"People have said that before. Oh, never mind my hair!" Mrs. Mussard was not displeased nevertheless. "Tell me how you progress at college. You know your mother is my dearest friend. I should so much like you to remember that and confide in me, almost as you confide in her!"

A solemn, innocent expression came over Valcourt's face. "All right," he said after a pause, during which he seemed to be listening to choirs of angels chanting to the accompaniment of celestial harps. "I'll tell you things just exactly as I tell 'em to mother!"

"You dear!" exclaimed the impulsive young widow, and kissed him. The smooth elastic skin, brownish-pink as a new-laid egg and dotted with sunny little freckles, grew pinker under the velvet touch of the lady's lips. Valcourt turned the other cheek with his cherub's smile, and less warmly, because more consciously, his mother's dearest friend saluted that also.

"Now," he said in his boyish voice, "what did you want me to tell you about college? I'm not a sap at books and I don't spend all my time in getting up my muscles. I'm just an ordinary kind of fellow —— I say, how pretty your nails are!"

He took up one of Mrs. Mussard's exquisitely manicured hands and, holding it to the tempered sunlight that stole through the lace blinds, noted with appreciative if infantile interest the pearly hues and rosy inward radiances, the nicks and dimples of the wrist and the delicate articulations of the fingers. Then, with a droll, half-mischievous twinkle of the tourmaline eye that was next the fair widow, he bent his sleek, fair head and rubbed his cheek against the pretty hand caressingly.

"Silly boy!" breathed Mrs. Mussard.

"I believe I am an awful ass sometimes," agreed Valcourt composedly.

"Who says so?"

"My tutor and heaps of other fellows, and the Head—not that he says so, but he looks as if he thought it," said Valcourt.

"Does the Head see a great deal of you?" asked Mrs. Mussard, drawing away her hand and grasping at a chance of improving the languishing conversation. Then, as Valcourt, with a grave air of reserve, nodded in reply, "I am so glad!" breathed Mrs. Mussard gushingly. "Because at your age impressions received must sink in deeply. And to be brought in contact with a personality so marked must be impressive, mustn't it?" she concluded, rather lamely.

"I suppose so," agreed Valcourt, examining the pattern of the carpet. He looked a little sulky and a little bored, and for sheer womanly desire of seeing the illuminations rekindled Mrs. Mussard gave him her hand again.

"You are going into the Guards, aren't you, by and by?" she queried.

"If I can get through," said Valcourt, playing with her rings and smiling. "I'm in the Army Class—mathematics mostly. But I think our family's too old or something to produce brainy fellows. Cads are cleverer, really, than we are."

His tone took a reflection of the purple; his finely cut profile looked for an instant hard as a diamond and exquisite as a cameo.

Mrs. Mussard, sympathizing, said to herself: "After all, why should he be clever?"

"Still, when one hasn't much money ——" she began, reminiscent of Geraldine's entreaty.

"We're beastly poor, of course," admitted Valcourt. "But as to clothes and horses and shootin', tradespeople will tick a fellow till the cows come home. And the millionaire manufacturers who buy or rent fellows' forests and moors and rivers and things are always glad to get the fellow himself to

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The new Strand Roof Garden, Cafeteria and Dance Hall, has LIQUID VELVET walls. It was specified and used for the new Bank of Mobile, Ala., building.

The splendid new Black Hawk Hotel at Davenport, Iowa, and the Fordyce at Hot Springs, Arkansas, said to be one of the most luxurious bath houses in the world, both have LIQUID VELVET walls. Hospitals, public buildings, palatial residences everywhere have LIQUID VELVET walls.

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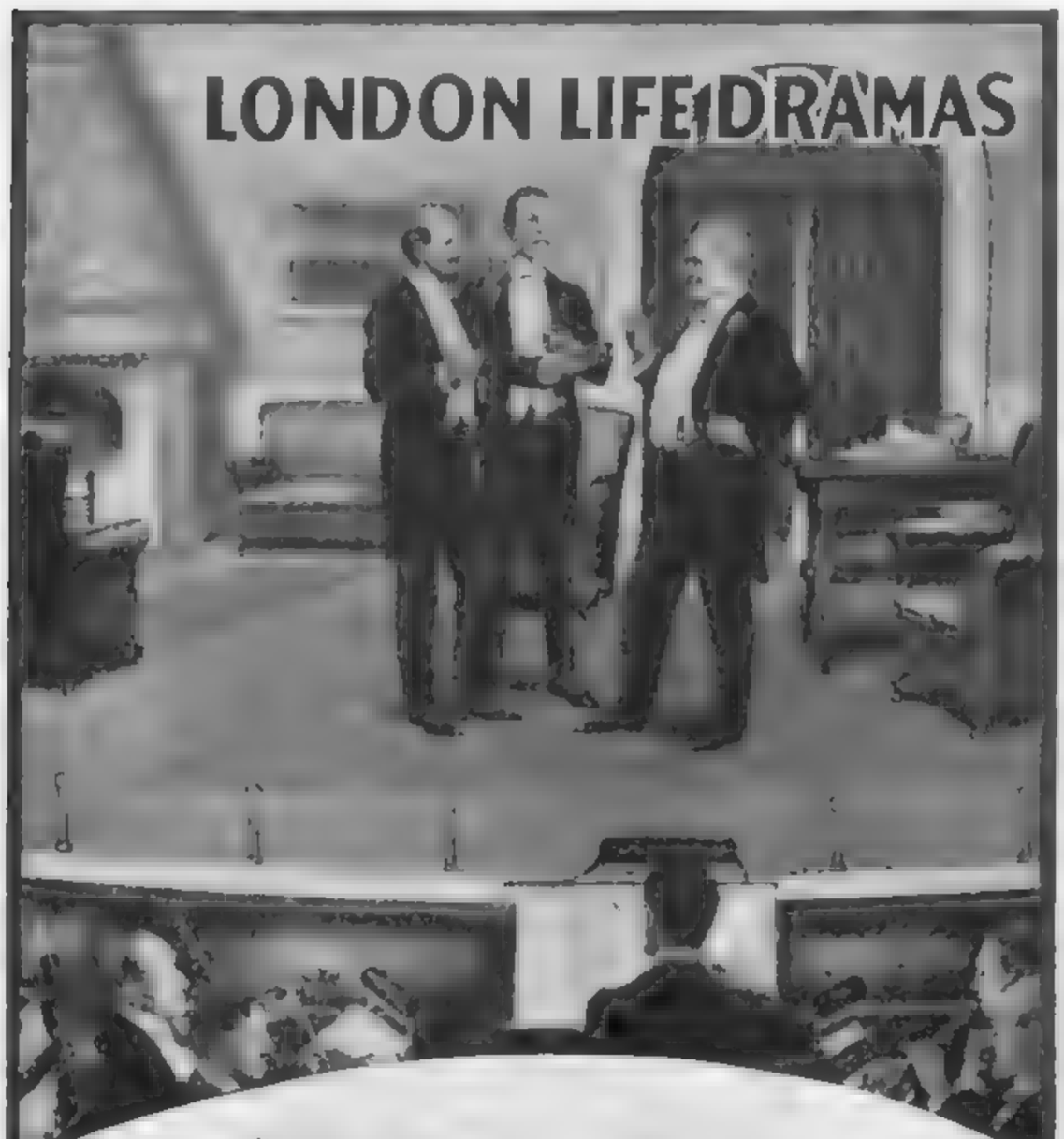

"Most Extraordinary"

DR. WHITE:—Judge Henry, let me introduce Col. Thompson.

COL. THOMPSON:—Didn't I meet you one night last winter in the foyer of the Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y. City?

JUDGE HENRY:—Last winter? Oh, yes! But, Colonel, your memory for faces is wonderful!

COL. THOMPSON:—It isn't that. It was the cigarette you smoked—and I saw the box—"London Life." The moment I caught that "London Life" aroma I knew I'd found the cigarette I'd been looking for.

JUDGE HENRY:—You don't say so! Well, isn't it a world-beater?

DR. WHITE:—Let's keep up the good work! Have a "London Life" out of *my* box! It sure is a bundle of joy, and a quarter's worth for a dime!

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show with 'em; and the keepers and gillies and chaps take care that he gets the best that's going generally. And so he does himself pretty well all round."

"That sort of thing is too undignified," said Mrs. Mussard, "and too uncertain. A man of rank and title must have a solid backing, a definite *entourage*. You must marry, and marry well."

"Mother always talks like that!" said Valcourt. "I think," he added, "she has somebody in her eye for me!"

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Mussard sharply.

"I'm not quite sure," said Valcourt, his tourmaline eyes narrowing as he smiled his angelic smile. "Dutch banker's daughter, perhaps," he added simply, "with barrels of bullion and homely as mud."

"Horrible!" cried Mrs. Mussard, shuddering.

"Her brother's in the fifth," let out Valcourt. "We call him Hooky Holland. Their father was secretary to the Klaproths and made heaps of cash—'cath,' Hooky calls it. He never talks about anything but 'cath,' and the fellows punch him for it." Valcourt doubled his right hand scientifically, thumb well down, and glanced at it with modest appreciation ere he resumed: "He has lots of it, too, Hooky, and lends at interest—pretty thick interest—to fellows who get broke at bridge or baccarat!"

"Oh-h! You don't play baccarat surely! Such an awfully gambling game!" expostulated Valcourt's hostess.

"We go to college to be educated, you see," said Valcourt in a slightly argumentative tone, "for what Buntham calls 'the business of life,' and cards are part of a fellow's life, aren't they? So they ought, instead of being forbidden, to form part of what Old Cads calls the curriculum. We call Buntham 'Cads' because he calls us cads when we do anything that upsets him. He's a nervous beggar and gets a good deal of upsetting. My dame says he weighs himself at the end of every term, and makes a note of the pounds he's lost since the beginning. When I go to Sandhurst she thinks he'll pick up a bit," explained Valcourt with his angelic grin.

"I hope your dame is a nice, motherly old person!" breathed Mrs. Mussard.

"She's nice—quite," said Valcourt, "and awfully obliging. I don't know about being old—unless you'd call thirty-three old." Mrs. Mussard started slightly. "When I have a cold she makes me jellies and things—awfully good things! And I give her concert tickets, and sometimes we go on the river and have strawberries and cream. Lots of our fellows tell her their love affairs."

"Do you?"

"And some of 'em are in love with her," went on Valcourt.

Mrs. Mussard breathed quickly. Never before had she realized what perils environ the young of the opposite sex. In her agitation she laid her hand on Valcourt's shoulder. "I hope you do not fancy yourself in love with her," she uttered anxiously.

"Not much catch!" said Valcourt, with the composure of forty. "I got over that in my second year."

"Silly boy!" Mrs. Mussard very gently smoothed down a lock at the back of his head, which erected itself in silky defiance above its fellows. "When love comes to you, Valcourt," she went on, with a vivid recollection of the utterances of the inspired authoress of The Bride's Babble Book, "you will find out what it really means. It is a great mystery, my dear boy, a sacred and solemn unveiling of the heart ——"

She stopped, for Valcourt had turned his face up toward hers, gently smiling, and revealing two neat rows of milky white teeth. His tourmaline eyes had an odd expression.

"Did you speak, dear?" his fair Gamaliel asked. For the impression upon her was that he had uttered two words and that they were: "Hooky's sister!"

But Valcourt shook his head. "I was only thinking. A fellow like me has got to take what comes—the best he can get; and the better it is, so much the better for him, don't you see? If he don't like what he gets he doesn't go about grousing. He generally pretends he's suited; and she pretends; and they get into a groove—or they get into the newspapers," said Geraldine's unworldly babe. "Beastly bad form to get into the newspapers! I never mean to."

Mrs. Mussard listened breathlessly.

"I shall have a rattling time," said Valcourt in his soft, cooing voice, "till Hooky's sister grows up and mother presents her, and then I shall marry her, I suppose."

"Dearest boy, I hope not!" exclaimed Mrs. Mussard. "Some one more suitable must be found," she continued, rapidly putting all the moneyed girls of her acquaintance through a mental review. "Why should you not marry beauty and birth as well as a bank account? The three things are sometimes associated."

"German princes pick up girls of that kind," said Valcourt, his elbows upon his knees and his round young chin cupped in his hands, "and Austrian archdukes. But why need it be a girl?" he went on, pressing up the smooth young skin at his temples with his fingertips so as to produce the effect of premature crow's-feet. "I don't like girls—all red wrists and flat waists. Why shouldn't it be a woman, say ten years older—an awfully pretty woman, rich and in the best set, who'd show me the ropes? I'm a jolly ass in some things. I shall come no end of croppers when I go into society unless there's somebody to give me the needful tip."

Mrs. Mussard sat very upright. She looked at Valcourt. The hand with which she had smoothed his hair remained suspended in mid-air until she recollected it and laid it over its companion in her lap.

"Most young fellows beginning life go to other men's wives for advice," said Valcourt. "Why shouldn't I go to my own?"

Mrs. Mussard's chiseled scarlet lips moved as though she had echoed: "Why not?"

"They—the chaps I'm talking of—are wild about 'em, the other men's wives. Yet nearly all of the women are old enough to be their mothers."

"Their grandmothers, sometimes," said Mrs. Mussard unkindly.

"Then why shouldn't I marry a woman who's only old enough to be my aunt, a young aunt. I'd make a Marchioness of her, don't you know; and she'd make—she could make anything she liked of me!" said Valcourt, turning his cherub smile and tourmaline eyes suddenly on Mrs. Mussard. "You could." The lovely widow started violently, and flushed from the string of pearls encircling her pretty throat to the little gold hair waves that crisped at her blue-veined temples. "You know you could!" murmured Valcourt. The strong young arm in the well-cut sleeve intercepted the retreating movement that would have placed the lovely widow in the uttermost corner of the sofa. The remonstrance upon Vivienne's lips was stilled by a kiss, given with eloquence and decision, though the lips that administered it were soft and unshaded by even the rudiments of a mustache. "I'm twenty this term, and five feet nine in my socks," said Valcourt a little breathless; for the kiss had not been one-sided; "and and you're simply awfully pretty. Marry me! I shall be of age before you know it and ——"

"You dreadfully presuming boy!" There were tears in the lovely eyes of the late Mr. Mussard's widow; an unwonted throbbing in the region of her bodice imparted a tremor to her voice that added to its charm. "I shall write to your mother!"

"Do!" said Valcourt with his angelic smile. "She'll be awfully pleased! I wonder the idea didn't occur to her instead of to me, for she's awfully clever and I'm rather an ass. Five o'clock!" he exclaimed, as the delicate chime of a Pompadour clock upon the mantel shelf announced the hour.

"And you have missed the matinée!" said Mrs. Mussard.

"I preferred this!" said Valcourt, getting up. She had no idea of his being taller than herself until she found the tourmaline eyes looking down into hers. "Good-by and thank you, Mrs. Mussard," said the boyish, ringing voice. "I've had an awfully pleasant day."

Their hands met and lingered.

"Don't call me Mrs. Mussard any more; my—my name is Vivienne," she said in a half-whisper.

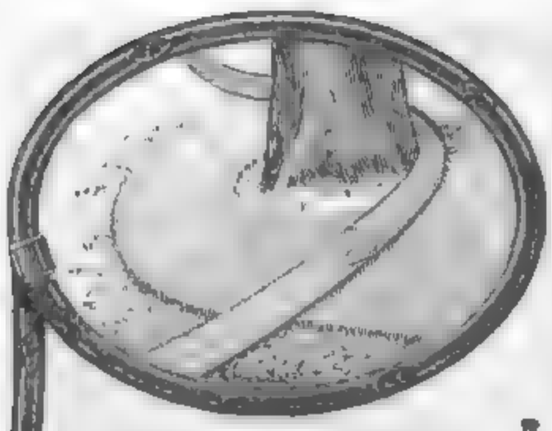
"Jolly! Hooky's sister's is Bathsaba," said Valcourt. He made a quaint grimace, as though the word tasted nasty, and Vivienne gave a little musical, contented laugh. "And I may come again, may'n't I?"

"This week," nodded Mrs. Mussard.

"I'll say it's my tooth," explained Geraldine's guileless offspring.

He reached the door, the handle turned, when Mrs. Mussard beckoned and Valcourt came back.

"I should like to ask you," she began hesitatingly—"not that it matters to me;



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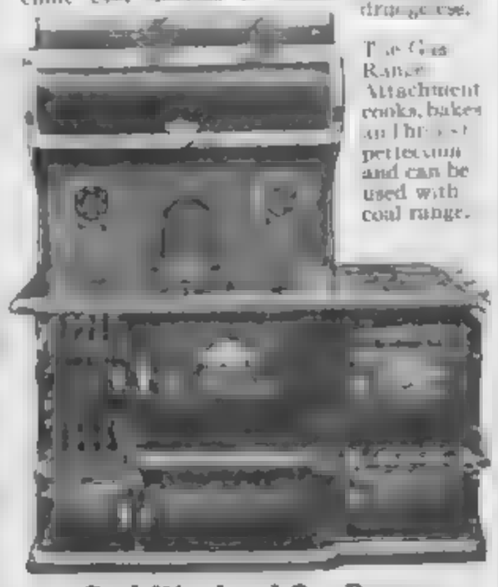

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but still in your own interest—and you know your mother is my dearest friend!" Valcourt stood with the beautiful grin upon his face, and Mrs. Mussard found the thing more difficult to say than she had imagined: "Where did you—who taught you to make love like—like that at your—at your age? I—it is ——" Valcourt made no reply in words, but the expression upon his face become more celestial than before. "I hope kissing is not a feature of the curriculum. But understand clearly," said Mrs. Mussard, with that unusual tremor in her charming voice, "that you are not for the future to kiss anybody but me!" And as the door closed on Valcourt's heavenly grin and tourmaline eyes she sat down to write a letter to Geraldine.

Sweet Apple Juice

CANNED fresh apple juice—or canned sweet cider—is one of the latest examples of the successful work of the various scientific laboratories of the American canning trade. Such a product has lately been made with much success by a few concerns, but now the science of it has been fully developed by laboratory study. The big apple crop of the past season was responsible for this, for it was evident that some method should be devised to use the vast quantities of apples which were allowed to rot in the big apple years.

Many difficulties have been overcome by a discovery of the causes. The first difficulty, of course, was to prevent the apple juice from fermenting and so becoming cider, harder and harder. Boiled apple juice was an old attempt to meet this difficulty and boiled apple juice remains sweet, but it has never been popular because it does not have the right taste. The fermenting of cider was found to be due to yeasts that locate on the skin of the apple.

Fortunately the yeasts were discovered to be unable to resist a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, which is much below the boiling point of water. Apple juice heated to that degree and kept there for an hour lost all its fermenting qualities, so that it would remain sweet; and yet this comparatively low heat did not kill the fresh taste, as boiling does.

A more serious trouble was the habit of cider to become cloudy or even very dirty in appearance when kept for some time. This was discovered to be due to the presence of bits of solid apple material in the juice and not to dirt. Removing the solid material kept the juice clear. Filtering had practical difficulties. Heating the cider and then allowing it to settle did the work fairly well under some conditions.

Centrifugal separation was found to be the ideal method for clearing the juice; and this is not nearly so formidable as it sounds. The ordinary cream separator found on most modern farms operates by centrifugal separation, and most cream separators can do the work on apple juice as satisfactorily as on milk; so the juice is put through the separator.

In canning the juice it was found to be necessary to use either enamel-lined cans or glass with paraffined corks. All these precautions—simple enough, however—have been found to do the trick successfully.

New Army Styles

NEW kinds of clothes are being invented in great number for the armies in European trenches. Some are likely to prove their worth and become standard clothes for outdoor wear in the future. The most novel is a French device of knit goods, which may be adapted for a dozen uses, from waistband or trousers to a head covering for protection in cold winds.

It is simply a long and rather narrow strip of knit goods, with a slot a few inches long at the exact center. On half of each edge of the strip are sewed buttons, and on the other half of each edge are buttonholes. As the goods easily stretches, and as any edge will button to any other, a surprising number of combinations is possible.

An English garment that is being supplied to many officers at the front is a rubber coat, which is fur-lined. A queer sleeping bag, of rather limited use before the war, has been much in demand among the English forces, because it does not interfere with quick action in case of a night attack by the enemy. It is practically a quilted union suit, large enough to allow the soldier to get into it when fully clothed.

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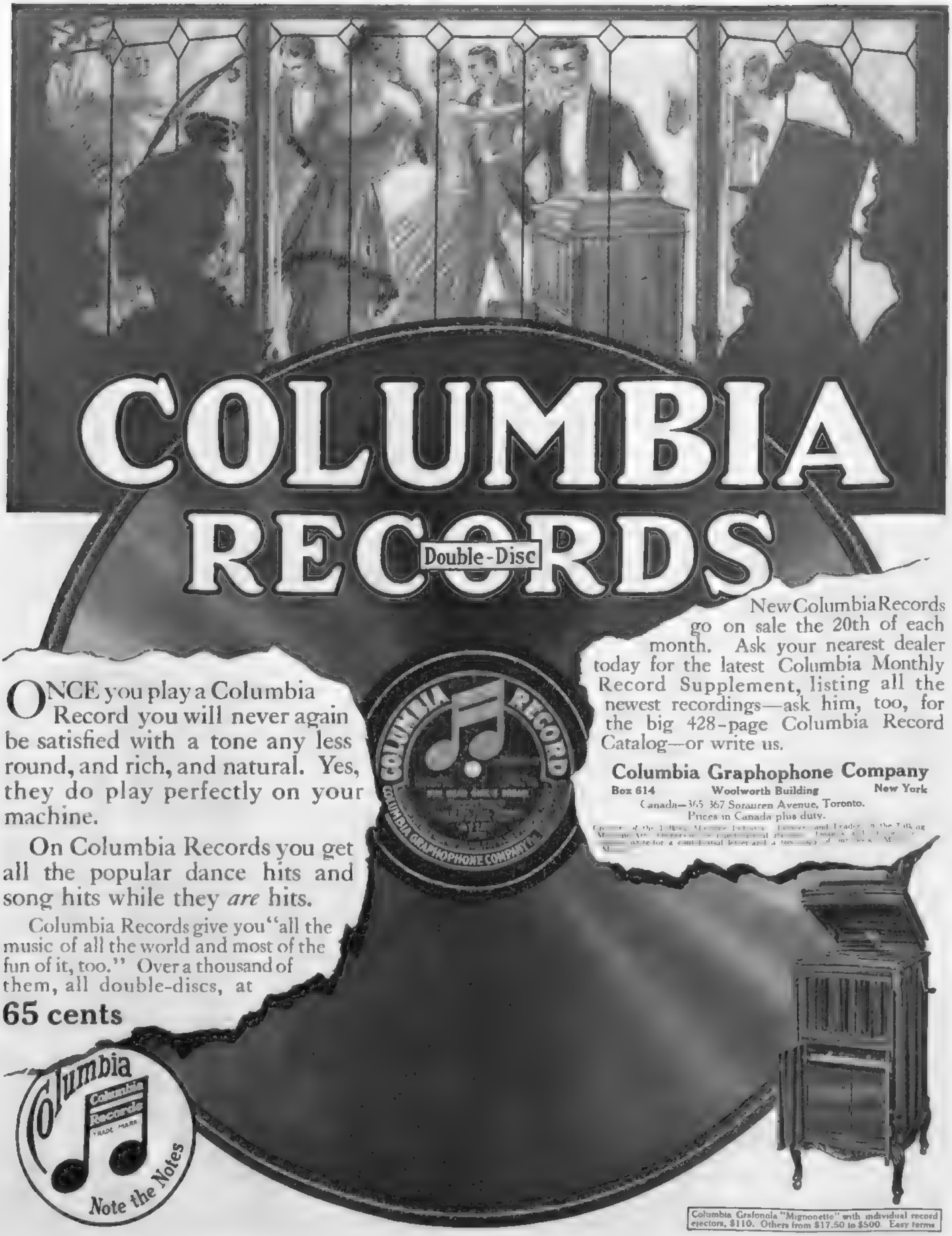
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FOR KING AND COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 5

France is doing her best, but her nursing had always been in the hands of nuns, and there are no nuns in France to-day. Belgium, with some of the greatest surgeons in the world, had no organized nursing system when war broke out. She is largely dependent apparently on the notable work of her priests, and on English and Dutch nurses.

When my train drew out, the khaki-clad lieutenant and his assistants were still at work. One car was emptied. They moved on to a second. Other willing hands were at work on the line that stretched along the stone flooring, carrying the wounded to ambulances, but the line seemed hardly to shrink. Always the workers inside the train brought another stretcher and yet another. The rumble of the trucks had ceased. It was very cold. I could not look any longer.

It took three hours to go the twenty miles to Calais, from six o'clock to nine. I wrapped myself in my fur coat. Two men in my compartment slept comfortably. One clutched a lighted cigarette. It burned down close to his fingers. It was fascinating to watch. But just when it should have provided a little excitement he wakened. It was disappointing.

We drifted into conversation, the gentleman of the cigarette and I. He was an Englishman from a London newspaper. He was counting on his luck to get him into Calais and his wit to get him out. He told me his name. Just before I left France I heard of a highly philanthropic and talented gentleman of the same name who was unselfishly going through the hospitals as near the front as he could, giving a moving-picture entertainment to the convalescent soldiers. I wish him luck; he deserves it. And I am sure he is giving a good entertainment. His wit had got him out of Calais!

Calais at last, and the prospect of food. Still greater comfort, here my little card became operative. I was no longer a refugee, fleeing and hiding from the stern eyes of Lord Kitchener and the British War Office. I had come into my own, even to supper.

I saw no English troops that night. The Calais station was filled with French soldiers. The first impression, after the trim English uniform, was not particularly good. They looked cold, dirty, unutterably weary. Later, along the French front, I revised my early judgment. But I have never reconciled myself to the French uniform, with its rather slovenly cut, or to the tendency of the French private soldier to allow his beard to grow. It seems a pity that both French and Belgians, magnificent fighters that they are, are permitted this slackness in appearance. There are no smarter officers anywhere than the French and Belgian officers, but the appearance of their troops *en masse* is not imposing.

Protective Coloration

Later on, also, a close inspection of the old French uniform revealed it as made of lighter cloth than the English, less durable, assuredly less warm. The new gray-blue uniform is much heavier, but its color is questionable. It should be almost invisible in the early morning mists, but against the green of spring and summer, or under the magnesium flares—called by the English "starlights"—with which the Germans illuminate the trenches of the Allies during the night, it appeared to me that it would be most conspicuous.

I have before me on my writing table a German fatigue cap. Under the glare of my electric lamp it fades, loses color and silhouette, is eclipsed. I have tried it in sunlight against grass. It does the same thing. A piece of the same efficient management that has distributed white smocks and helmet covers among the German troops fighting in the rigors of Poland, to render them invisible against the snow!

Calais then, with food to get and an address to find. For Doctor Depage had kindly arranged a haven for me. Food, of a sort, I got at last. The hotel dining room was full of officers. Near me sat fourteen members of the aviation corps, whose black leather coats bore, either on left breast or left sleeve, the outspread wings of the flying division. There were fifty people, perhaps, and two waiters, one a pale and weary boy. The food was bad, but the crisp French bread was delicious. Perhaps nowhere in the world is the bread average higher than in France—just as in America, where fancy breads are at their best, the ordinary wheat loaf is, taking the average, exceedingly poor.

Calais was entirely dark. The Zeppelin attack, which took place four or five weeks later, was anticipated, and on the night of my arrival there was a general feeling that the birthday of the German Emperor the next day would produce something spectacular in the way of an air raid. That explained, possibly, the presence so far from the front—fifty miles from the nearest point—of so many flying men.

As my French conversational powers are limited I had some difficulty in securing a vehicle. This was explained later by my discovery the next day that no one is allowed on the streets of Calais after ten o'clock. Nevertheless I secured a hack, and rode blithely and unconsciously to the house where I was to spend the night. I have lost the address of that house. I wish I could remember it, for I left there a perfectly good and moderately expensive pair of field glasses. I have been in Calais since, and have had the wild idea of driving about the streets until I find it and my glasses. But a close scrutiny of the map of Calais has deterred me. Age would overtake me, and I should still be threading the maze of those streets, seeking an old house in an old garden, both growing older all the time.

The Mystery of the Black Bed

A very large house it was, large and cold. I found that I was expected; but an air of unreality hung over everything. I met three or four most kindly Belgian people of whom I knew nothing and who knew nothing of me. I did not know exactly why I was there, and I am sure the others knew less. I went up to my room in a state of bewilderment. It was a huge room without a carpet, and the tiny fire refused to light. There was a funeral wreath over the bed, with the picture of the deceased lady in the center. It was bitterly cold, and there was a curious odor of disinfectants in the air.

By a window was a narrow black iron bed without a mattress. It looked sinister. Where was the mattress? Had its last occupant died and the mattress been burned? I sniffed about it; the odor of disinfectant unmistakably clung to it. I do not yet know the story of that room or of that bed. Perhaps there is no story. But I think there is. I put on my fur coat and went to bed, and the lady of the wreath came in the night and talked French to me.

I rose in the morning at seven degrees Centigrade and dressed. At breakfast part of the mystery was cleared up. The house was being used as a residence by the chief surgeon of the Ambulance Jeanne d'Arc, the Belgian Red Cross hospital in Calais, and by others interested in the Red Cross work. It was a dormitory also for the English nurses from the ambulance. This explained, naturally, my being sent there, the somewhat casual nature of the furnishing and the odor of disinfectants. It does not, however, explain the lady of the wreath or the black iron bed.

After breakfast some of the nurses came in from night duty at the ambulance. I saw their bedroom, one directly underneath mine, with four single beds and no pretense at comfort. It was cold, icy cold.

"You are very courageous," I said. "Surely this is not very comfortable. I should think you might at least have a fire."

"We never think of a fire," a nurse said simply. "The best we can do seems so little to what the men are doing, doesn't it?"

She was not young. Some one told me she had a son, a boy of nineteen, in the trenches. She did not speak of him. But I have wondered since what she must feel during those grisly hours of the night when the ambulances are giving up their wounded at the hospital doors. No doubt she is a tender nurse, for in every case she is nursing vicariously that nineteen-year-old boy of hers in the trenches.

That morning I visited the various Calais hospitals. Later on in this series of articles I shall write more fully of the hospitals I have seen, their requirements, what they are doing. I have seen a great many. The frightful congestion of last autumn is over, but they are all full. They are surgical hospitals, typhoid hospitals, hospitals for injured civilians, hospital boats. One and all they are preparing as best they can for

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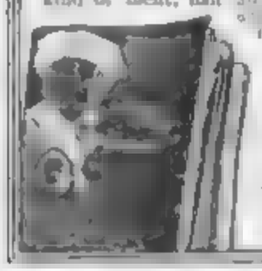

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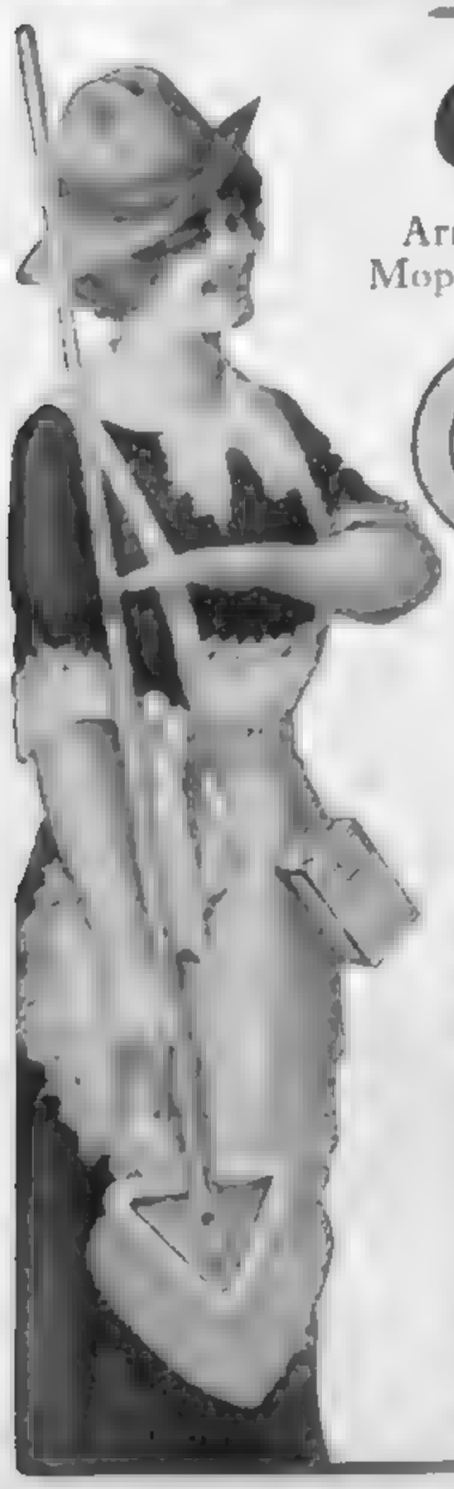

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CHICAGO TORONTO LONDON BERLIN

the mighty conflict of the spring, when each side expects to make its great onward movement. Vast quantities of supplies will be needed then—bandages, cotton, anæsthetics. The army medical service of Belgium is to be reorganized. Plans have been made, both comprehensive and conservative.

But this will require much money. Unless America can supply it I do not know where it is to come from. In case the Germans retire from Belgium the Belgians will find themselves in their own land, it is true, but a land stripped of everything. It is for this contingency that the Allies are preparing. In whichever direction the line moves, the arrangements that have served for the winter will no longer answer. Portable field hospital pavilions, with portable equipment, will be required. The destructive artillery fire, with its great range, will leave few buildings intact near the battleline.

One has only to follow the present line, fringed as it is with destroyed or partially destroyed towns, to realize what the spring situation will be. Lord Kitchener's celebrated remark that he does not know when the war will end, but that it will begin in May, is indicative of what is coming when the weather clears up and the new troops of the Allies are in the field.

The Pretty Pink Pass

From Calais to La Panne is fifty miles. Calais is under military law. It is difficult to enter, almost impossible to leave in the direction in which I wished to go. But here again the Belgian Red Cross achieved the impossible. I was taken before the authorities, sharply questioned, and in the end a pink slip was passed over to the official of the Red Cross who was to take me to the front. I wish I could have secured that pink slip, if only because of its apparent fragility and its astounding wearing qualities. All told, between Calais and La Panne it was inspected—texture, weight and reading matter, front and reverse sides, upside down and under glass—by some several hundred sentries, officials and petty highwaymen. It suffered everything but attack by bayonet. I found myself repeating that way to madness of Mark Twain's:

Punch, brothers, punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenjaire,
A pink trip slip for a five-cent fare—

and so on.

Northeast then, in an open gray car with "Belgian Red Cross" on each side of the machine. Northeast in a bitter wind, into a desolate and almost empty country of flat fields, canals and roads bordered by endless rows of trees bent forward like marching men. Northeast through Gravelines, once celebrated of the Armada and now a manufacturing city. It is curious to think that a part of the Armada went ashore at Gravelines, and that, by the shifting of the English Channel, it is now two miles inland and connected with the sea by a ship canal. Northeast still to Dunkirk.

From Calais to Gravelines there had been few signs of war—an occasional gray lorry laden with supplies for the front; great ambulances, also gray, and with a red cross on the top as a warning to aëroplanes; now and then an armored car. At Gravelines the country took on a more forbidding appearance. Trenches flanked the roads, which were partly closed here and there by overlapping earthworks, so that the car must turn sharply to the left and then to the right to get through. At night the passage is closed by barbed wire. In one place a bridge was closed by a steel rope, which a sentry lowered after another operation on the pink slip.

The landscape grew more desolate as the daylight began to fade, more desolate and more warlike. There were platforms for lookouts here and there in the trees, prepared during the early days of the war before the German advance was checked. And there were barbed-wire entanglements in the fields. I had always thought of a barbed-wire entanglement as probably breast high. It was surprising to see them only from eighteen inches to two feet in height. It was odd, too, to think that most of the barbed wire had been made in America. Barbed wire is playing a tremendous part in this war. The English say that the Boers originated this use for it in the South African War. Certainly much tragedy and an occasional bit of grim humor attach to its present use.

With the fortified town of Dunkirk—or Dunkerque—came the real congestion of war. The large square of the town was

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filled with soldiers and marines. Here again were British uniforms, British transports and ambulances. As the seaport for the Allied Armies in the north, it was bustling with activity. The French and Belgians predominated, with a sprinkling of Spahis on horseback and Turcos. An air of activity, of rapid coming and going, filled the town. Dispatch riders on motor cycles, in black leather uniforms with black leather hoods, flung through the square at reckless speed. Battered automobiles, their glass shattered by shells, mud guards crumpled, coated with clay and riddled with holes, were everywhere, coming and going at the furious pace I have since learned to associate with war.

And over all, presiding in heroic size in the center of the Square, the statue of Jean Bart, Dunkirk's privateer and pirate, now come into his own again, was watching with interest the warlike activities of the Square. Things have changed since the days of Jean Bart, however. The cutlass that hangs by his side would avail him little now. The aëroplane bombs that drop round him now and then, and the processions of French "seventy-five" guns that rumble through the Square, must puzzle him. He must feel rather a piker in this business of modern war.

Dunkirk is generally referred to as the "front." It is not, however. It is near enough for constant visits from German aëroplanes, now reconnoitering, again with less peaceful intentions. But the real line begins fifteen miles farther along the coast at Nieuport.

So we left Dunkirk at once and continued toward La Panne. A drawbridge in the wall guards the road out of the city in that direction. And here for the first time the pink slip threatened to fail us. The Red Cross had been used by spies sufficiently often to cover us with cold suspicion. And it was worse than that. Women were not allowed, under any circumstances, to go in that direction—a new rule, being enforced with severity. My little card was produced and eyed with hostility.

My name was assuredly of German origin. I got out my passport and pointed to the picture on it. It had been taken hastily in Washington for passport purposes, and there was a cast in the left eye. I have no cast in the left eye. Timid attempts to squint with that eye failed.

On the Road to La Panne

But at last the officer shrugged his shoulders and let us go. The two sentries who had kept their rifles pointed at me lowered them to a more comfortable angle. A temporary sense of cold down my back retired again to my feet, whence it had risen. We went over the ancient drawbridge, with its chains by which it may be raised, and were free. But our departure was without enthusiasm. I looked back. Some eight sentries and officers were staring after us and muttering among themselves.

Afterward I crossed that bridge many times. They grew accustomed to me, but they evidently thought me quite mad. Always they protested and complained, until one day the word went round that the American lady had visited the King. After that I was covered with the mantle of royalty. The sentries saluted as I passed. I was of the elect.

There were other sentries until the Belgian frontier was passed. After that there was no further challenging. The occasional distant roar of a great gun could be heard, and two French aëroplanes, winging home after a reconnaissance over the German lines, hummed overhead. Where between Calais and Dunkirk there had been an occasional peasant's cart or laborer in the fields, now the country was deserted, save for those long lines of weary soldiers going to their billets, lines that shuffle rather than march, with no drum or martial music, two by two, heads down, laden with intrenching tools in addition to their regular equipment, grumbling as the car forces them off the road into the mud that borders it, swathed beyond recognition against the cold and dampness, lines that, in the twilight, looked grim, determined, sinister.

"We are going through Furnes," said my companion. "It has been shelled all day, but at dusk they usually stop."

I said I was perfectly willing, but that I hoped the Germans would adhere to their usual custom. I felt all at once that, properly conserved, a long and happy life might lie before me. I felt also strangely anti-German at that moment. And, as if to emphasize my peaceful fireside at home, and dinner at seven o'clock with candles on the table, the firing commenced.

"Artillery," I said with conviction, "seems to me barbarous and unnecessary. One hasn't a chance. Now with rifle fire ——"

It was a wrong move. He hastened to tell me of artillery fire, at length, of people riding along calmly in automobiles, and of the next moment there being nothing but a hole in the road. Also he told me how shrapnel spread, scattering death over large areas. If I had had an idea of dodging anything I saw coming it vanished.

Belgian Soldiers Cheerful

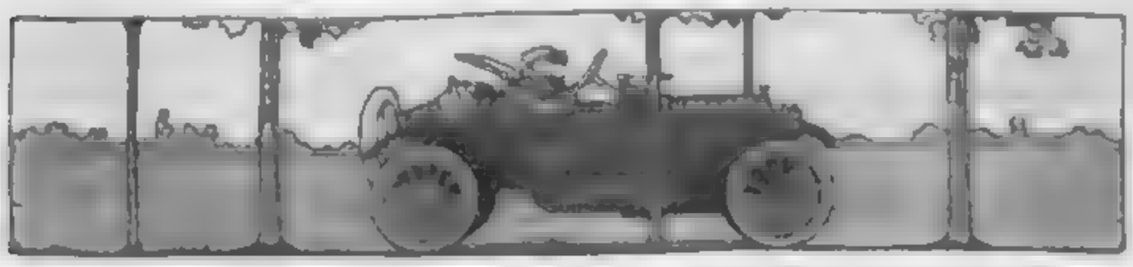
We went into the little town of Furnes. Nothing happened. Only one shell was fired, and I have no idea where it fell. The town was a dead town, its empty streets full of brick and glass. I grew quite calm and worried about the tires. We dared not light the car lamps, and our progress was naturally slow.

Furnes is not on the coast, but three miles inland. So we turned sharp to the left toward La Panne, our destination, a small seaside resort in times of peace, but now the capital of Belgium. It was dark now, and the roads were congested with the movements of troops, some going to the trenches, those out of the trenches going back to their billets for twenty-four hours' rest, and the men who had been on rest moving up as pickets or reserves. Even in the darkness it was easy to tell the rested men from the ones newly relieved. Here were mostly Belgians, and the little Belgian soldier is a cheery soul. He asks very little, is never surly. A little food, a little sleep—on straw, in a stable or a church—and he is happy again. Over and over, as I saw the Belgian Army, I was impressed with its cheerfulness under unparalleled conditions.

Most of them have been fighting since Liège. Of a hundred and fifty thousand men only fifty thousand remain. Their ration is meager compared with the English and the French, their clothing worn and ragged. They are holding the inundated district between Nieuport and Dixmude, a region of constant struggle for water-soaked trenches, where outposts are fought for through lakes of icy water filled with barbed wire, where their wounded fall and drown. And yet they are inveterately cheerful. A brave lot, the Belgian soldiers, brave and uncomplaining! It is no wonder that the King of Belgium loves them, and that his eyes are tragic as he looks at them.

La Panne at last, a straggling little town of one street and rows of villas overlooking the sea. La Panne, with the guns of Nieuport constantly in one's ears, and the low, red flash of them along the sandy beach; with ambulances bringing in their wounded now that night covers their movements; with English gunboats close to the shore and a searchlight playing over the sea. La Panne, with just over the sand dunes the beginning of that long line of trenches that extends south and east and south again, four hundred and fifty miles of death.

It was two weeks and four days since I had left America, and less than thirty hours since I boarded the one-o'clock train at Victoria Station, London. Later on I beat the thirty-hour record twice, once going from the Belgian front to England in six hours, and another time leaving the English lines at Béthune, motoring to Calais, and arriving in my London hotel the same night. Cars make marvelous speed over the French roads, and the distance, measured by miles, is not great. Measured by difficulties, it is a different story.



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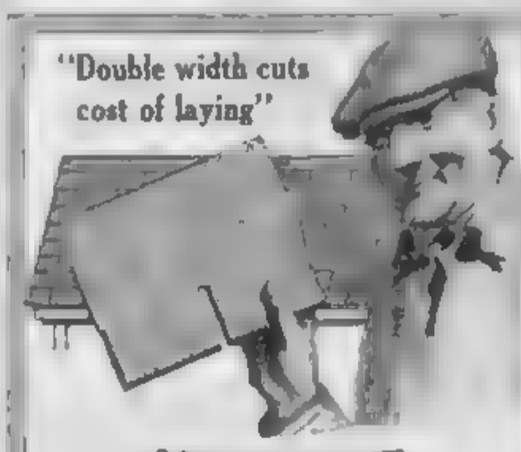

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What Sort of Bonds to Issue—By Roger W. Babson

THERE are many different kinds of bond issues, though there is not so much difference in kinds as there is in names. When it comes to a real analysis the following six groups will include almost everything:

1—The original, the simplest and the best bond is a first-mortgage bond, secured by a real first mortgage on the whole property of a corporation. It is true that some companies have prior-lien bonds outstanding, which the holders of the first-mortgage bonds have permitted to be issued at some time of reorganization or financial difficulty. If a company has prior-lien bonds outstanding they are safer from the investor's point of view than first-mortgage bonds or bonds of any other kinds.

No new company, however, would issue prior-lien bonds at the time of organization; nor would any company issue prior-lien bonds unless it already had first-mortgage bonds outstanding. Therefore, for practical purposes, the first-mortgage bond issue should be considered as the standard, and this is supposed to cover all property.

2—Next to first-mortgage bonds, from the investor's point of view, equipment bonds are the most popular. These are issued as a first mortgage on equipment in cases where the first-mortgage bonds of the railroad cover only the track and certain other property. In this group may also be classed terminal bonds, and even other bonds that are secured by first mortgages on certain parts of a railroad company's property other than the track.

Theoretically terminal bonds, being secured by real estate, should really be safer than equipment bonds. Owing to the fact, however, that the bondholders can easily take away and sell the equipment their mortgage covers, though the holders of terminal bonds and regular first-mortgage bonds cannot take away the property securing their issues, equipment bondholders have often received interest during a receivership when the interest on bonds secured by terminal property and track has not been paid.

3—The largest groups of bonds have various titles—such as General Mortgage Bonds; Refunding Bonds; Consolidated Mortgage Bonds; Unified Mortgage Bonds, and so on. Usually all these issues are nothing but second, third and fourth mortgage bonds on at least part and often on a large proportion of the property. In order to use the word first in some part of the title, so as to help sell the bonds, these issues sometimes are made a first mortgage on a very small portion of track, and a second, third or fourth mortgage on the balance.

To add to the salability of the bonds it is really worth while to have them a first mortgage on a few spikes and rails, as investors are very partial to this word first. Hence such issues are called first consolidated mortgage, or first general mortgage, or first and refunding mortgage. However, I always advise wise investors to be skeptical of these high-sounding names and never to purchase bonds of this third group without first ascertaining exactly what the security is.

4—Another group of issues includes various forms of debenture bonds. These bonds are not secured by mortgage, but in many cases are perfectly good, especially when issued by companies having no outstanding mortgage, and when the indenture filed with the issue provides for including these debentures equally with any future issue of mortgage bonds that may be sold later. Moreover, most of the convertible issues of our large railroads come under this group and are often very attractive.

In the case of corporations whose assets consist chiefly of merchandise, bills receivable and other property that is continually changing, debenture bonds are the proper kind to issue. In such cases, in order to make a mortgage bond worthy of the name, a supplementary mortgage should be filed at least once a year and theoretically every few days, as a mortgage can cover only property really definitely mortgaged or such property as is in the possession of the company when the mortgage is filed.

Moreover, after a company has mortgaged its stock of goods, theoretically it should not sell the same without first having the mortgage released. Therefore, though bonds of the first two groups are much easier to sell, the young business man should endeavor to issue only debenture bonds, if possible, being at the same time fair with the investor by agreeing to include these debentures whenever a mortgage is issued.

5—The most uncertain group includes those known as collateral trust bonds. It is entirely possible for a debenture bond to be a collateral trust bond; and a collateral trust bond is better than a debenture bond of the same company because in reality such a collateral trust bond is a debenture bond secured by collateral. Thus the holder has not only the plain note of the company, which a debenture bond really is, but this note is also secured by collateral.

Many companies, however, that issue collateral trust bonds have very few free assets and are largely holding companies, or "paper" companies that have hypothecated practically all their assets for the benefit of their collateral trust bondholders. In such cases the note of the company or the debenture part of the issue is of little if any real value, and holders should look only to the collateral. In many cases the collateral consists only of stock in other companies; and hence collateral trust bonds in many instances are only a sort of stock, with a fixed rate of dividend.

When a young business man desires to buy the control of some other company and to raise money by issuing bonds of his own parent company, secured in addition by the stock of the other company, such collateral trust bonds might appeal to investors.

On the other hand, a business man who does not wish to issue debenture bonds on his own business could form a new company without any real assets, and have this second company issue the collateral trust bonds. The main company could hold the stock of the second company and obtain all the benefits of the purchase if it is profitable.

If, however, it is not profitable, the collateral trust bonds issued by the second company could be allowed to default without in any way impairing the parent company. Many collateral-trust-bond issues are of this latter class, but they do not appeal to wise investors. Hence the formation of holding companies and the issue of collateral trust bonds is a most popular way for a concern to raise money without becoming liable itself; but, for this very reason, collateral trust bonds are most carefully studied by banks before purchasing.

6—The last group of bonds includes many forms of adjustment, income, and various other issues that have no fixed rate of interest. Sometimes the bonds of this group are secured by mortgage and sometimes they are not; but when so secured the mortgage is usually a second or other junior lien. The interest on such adjustment or income bonds is paid only when earned, and then does not exceed a certain fixed rate, usually five per cent. As a conservative investment proposition, bonds of this group should not be considered by either the seller or the buyer. The company issuing them must sell them at a large discount and the purchaser buying them must consider them a speculation.

Nevertheless, from many points of view they are preferable to certain issues of preferred stocks. Adjustment mortgage bonds offer better security for the investor than stock in the same company; and at the same time the company is not compelled to give the holders of such bonds any voting power. For this reason I often advise the purchase of either first-mortgage bonds or income bonds—that is, bonds of either of the first two groups or bonds of this last group. The first represent a good investment and the latter represent a good speculation, and the issues under the other groups often represent neither.

I usually advise a corporation desiring to raise funds to issue only debenture bonds, giving as little security as possible, in order to keep as much in reserve as feasible for an emergency, and at the same time be in a position whereby a first mortgage can be

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"The south side of the barn was always our favorite Sunday smoking place," said the Man with Fifteen Pipes.

"After all the stock was fed we boys used to go round to the south side of the barn, prop our backs against the sun-warmed siding, clean out our pipe stems with timothy straws and light up

"Despite occasional tongue bites the situation was delightful. Drip, drip, drip came down the drops of water at the corner of the barn from the melting patches of snow on the roof

"The cattle snapped the corn stalks, and Earl, our driver, came up and coaxed a chew from one of the boys

"The neighbor boys got to coming over and our Sunday smoke on the south side became an institution

"We compared pipes, introduced new brands, and swapped knives.

"One day, 'Stiffy' brought us a true blue can of smoking. It was new to all of us then, but today somewhere in the pockets of those who sat that day on the south side of the barn you would find among the knives, husking pegs, nails and string a tin of Edgeworth smoking tobacco."

For years that was the way the number of Edgeworth smokers grew. Someone on the train, at the club, in the home, or at some smoker on the sunny side of the barn introduced Edgeworth to his friends and it took.

We got the idea. We want to introduce Edgeworth to you Like a true friend we'll furnish you with a trial package free Will you accept?

Just send your name and address and the name of a tobacco dealer you sometimes patronize, and you will receive a package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed to try. You're under no more obligation to like it than the boys were to like Stiffy's sample, but you do sort of owe it to yourself to try Edgeworth

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issued if necessary. To-day this is my advice to readers of this weekly who are desirous of issuing some form of bond

Readers should, however, be willing that the rate be according to the market—which to-day would be about six per cent—and the term about twenty years, selling the bonds with the understanding that the company may call them—at, say, 105 and interest—at any time. Investors should remember that what is best for the corporation is often the worst for them: and hence to investors I give an entirely different rule—namely:

When selecting a bond issue for investment, purchase an underlying lien; get as near to the bottom of the pile as possible. Remember the name of the issue means little, as the second or third mortgage bonds of some corporations may be better than the first-mortgage bonds of other corporations. All depends on the equity above the issue, or the amount of money others must lose before you yourself lose a dollar.

Various other forms of bonds are found, such as assented bonds, joint bonds, participating bonds, profit-sharing bonds, sinking-fund bonds, irredeemable bonds, exempt bonds, guaranteed bonds, divisional bonds, and so on; but, as already suggested, they all belong to one or other of the above-mentioned six groups.

The above is a brief but fair description of the various groups of bond issues, showing the advantage and disadvantage of the principal issues from the standpoints of both the borrower and the lender. It is an old saying that a contract must be satisfactory to both parties in order to be really of much value; but this does not apply to bond issues. What is best for the company is usually worst for the investor; and what is best for the investor is usually worst for the company.

Moreover, as a rule, after the original issue neither the company nor the investor can very well change the terms of the mortgage or the character of the bonds. Of course if there were only one bondholder it might be a simple matter for the company and this one bondholder to get together and change the amount, terms, rate or maturity of the issue; but, with hundreds of bondholders scattered all over the country, a change is almost impossible.

Points in the Deed of Trust

For this reason I strongly recommend that the deed of trust contain a clause whereby the terms may be altered by the consent of three-quarters of the bondholders. This would prevent one or two bondholders from holding up any plan of friendly reorganization.

When young business men reach the point of issuing bonds they usually are so hard up and anxious for money they will accept any terms the borrowers impose on them. Consequently many deeds of trust that corporations submit to me are very unjust to the corporation. If anything should be fair to both parties it should be the deed of trust securing a bond issue; and the trust company that pretends to be the third party, acting for both interests, should protect both interests and not devote its sole attention to protecting itself.

In this connection I want to remind borrowers that they should be very careful to have the deed of trust written so that additional bonds may be issued under the same deed of trust if the business warrants it. If you desire to borrow only fifty thousand dollars at the present time the parties purchasing the issue will endeavor to limit the issue to fifty thousand dollars forever. This you should strenuously refuse to do, insisting that the issue should be limited to two hundred thousand dollars or even a greater sum—with the understanding, however, that additional bonds may be issued only as the property securing the issue is proportionately increased.

Issuing the whole of a first mortgage at one time is a good deal like cutting down a large tree—that is the end of it. No more bonds can be sold until this issue is retired and paid, which often is an expensive and difficult task.

Do not be mean about the rate of interest, but give a rate of five, five and one-half or six per cent—according to the market. Be reasonable about the maturity of the issue and try to meet the borrower halfway, though twenty years is a good average and fair to both. Of course it is understood that the shorter the maturity the more expensive is the borrowing—if the bonds are sold at a discount.

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Cross-country motoring this spring has become a popular pastime with the thousands of owners of this car.

The one-man top, with its Jiffy Curtains; the comfortable upholstering of real leather and natural curled hair; the buoyant self lubricating springs; the powerful, flexible motor—all contribute to the pleasure of the trip.

The wheelbase is 110 inches
The price of the car complete is $785
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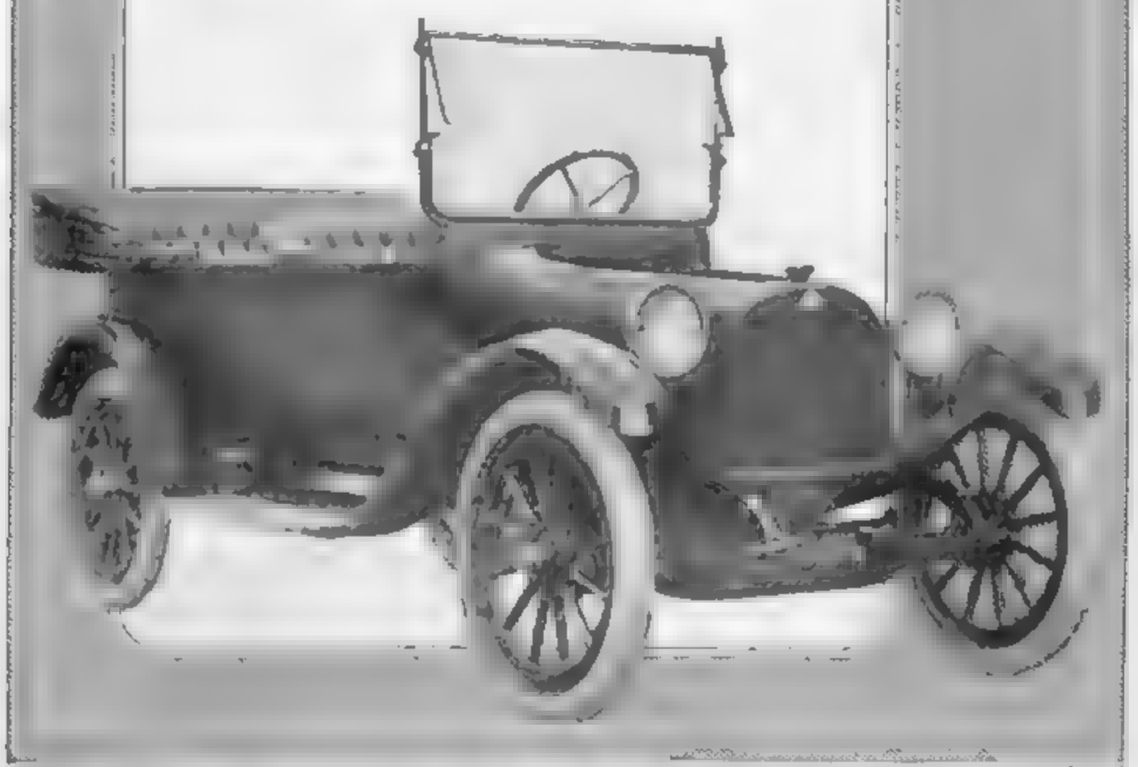
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



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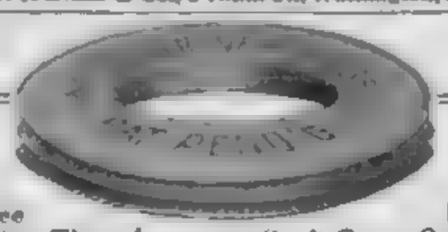

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CALIFORNIA

LESLIE'S FRIEND

(Continued from Page 19)

"Oh, my dear—one can do so little! You're not going over to the Lawrences'? I thought everybody was invited! Good-by! Now, Mr. Iverson, don't come out with me; go on with your dinner. Don't come out—really! Well ——"

They did go on with the dinner, but with an added interruption in the door of the butler's pantry, which developed a squeak necessitating the immediate application of oil by Leslie. The door still squeaked. It was found, after violently swinging it to and fro, that it would not latch—it was in some way out of plumb, though the carpenter had been there only the week before to put a new lock on it.

The whole evening resolved itself into a grim struggle on the part of Leslie, his coat removed, with that door; it was taken off its hinges and laid flat, regardless of Ellen and outgoing dishes; it was whittled, and planed with a plane commandeered from a neighbor, and measured and hung and taken down again, and the lock pried off and put on again, with more planing and much losing and finding of screws.

Beads stood on Leslie's forehead as he worked in a tense silence, save for an occasional savage muttered reference to workmen who did not understand their business; while Mrs. Bosby, papers in hand, in the invariable brown skirt and shirtwaist, her plump face very pale, wandered in and out unnoticed, finally seating herself resignedly on the sofa in the other room and replying monosyllabically to Winifred's remarks. She was the sort of guest who never opens a book. When after a two hours' struggle the door was rehung—still out of plumb!—Leslie only came in to say tersely, though kindly:

"You'd better go to bed, Della; you're tired." And she obeyed, with eyes that meekly waited on his.

He did not speak to his wife, except when it was necessary, barely kissing her good night.

This state of things could not last any longer—it simply could not; yet what was Winifred to do? As she lay on her pillow a long line of months, perhaps years, seemed to stretch out before her, weighted down with Mrs. Bosby and the care of the boy. She could not keep imposing him on her mother! How could the visitor be got rid of? She must be got rid of! Yet how, with Leslie so obstinately, so sacrificially, a friend?

If she could only talk the situation over with him plainly—make up her mind to break through that guard he kept round the subject—tell him, no matter how he felt about his old Mrs. Bosby, it wasn't fair to *her!* She felt tired of achieving that painful asset called character. She wanted to put out her small dimpled arm and shake him, and scream to him to wake up and listen to what she had to say; but in the very midst of this growing storm of passion some power seemed to hold on to her warningly, to steady her almost in spite of herself.

To break this silence would, she knew instinctively, shatter something else—the delicate crystal of the lamp that held the flame of love, which could not be made perfect again, no matter how neatly it might be mended. If her husband sacrificed her thus it was because, after the manner of men, he felt her to be one with himself.

If Mrs. Bosby had to stay until an earthquake removed her—she had to; that was all there was about it. The quivering of Winifred's red lips gradually ceased, her dark eyes looked more steadily into the darkness—she even found herself smiling unaccountably. But the night was not to be a peaceful one. Mrs. Bosby knocked at the door an hour later to say that Major was ill.

He was, indeed, very sick and in great pain, with more and more evidences incontinently of purloined food—mince pie, nuts, chocolates, grapes, and the like—a poor little pale-lipped, shivering culprit with a gasping courage during paroxysms, though futilely protesting that Ellen had forced these dainties on him.

The doctor was telephoned for; everybody was hurrying round in wrappers, consulting, heating water, and bringing up needed articles. Mrs. Bosby, two long braids down her back, in a shapeless brown robe open at her white throat, worked over Major. All her abstraction had vanished; she was alert, capable, maternal—nay, more; there was something in her expression that puzzled. Her eyes took on a singular light, even in the midst of anxiety, that seemed to grow more peacefully exalted. It was nearly morning when little Major, after crying out that he wanted his papa, at last slept.

"And I hope you'll get some rest now, Mrs. Bosby," said Winifred as they parted.

"I hope so," said Mrs. Bosby.

She took Leslie's hand and pressed it to her lips, regardless of his quick, shamefaced, protesting, "Now, Della!" as she murmured:

"Such a friend as Leslie has always been! He has heart! You don't mind my saying that, Mrs. Iverson?"

"Not in the least," said Winifred with emphasis.

The visitor wore the same high and serene look the next day, which, save for a trip to the telegraph office later, she spent in looking after the child. She even entertained little Matilda winningly with the invalid, who recovered rapidly. Leslie stayed down late at the office to finish some important business; he seemed very tired and taciturn; his eyes shunned his wife's, though he had a few moments' murmured conversation with Della, the latter radiantly earnest.

When she went to town the next morning she took Major with her, leaving Winifred to fly forcefully round the house, like a small embodied Wild West Wind, hurling things into place, cleaning the guests' room, and putting up the winter curtains there—Ellen scurrying before her with mops and pails and stepladder.

Mrs. Brentwood came over for her granddaughter—who was being hustled into outdoor apparel—with eyes that kindly questioned, though she said nothing when Winifred announced that the visitors would perhaps be with them a week or two more. And over the telephone and in person Mrs. Iverson unflinchingly accepted invitations, or engaged tickets for the three of them for Mrs. Wilmer's Dance the next night, and the Relief Fund Bridge Party on Friday, and the Zanzibar Exhibition for the Unemployed, and the Crandalls' New England Supper, the next week, for the War Sufferers.

You had to go to the Crandalls' New England Suppers because you liked Nell and Will so much, even though you went as a sufferer yourself, their beans and doughnuts being always of an abnormal pallor. Winifred also paid two calls in the afternoon, in white gloves and her best clothes, insensibly hedging one round from too informal approach, and casually mentioned Mrs. Bosby's prolonged visit. She was still keyed up when she got home, though a little fatigued, and, it being Ellen's day out, with the dinner to get.

Putting on an old pink frock, after Matilda was bathed and put to bed, damp and rosy, with little clinging arms—one's own child was a joy!—she completed her preparations and still had time to spare—and more yet! It was late for little Major to be abroad. It grew later and later; yet they did not come.

It was very strange! Had anything happened? A wild thrill of anxiety went through her. You always thought things could not happen; but they did! Why had not Leslie telephoned? Oh, there was the telephone ringing now! She ran toward it joyfully.

"Oh, is that you, dear?"

"Hello!" said a deep voice at the other end. "Hello! Is this Mrs. Iverson? This is Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Iverson. Is Leslie home yet? Well, will you ask him to call me up as soon as he gets in? Thank you. I want to ask him about the Municipal Rally. . . . Why, you don't need to be anxious at all, Mrs. Iverson. Mrs. Roberts met him going to dinner at the Venetia with Mrs. Bosby this evening. Mrs. Roberts says she supposed, of course, you knew. . . . Well, perhaps they've gone to a show since—in that case. . . . Yes. Good night!"

Gone to dinner with Mrs. Bosby without taking the trouble to let her know! This was too much—to spend his evenings off with her! To all feminine suburbanites the little dinner in town, with lights and music, and food with which one has had no previous connection, strikes the most intimate note of festivity. They had not thought they could afford the Venetia lately!

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Winifred sat enveloped in a strange confusion; the dinner dried up in the oven unnoticed. . . . Another hour rolled by. If they had gone to a show —— She was thinking so hard that the sound of her husband's key in the lock made her jump; but she sat still, only saying:

"Has Mrs. Bosby taken a cab from the station?"

"No," he answered, throwing open a window in the hall before coming in.

The night was muggy and warm; that might account for his jaded appearance. He mopped a damp brow under his fair hair as he seated himself across the room, his legs stretched out to an abnormal length; tired as he was, there was a strange, unwonted glint in his eye as he looked at her.

"Della's gone home!"

"Gone!"

He nodded.

"Yes; with the boy. I just got them off on the last train. You're to parcel-post her bag after her. She left good-by for you. Her husband phoned her this morning, as soon as he heard that Major was ill—he's crazy over the child!—he'll give her anything she wants. Gee, I'm tired!" His voice grew insensibly louder and louder. "I was running round all the afternoon trying to straighten out things for her; I never got back to the office at all. I went nearly crazy! We had to stop for her coat the last thing—it had to be altered. She'd picked it out before, but she tried on a lot of others afterward to be sure she liked the first one best."

"Her coat?"

"Yes—the sealskin; her husband said she could have it—that was what she was standing out for, you know. It cost him a thousand, but she says he can afford it." Leslie shifted his gaze, but still kept on: "She can't keep warm in anything but fur out there; the winters are so cold. You know how sensitive her throat is."

"Oo-ooh!" said Winifred in a tone of profound enlightenment.

So that had been Mr. Bosby's barbarity to his wife—refusing her a thousand-dollar coat! But Mrs. Bosby was actually gone! There was a growing, intoxicating essence of freedom in the thought. Winifred raised her voice:

"Leslie, why on earth didn't you telephone me?"

"I did. Ellen said you were out and I left the message with her; she said she'd write it down."

"She went before I came in. I never thought to look on the shelf."

"Oh!" He rose after a pause, shut the window and came lazily over to her, that glint in his eye even more apparent. "I like that pink frock you have on—don't ever wear brown! Do you know I haven't kissed you since I got home?"

"Yes; and you're not going to now," returned Winifred with spirit, drawing out of reach.

"I'm not?"

"No. Keep away! I tell you I won't be kissed. I ——"

She fended off his arm and, slipping by, dashed up the stairs, with him after her, racing through one room after another, with small shrieks and loud banging of doors until he caught her finally, breathless.

"You're scandalous! You're not behaving like a wife at all," he admonished her fondly.

"I don't feel like one."

"You don't! You—don't! Well, what do you think of that!"

His lips were pressed to her lips, her soft cheek, her soft hair, again and again and again, with a new fervor in them. His voice took on a fuller note as he pushed her head back at last, so that he could look into her lovely eyes.

"You—don't—know—what a darling—what a darling you are! You don't half know it! But I do, dear; I do, my sweetest!"

"Oh," said Winifred, dreamily leaning closer to him. "Doesn't it seem too heavenly to have the house to ourselves!"

"I should think so," he breathed. "Oh, I should think so!" He straightened involuntarily as he added, like one who has caught himself up unflinchingly: "Though, of course, we'll miss Della and the boy. She thinks you're fine! I said to her: 'Della, I never enjoyed anything more than your visit; I hope you'll come again soon and stay twice as long.' When I think of what her father —— What's the joke, you crazy girl? Look out! You'll scare Matilda!"

For the Roof of Your Home

you want a covering that will be storm-proof, cold-proof, and sun-proof—a roofing that, once laid, will *last*. You know that the roof ordinarily is the first part of the house to require repairs, but you can have a roof that will meet the most severe tests of wear and weather by using

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The long life of RU-BER-OID is due to extreme care used in combining high-grade materials. Expert chemists supervise every process; they allow no variation from the original formula; they make sure that every roll of RU-BER-OID is waterproofed thoroughly and *uniformly*.

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Look for the RU-BER-OID Man

RU-BER-OID roofing has been widely imitated in *name* and *appearance*, but not in *durability*. The "Ru-ber-oid Man," shown at the left, appears on every roll. If the Ru-ber-oid Man is not there, the roofing is *not* RU-BER-OID. The U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals has enjoined imitators from using the word "Rubberoid or any similar name as the trade name or brand" of their roofing.

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CHANDLER SIX

The Pioneer Light-Weight Six

CHANDLER dealers are now showing the new Season's seven-passenger Chandler, and the price is still only $1295.

To make proper provision for the new big body the Chandler chassis has been lengthened. Except for the greater wheel base and larger body the car remains unchanged.

The luxurious new body is a genuine seven-passenger body. No cramping, no crowding. When not in use the two auxiliary seats fold away neatly entirely out of sight in the back of the front seat, leaving the tonneau free from any marring obstruction and converting the car into an extremely roomy five-passenger carriage.

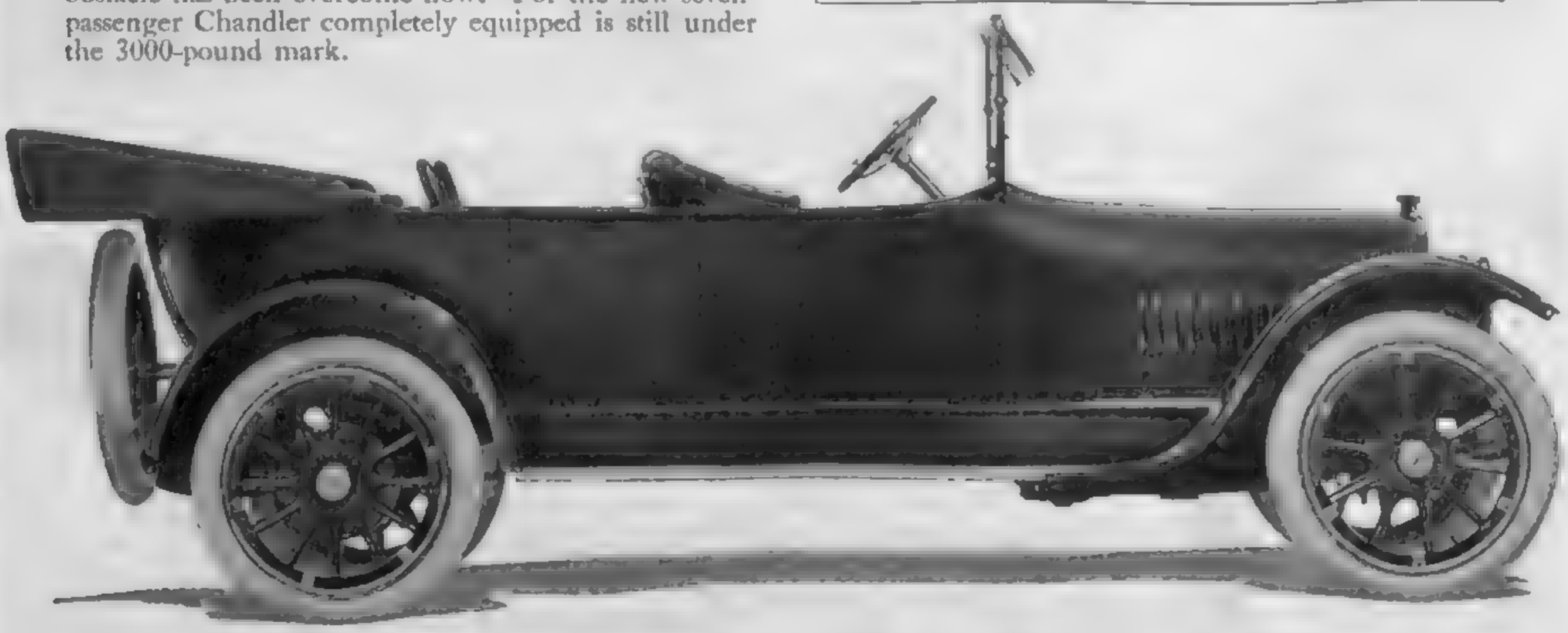
Not long ago a car of such beauty and size and convenience immediately brought to mind the thought of high price. Rich men were paying four and five thousand dollars for cars of such comfort only a couple of years ago. Yet today you can buy this car for $1295. Only a couple of years ago, too, such a price would have been sensational for a small, good four-cylinder car. And here, today, for this price you get a quality leader of speedy, powerful, flexible, light-weight sixes.

A great many people who really *wanted* and *needed* seven-passenger cars have done without them because of excessive weight and expensive maintenance. This obstacle has been overcome now. For the new seven-passenger Chandler completely equipped is still under the 3000-pound mark.

All of these things—the splendid mechanical construction, the *Marvelous Chandler Motor* of our own design and built in our own factory, the big seven-passenger body, the beauty of design and finish, the economical light weight—seem quite impossible for $1295. But the Chandler Car has always offered seemingly impossible value for its price. It has brought the highest-grade six-cylinder construction within reach of the average purse. It has set the pace.

When we produced and announced the Chandler Light-Weight Six for $1785, two years ago last January, many men in the industry scoffed at the idea of a high-grade six for such a price. We were months in advance of any similar car at a similar price. We pioneered what has proven to be the greatest development in the industry.

Facts to Remember The Chandler weighs 2985 lbs., completely equipped. Runs 16 miles or more per gallon of gasoline, 700 miles per gallon of oil and 7000 miles per set of tires. Speed 3 to 55 miles per hour on high gear. Climbs every famous "demonstrating hill" in America on high gear.



CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 504-534 E. 131st St., CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

New York City Office, 1890 Broadway. Cable Address, "Chanmotor."

This famous light six leader offers Still Greater Value

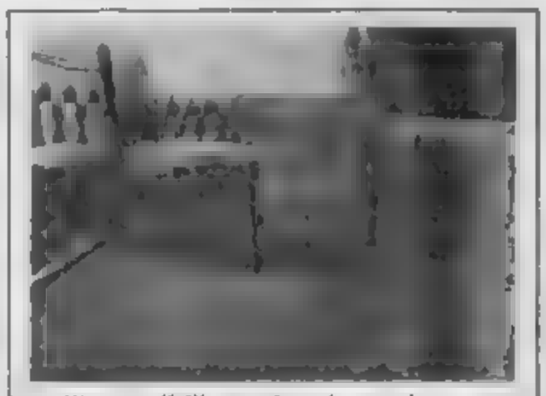
JUST as Chandler led two years ago, so Chandler still leads by long odds. The new price, $1295, is proof of Chandler leadership. When this new price was announced at the time of the Chicago Automobile Show, it set the whole country talking. At $1595 the Chandler had been a popular favorite, and the $300 reduction came like a thunderbolt from the clear sky.

It was only natural perhaps that people should ask, "Is it the same Chandler? Can it be the same Chandler?" Even our own dealers could hardly believe it. But when they *satisfied* themselves, their orders came to the factory in an avalanche.

And thousands of men and women who are buying new cars this spring have satisfied *themselves*, too, that it is the same Chandler.

Aside from the better value given it by its lengthened wheel base and seven-passenger body and other improvements, the Chandler now selling for $1295 is a continuation of the same Chandler model that sold last year with only five-passenger body for $1595. Not a single feature of design or materials has been cheapened in quality to make this price possible.

With its new big body, beautifully finished and luxuriously upholstered, added to all the other qualities that have made it so popular, the Chandler is sweeping aside competition. Even with our production increased threefold by means of our new factory buildings, we recommend the early placing of orders to insure prompt deliveries.



The small illustration above gives some idea of the spaciousness of the Chandler seven-passenger tonneau, and shows the clever construction of the auxiliary seats. Note how they fold away into the floor and back of front seat when not in use. No handles, screws or levers of any nature are necessary for the adjustment of these seats. One direct motion of the hand raises either seat, ready for use, or lowers it away completely out of sight.

To convince yourself of Chandler leadership, check up any other car in the field with the Chandler. No other car selling at less than $2000 possesses all the high-grade features of design, construction and equipment found on the Chandler.

Motor—The Chandler offers you the exclusive Chandler-design and Chandler-make motor, a powerful, quiet, economical, beautifully finished motor that you can be proud of.

Ignition—The highest priced cars all have magnetos. Nearly everybody agrees that the Bosch Magneto is the best. The Chandler has the Bosch. And Bosch spark plugs, too.

Starting and Lighting—Has the "other car" simple, efficient, separate units for electric starting and lighting? Has it the standard Gray & Davis System? The Chandler has Gray & Davis.

Carburation—Good carburation is the basic essential in the operation of an automobile. It is important to provide the best. Chandler has the famous double jet, Rayfield.

Radiation—Car builders who put quality above price almost universally select the Mayo Genuine Mercedes Type Radiator. That's the Chandler radiator.

Motor Base—The Chandler cast aluminum motor base, extending from frame to frame, gives rigidity to the engine mounting, provides pedestals for magneto, pump and generator, and does away with the necessity for a dirty, rattly sheet-metal drip pan.

Motor Drive—Gears for driving the motor shafts are bound to be noisy. Chandler has three silent chains enclosed and running in a bath of oil.

Upholstery—Your wife will be interested in checking up the upholstery. Chandler upholstery is of genuine leather of fine substance and hand buffed. And the Chandler cushions are of real hair.

Rear Axle—You have heard a lot of noisy rear axles, haven't you? There couldn't be anything more annoying. It's a point you want to consider. The Chandler has the new worm-bevel axle, smooth-running and *silent*.

Workmanship—It is easy to check up the workmanship. Chandler workmanship throughout reflects the greatest care. The *finish* of the body, the *interior* of the body and the *chassis* down underneath are examples of splendid workmanship.

Miscellaneous—Chandler equipment includes Firestone demountable rims, Stewart Vacuum gasoline feed, Golde patent one-man top, covered with high-finish Never-Leek, Jiffy curtains, Bair patent top holders, motor-driven horn, Stewart-Warner magnetic speedometer, instantly adjustable tire carrier (no straps) at rear of tonneau, and all the usual incidental equipment.

Touring Car or Roadster, $1295—with the Marvelous Chandler Motor

There is a Chandler dealer in every principal city and in hundreds of smaller cities and towns. Go see the Chandler at once, study the car carefully; or write for new catalog today and name of dealer nearest you.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DEVELOPING AND PROMOTING MEN

(Continued from Page 11)

the students are subjected is almost as intense as if they were members of the Technical Graduates Course.

The apprentices are urged to attend the night school, at which the fundamentals of engineering are taught by competent instructors. Thousands of apprentices have already passed through this school and have justified its purpose as a means for the systematic and economical development of sound and efficient workmen capable of satisfactory growth and progress.

As the Western Electric Company produces mainly telephone equipment and materials, its testing operations are naturally much more restricted than those of a company manufacturing a large number and variety of electrical devices. Consequently it cannot rely upon the testing department payroll to cover the expenses of a school for the development of technical talent. But it has such a course for graduate engineers. The expense of maintaining this machinery for the development of keenly efficient technical men is about fifty thousand dollars a year.

The course covers a year, and the students that develop properly are then given permanent places. At the outset the young college graduate chooses his line of development, and selects either the engineering, manufacturing or commercial course. About one thousand of these men are at present holding positions of importance with the company. Many of the officials came from this school, and have made their way to positions of power in a surprisingly short time. In this company, as in the others, an apprentice school of high efficiency and broad scope is sustained. The development pressure is as strong upon the shop boy as upon the college graduate. His card in the records of the Employment Office shows his standing at every turn of the wheel and from almost every angle of desirability—physical, mental and moral.

Throughout the shops are deposited blanks for suggestions. The apprentice or the workman of any kind or grade who feels that he has an idea that will be of value to the company, outlines it according to the directions given and mails it to the assistant general superintendent. Prompt acknowledgment is made, and the suggestion is considered by the executive board of the shops. Its final disposition is always fully reported upon to the one who made it. If it is rejected, he is told why; if it is adopted, he is informed that it will be put into operation. And upon his record in the Employment Office is entered a credit, first for his enterprise in offering each suggestion, and second for its practical value.

Scouting for Young Timber

Aside from the instruction given in the graduate and apprentice courses of this institution, undoubtedly one of the greatest influences in developing men is the official insistence that every employee, no matter how humble, is independent of favoritism on the part of his foreman or any superior, and that he may appeal, without peril to himself, from any attempt on the part of his foreman to oppress him or to make a shake-down. The men are made to understand that their fate lies in the hands of no one man. In every way possible it is urged upon the employees that their loyalty is to the institution itself and not to any individual in authority, that it is bad ethics and contrary to the policy of the company for any foreman or other executive to demand or receive from a man under him any personal favor of a material sort; that actual efficiency is the only thing that will win promotion, and the lack of it the only thing that will cost him his job, unless he is let out as a matter of discipline or because of general business conditions.

"This," declares General Superintendent Albright, "is proving to be a wonderful developer and is putting the right spirit into the men. It is my observation that workmen make the best response to opportunity when they feel entire independence from any element of personal favoritism and know that they can go just as far and fast as they are entitled to go on their own merits and efficiency. Possibly a statement like this may sound trite to one not intimately familiar with the inside workings of a big factory or shop, but other conditions have been so general that it is slow work to make a large body of men understand that 'pull' is a thing of the past and performance the only sure road to favor. Workmen, particularly those of the type that we want in this organization, like to stand on their own pins and live without fear or favor. We can get more growth and better work from them under this kind of a spirit, and we encourage and protect it in every way. The workman who feels in his bones that he can always get justice at the head office is a contented and loyal workman, and generally an efficient one!"

Consistent and effective effort to develop employees is by no means confined to maintaining a school or even a course of formal instruction. One big concern engaged in making heavy machinery has been highly successful without any school whatever. Under ordinary trade conditions it employs about twelve thousand men. The founder of this great enterprise did not care for college trained men, to say the least. He preferred boys from the grammar schools and high schools. Instead of scanning the young men about to graduate from the colleges and technical institutions for recruits he did his scouting for young timber among the principals and teachers of the common schools. His policy in this respect has been loyally perpetuated by his successors.

Systematic Promotions

The young men hired are between sixteen and eighteen years old. When they are taken on they are told substantially this:

"Everybody here begins at the bottom, where you are starting. You will never find your progress blocked by anybody brought in from the outside and set in a position higher up along the line. How far you go here is actually up to you. All of the men immediately over you have their eyes on you. It's part of their job not only to watch you but to help you by instruction. Keep in touch with them."

From the president's office there is a steady, insistent pressure on the superintendents and foremen to get closer to their men. Repeatedly the warning is passed along down the line: "Keep a sharp eye on your crowd."

In the Employment Office each man has his record card, and at regular intervals his standing is brought down to date by his department manager, who gives him his rating.

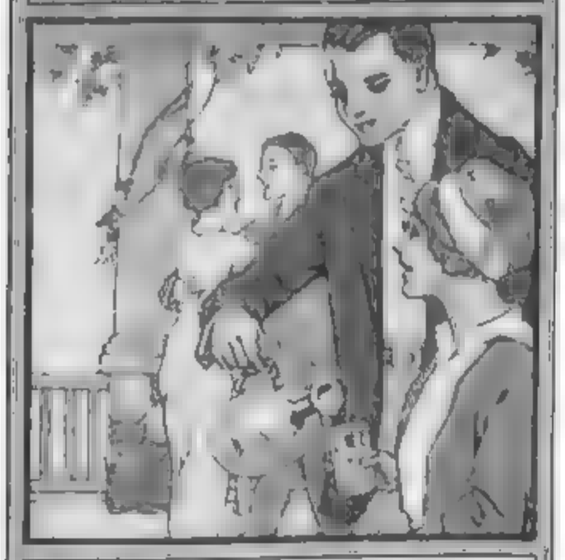
"A" indicates that he is good timber for promotion; "B," that he does his work well in his present position; and "C" spells: "We can get along with him." Other and more detailed information is entered on the record. If he is especially able along a certain line, this fact is noted. If he shows symptoms of being able to handle others this faculty shows up in red, so to speak, on the record. The general policy is to shift the beginners about considerably, in order to broaden their knowledge of the business and to bring them under different men. The young man who gets "A" from several department heads is regarded as marked for a swift climb.

When there is a chance to promote a young man to a position of some little importance in some department, the Employment Office does not place in the hands of the committee the cards of the picked "A" class men of that department only, but of all the departments. Then the sifting begins. When the decision is made, the manager of the department in which the fortunate young man happens to be located is consulted. Promotion here means competition with the whole line, all departments. But on the other hand the candidates know that outsiders are strictly barred.

How does this plan of promotion work out in practical results? All of the administrators of the business admit that it is too good to change; that it is filling all the executive positions with men who have come up from the bottom, who know the product, the policy and the men of the organization, and who feel that it is about the fairest concern in the country.

A certain superintendent, having about five thousand men under him and drawing a heavy salary, was, seven years ago, a young machine hand in one of the shops.

THERMOS



For the "Young Folks"

WHO hasn't longed for a cool drink "between dances"? With THERMOS it is always to be had.

In fact every member of the family at every age has need of THERMOS, which keeps liquids ice cold for three days or steaming hot for 24 hours.

It is indeed a good servant in the home.

Originally expensive, the price of THERMOS makes it now an actual economy

Bottles from	$1.00	up
Jugs "	3.50	"
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It is ideal for traveling, automobiling, hunting, fishing, yachting, camping and picnicking.

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A THERMOS kit for children and "grown-ups" keeps liquids hot in winter months, and cool in summer, for the noon-day meal.

Do not accept as truthful representations that all temperature retaining bottles are genuine THERMOS vessels. For your protection and ours look for the name THERMOS stamped plainly on the bottom.

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PATENTS

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Established 1865—602 F Street, Washington, D. C., New York City and Chicago. Manufacturers buy good patented ideas. BOOKLET FREE.

The foreman wanted a "straw boss." This young man and his record looked good, and so he was made a "straw boss," having a little gang of men under him and receiving five cents an hour extra. This always means "marked for promotion" in the shops of this concern. Shortly he qualified for assistant foreman, and then he was on his way toward the top.

The first vice-president is a good example of this card-catalogue system of promotion along another line. One day the board decided that the organization was in need of a certain new department. To build that department was a man's job, and a task out of the ordinary run of business. Consequently the man to tackle this work must have certain unusual qualifications. The cards of the employment office were combed fine, with the result that a very quiet young salesman in a branch house was elected to the ordeal. This brought him into personal contact with the chief officers of the company. He soon found himself elected assistant secretary, then secretary, then third vice-president and finally first vice-president. The jump from assistant secretary to first vice-president was made in five years.

This branch house salesman got his chance to make a showing before the men who sat round the directors' table—where he now presides when the president is absent!—because of the policy of the house to promote from the inside, not the outside; to have every man in authority close to his crowd, to have the live ones of the whole service spotted on the records and considered for every opening ahead of them.

It would be an evident impossibility to convince any official of this company that this policy of development and promotion is not a paying one. The head of one of the largest selling organizations in the West is a man of mature years, whose success in the development of men is the admiration of all familiar with his work. He confesses that he belongs to the old school and that he is not quite up, perhaps, on all the modern "developers." But he laughingly declares that about as good a developer as he has ever been able to find is an open office door, and a knowledge on the part of every man in his employ that he can walk through that door, and get a pleasant welcome and a hearing on anything that he feels should be talked over.

The Old Man's Discovery

When a young man in his organization begins to study the product handled by that organization that word is passed along the line, and the young man—he may be the newest office boy—has tagged himself as a bright particular prospect.

Scarcely any other policy could prevail in the office, for one of the ablest executives in it won swift promotion from a stenographer's desk by deliberately mastering about all the available knowledge of the products of the concern—at least that portion of it to be found in books, bulletins and scientific reports. Every waking hour when not engaged in taking dictation or transcribing it he devoted to this study. An undergraduate carrying a four years' college course in two could not have crammed more consistently than this man who had reached the quiet determination to go up higher.

Naturally the Old Man soon discovered he was dictating letters to a man who should be pushing buttons and controlling the movements of men and cars. His discovery seemed quite wonderful to him, but to those who felt the spirit of the open door it appeared quite natural that the stenographer should have been inspired to such ambitious exertions. To warm an organization into life and spur men to strides in development, an open door into the head office is no mean agency.

Keeping cases on a man in railroad work is not an easy matter, but even in this scattered and hard-driven kind of an organization the discerning eye of authority may catch the most timid signal of talent and give it the right of way for further orders. How this is done is illustrated by the experience of a young telegrapher who was substituting in the dispatcher's office. He was assigned to make a trip over the line in the official car of the superintendent. In the party was a college man whom the operator supposed to be a graduate civil engineer. From the talk between the superintendent and the engineer the operator soon learned that the purpose of the trip was to determine where derails should be put in order to prevent freight cars

This is *Josh Slinger*

Last year the Charles E. Hires Co. offered $500 for a name for this young man. Thousands of suggestions were received from friends of HIRES. After careful winnowing, the name of Josh Slinger, proposed by T. H. Warren, of Philadelphia, was adopted, and this smiling young soothsayer was christened Josh Slinger with a bottle of bubbling HIRES.

Though new at the game, Josh Slinger already is famous for captaining the drink of drinks that fears no morning after. He has been hired for

Hires

Sold at fountains and in bottles at grocers', fruit stands, etc.

because he's as breezy during the "hot spell" as the hurricane deck of an ocean steamship. He's the friend of all those with lean, attenuated thirsts in the offing, for with HIRES you can really enjoy sweltering days—one glass, and thirst is buried to its hilt.

Already Josh Slinger has helped the Hires Co. outgrow their old quarters. The new factory shown here became a necessity to keep pace with the thirst for HIRES that this country has developed. It is equipped with every modern facility for keeping HIRES extraordinary.

If you know Hires, you love it for its good taste. If you like milk drinks, ask for a milk shake or malted milk with Hires for flavor. It's great!

To Soft Drink Dispensers

Get in league with Josh Slinger. Send at once for the details of HIRES 1915 special deals that mean big profits for you.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We asked an automobile salesman for his opinion of Model 42. "I believe," he said, "that Model 42 looks from $300 to $400 better than any other car in its class—without taking into consideration at all mechanical superiorities."

An Accurate Copy of our Big Six—a $2975 Car

MODEL 42 lists at $1285, yet compares favorably with $2,000 and $3,000 cars,—is an accurate image of the Big Six Oldsmobile.

It is light in weight, with five-passenger body and four-cylinder valve-in-head motor, and does its work at small cost. Total weight 2500 pounds. Average fuel consumption 18 to 22 miles per gallon. Economical of oil. Easy on tires—most owners get considerably over the guaranteed mileage.

Every reader of The Saturday Evening Post may have the illustrated story of this car. Kindly specify booklet 24.

Oldsmobile

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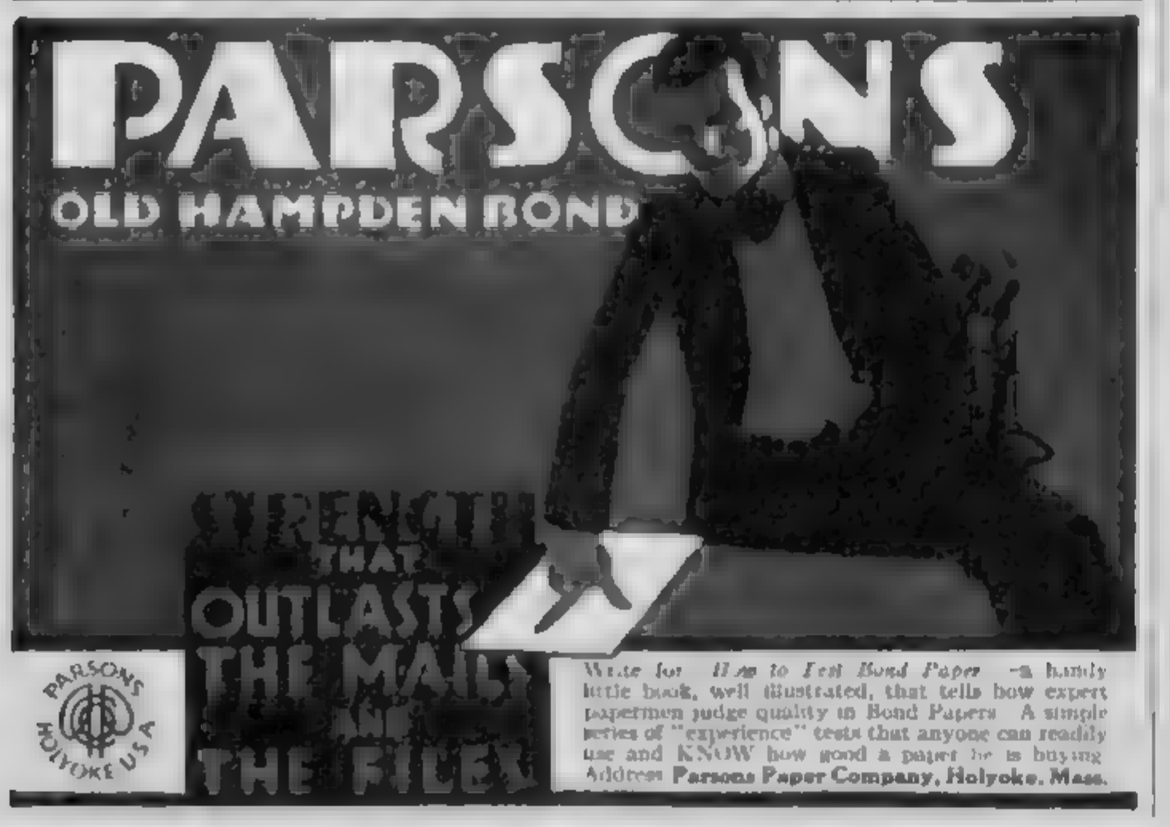
LANSING . . MICHIGAN

Getting Along in the World is mainly a matter of energy. If you want to increase your income, and are energetic enough to put in a few spare hours each week getting subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*, write for particulars to Agency Division, Box 824, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.



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on sidings from being blown out upon the main track. A serious accident had occurred from this cause only a short time before. They stopped to examine one siding that was located where the main track described a sweeping curve. Near the end of the siding from which any cars might have been blown by the prevailing winds was a gravel-pit spur used by work trains. As the superintendent's eye took in the situation he remarked:

"Seems to be no doubt that a derail will be needed here."

"Not necessary," responded the young engineer. "We'll set the spur switch open and then no car can blow out on the main track."

This was the operator's first close contact with an official, and he was consequently shy and disposed to keep in the background. But the remark of the young civil engineer sent a look into his face that told of great mental disturbance. This caught the eye of the superintendent, who shot the operator a glance that gave him the courage to speak out.

"Excuse me," he remarked in a voice that was not altogether steady, "but this siding is on a curve. If the work-train switch were set open, its light at night would show red to an approaching train on the main track and the engineer would think the siding switch open. It would block and hinder traffic."

"Oh, you don't know what you're talking about!" snapped the civil engineer.

"I think the boy's right," responded the superintendent. "Anyhow we can soon prove which of you has a credit coming to him."

The locomotive pulling the superintendent's special was sent out on the main track and demonstrated in short order that the operator had sized up the situation exactly. The superintendent had the discerning eye and did not require distinctive merit to flag him more than once. A little later he insisted that this operator be given a regular trick in the dispatcher's office, in place of another candidate that the chief dispatcher wished to promote. Occasionally he took time to talk with the operator and give him special things to read along railroading and telegraphic lines.

Promotion a Science

When a new book of rules appeared, the superintendent sent this young man—who was then a dispatcher—along the line to instruct the men. In a surprisingly short time he was made roadmaster at an important point. To-day he is vice-president of one of the most important systems in America.

This incident is typical of the kind of development that takes place in the handling of railroad men. In railroading—and in every other industry, for that matter—one of the truest signs that a man is good, solid timber and ripe for promotion is a proof of the fact that he is able to see promotion possibilities in those under him or about him, and that real talent has to give him the sign but once in order to be spotted.

The vice-president and general manager of a large express company in the West declares that every route agent traveling for his company has instructions to "tie a tag on any agent that is originating new business."

In the opinion of this official, who has about fifteen thousand employees, nothing should so emphatically mark a man as having the capacity for big growth as "digging up something brand new in the way of business." He says:

"The constructive element is what counts in any man in business. The express agent who pulls ten dollars' worth of business out of the air, so to speak, makes a far greater impression with me than the agent that takes a hundred dollars' worth of traffic away from a competitor. One has the ability to rise to a big emergency, and the other looks at the visible supply of traffic and believes that it defines the limits of expansion."

No man can dig into the field of industry to-day without finally coming to feel that ability is bound to have a fairer chance tomorrow than it had yesterday, not only for discovery but for consistent and systematic development; that favoritism and pull are daily losing ground as means of securing advancement; that promotion is fast becoming a science instead of a game wherein bosses little and big vent their personal whims and play the rôles of Kings of Destiny to their men.

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THIS is the sensational announcement we have been able to make after years of careful experimenting. A plan whereby you can save money on first grade fabric made tires guaranteed to wear 4,000 miles. We employ no salesmen, maintain no branches, suffer no credit losses and our manufacturing facilities are ideal. It is in this way we can sell and guarantee Buckskin Tires at the following low prices. Every BUCKSKIN TIRE sold under a 4,000-MILE ADJUSTMENT GUARANTEE. If any BUCKSKIN TIRE fails to wear 4,000 miles, we will issue a credit in full on the unexpired mileage, paying expressage both ways on the transaction. We wish to impress upon you the importance of a large manufacturer selling tires and tubes direct from factory to the automobile owner.

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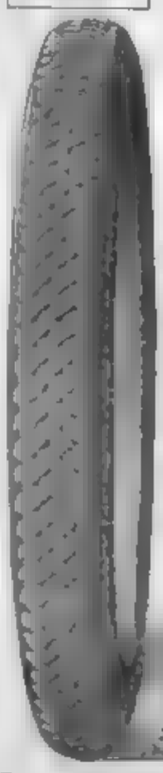
are made by the highest class of skilled workmen at the finest manufacturing plant [illegible] and [illegible] are unsurpassed. Before you buy tires, write us for our proposition. It will be to your interest to make [illegible] we will be glad to [illegible]

Our Patented Basket Weave Non Skid Tread



Note This Partially Complete Price List

SIZE	PLAIN	NON-SKID	TUBE
[illegible]	$8 46	$9 40	$1 [illegible]
[illegible]	10 [illegible]	11 [illegible]	[illegible] 34
[illegible]	[illegible]	13 80	2 45
[illegible]	15 84	17 74	3 42
[illegible]	16 12	[illegible] 7	3 51
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5 x 5	28 90	[illegible] 4	5 45
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*Made in Clincher or straight side

SEND FOR COMPLETE PRICE LIST [illegible]

TERMS Our terms are [illegible] on approved [illegible]

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Makers of Rubber Goods Since 1904
Dept. K Carrollton, Ohio
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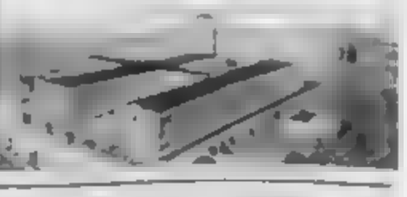

Which Spark Plug?

You can safely rely upon the judgment of the Fire Dept. of New York City, the U. S. Navy Department, the Colonial Armour & Co. [illegible] who have selected the HERZ PLUG. HERZ PLUG is the trade name of Berger Mercedes [illegible] Porcelain but Did Not Split. Does not [illegible] Fouling Plugs and Increases Mileage. [illegible] Model [illegible] Sent on receipt of $1.50 if no dealers or direct from us.

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Colors, Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet preparations, etc. Over 250 [illegible] capital required. Experience unnecessary. Full instructions for beginners. Fine light [illegible] Write [illegible]

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PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturer in want Owen [illegible] Send for [illegible] get patent or no fee. Mail [illegible]
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Tarvia makes possible Good Roads at Low Cost

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They are a great factor in the promotion of general prosperity.

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The Tarvia also has the effect of making the road surface waterproof and preventing raveling by rain torrents.

Under heavy loads a tarviated road is somewhat elastic—not brittle—and traffic wears it smoother.

Such a road is dustless, mudless and automobile-proof.

Of importance to taxpayers, its cost is more than repaid by the *saving in maintenance expenses.*

Thousands of miles of tarvia roads are giving satisfactory service today and hundreds of towns are using Tarvia regularly. In fact, many up-to-date towns build *every* new road with Tarvia and find that they *save money.*

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In order to bring the facts before taxpayers and road authorities, the Barrett Manufacturing Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems

If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity the matter will have the attention of the Barrett Manufacturing Company's engineers. Information will be furnished promptly on your own special road problems.

If you want *better roads and lower taxes,* consult this Department.

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Millions of critical smokers obtain "Perfect Satisfaction" the year 'round from this wonderful Turkish Blend of the world's choicest tobaccos. There is no mellower, sweeter, milder cigarette than MECCA, and it is this unsurpassed *Quality* that makes MECCA the largest selling brand in America today.

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CIGARETTES

In the oval foil package, 20 for **10c** In the handy slide box, 10 for **5c**

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

DOUBLED STAKES

(Continued from Page 9)

table he would be served by Margaret. That was worth something. You would have thought it worth a lot if you had seen Margaret.

She was a very blithe, very gay, very happy little girl, neat and trim, all dainty blue and gold, like an exquisite bit of Dresden china come to life. Words are such a spiritless, dull means for telling of her innocent, bright, unconscious charm! You would hear the airy ripple of her irrepressible laughter as she came tripping through the passage beyond the swinging doorway to the kitchen, and you would grow cheerfully expectant as you wondered what a girl with such a voice might look like; and then, when she would come flitting in, you would be sure to find the reality incomparably better than any expectation. Unless you were a most uncommonly crabbed person, with a confirmed grudge against young beauty and gayety, you would have ceased forthwith to notice that the windows were grimy and the walls scarred and the atmosphere unlovely. She was an illumination in herself, sunny and clear.

Yes; it was certainly worth a great deal to have Margaret wait on you. There was no mystery about Billy's scheming for his seat in the corner. The waitress who had the other end of the room was a stolid, bulky girl with lusterless red hair, who chewed gum with a steady, long, machine-like stroke of her full-muscled jaw. You would want her to go back to the kitchen as soon as she had served you; but you would hope with all your heart that Margaret would linger.

That's how Billy felt about it. But there was disappointment waiting for him. Skip Liggett sat at a table in the opposite corner and Skip was the center of things for Margaret.

Skip had not cared much for his supper. Though he had had a long start of Billy and Beckett he had not gone far. Most of his dishes were still quite untouched. He had given up all pretense of eating. He sat with an elbow on the table, his head supported on his hand; and with a fork in his other hand he traced aimless patterns on the cloth, his eyes bent moodily on the meaningless lines. His was the manner of one utterly downcast who is making no least struggle against his dejection. So much Billy saw in a quick, keen first glance. He made no comment. Beckett observed too; but Beckett's scrutiny was longer, more painstaking.

"Billy," he said in a dry whisper, "let's make that two dollars."

Billy nodded; and then he turned his thoughts to Margaret, who leaned over his chair to fill his water glass. His glance, upturned to her pretty face, was frankly admiring, unmistakably appreciative of her presence—a wholesome regard that any right-minded girl might have enjoyed. Margaret blushed and made a little mouth at him. She had a friendly liking for Billy; but there was nothing save unaffected friendliness in her feeling. She was not even at the pains of coquetting with him. Crisply she told over the items in the evening bill of fare and waited for his order.

"It all sounds so mighty good," he remarked, "the way your pretty voice says it. But it's goin' to be just the same old humdrum eatin' we always get, unless you'd happen to stick your pretty little thumb in the gravy while you're bringin' it in. Couldn't you do that for a person you're so fond of?"

She laughed as a child might have laughed, in genuine enjoyment of his foolery.

"You ought to sit at one of Sally's tables," she said. "Sally can't keep her thumbs out of things. But the guests sometimes complain of Sally's thumbs. You men are such an unreasonable lot!"

"No, we're not," said Billy. "That's just where you women-folks are always dead wrong. Pickin' and choosin' is the best kind of reasonableness. Oh, well! You might give me a couple of eggs. If you're goin' to be stubborn about your thumb I don't care how they come. Scramble 'em. And a piece of meat. I don't care what kind of a critter it come off of. And a cup of coffee."

Margaret took Beckett's order, too, but without the accompaniment of any badinage. To her, Beckett was merely a hotel customer, to be served in the way of business. Though she might serve him daily for a hundred years, she would not get past that feeling. Women did not with Beckett. That was a part of the price he paid for being what he was.

Then, on her way to the kitchen with the orders, she took an indirect way, crossing to Skip Liggett's table, standing at his side, speaking to him softly. What she said was inaudible to Billy. Out of the corner of his eye Billy saw that she laid her small hand lightly on Skip's shoulder. It was only a fleeting touch, but it was enough to galvanize the man out of his despond.

Slowly Skip raised his head, turning about to look at the girl beside him. Over his moody face suddenly there came a change that was a very transformation. If you had seen him at other times you would have been likely to call his face weak—not bad, or mean, or coarse, but merely weak. Nor was his the futile sort of weakness that runs back to a man's birth and beyond. It was not an innate weakness of feeble will or defective mind; it was rather the weakness of a man hopelessly confused by a life made up of odds and ends, of haps and mishaps, of circumstances that left him no choice of behavior but to follow the line of least resistance.

Once in a while you will meet a man who might have worn a title if he had played in just the least bit better luck—a man who has in him the raw material of a greatness that has never come to life. Ordinarily you would not have suspected that of Skip, perhaps; but you would have seen it shining as plain as day in that look he gave Margaret. It passed at once; but it had been there, and out of the corner of his eye Billy had seen it. He saw, too, the lapse that came as soon as Margaret was gone, the sharp subsidence from a brief but vital strength to an habitual dull, dead level of groping quandary.

Margaret came back from the kitchen presently with a fresh cup of coffee and set it down before him, speaking to him again in soft question. This time he did not respond. Roughly he pushed back from the table, leaving his cup untasted, and went out of the room. Margaret stood beside his chair, her eyes following him, and her heart too. She was taking no pains to conceal that; she could not have made it plainer if she had cried it aloud. It was perfectly plain to Billy.

Beckett spoke.

"Well, anyway, if Skip didn't do it you've got to own that he's got the face of a man that might. Now ain't he?"

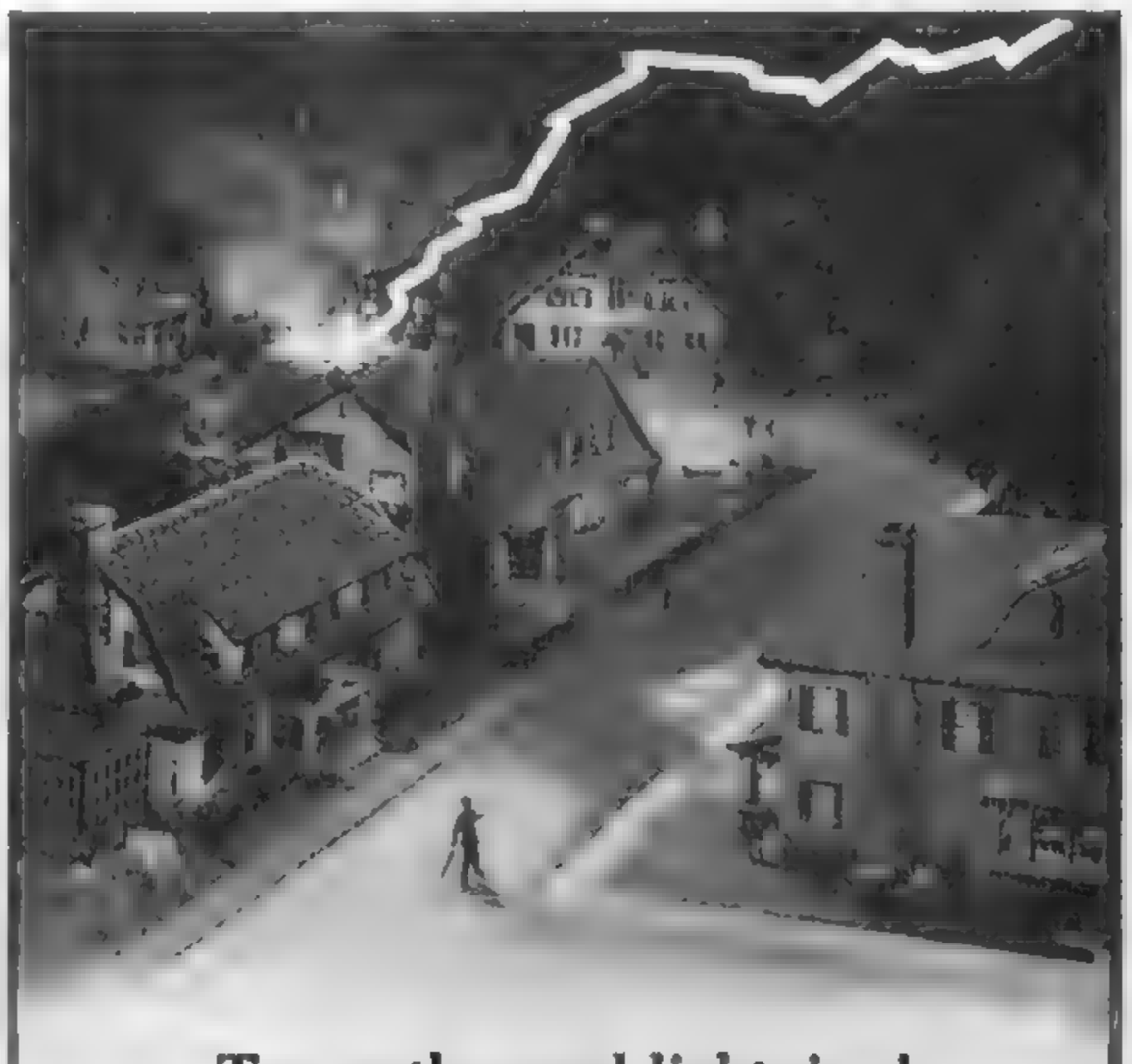
Billy avoided a direct answer.

"Talkin' of faces," he said quietly, "I wish you'd tell me what you can make out of them two comin' in now that Foster lad and his wife. Can you sense them?"

The Foster lad and his wife were a conspicuous pair. They might easily have attracted attention in a place much more cosmopolitan than the dining room of the Redstone Hotel; in a Wyoming cowtown they were wholly set apart. Dress made an item in the difference; carriage was another item, but there was something subtler than these mere items to make them aliens. A Chinese mandarin and his lady in broidered robes marching down the length of the dining room could hardly have been more entirely out of their proper setting than this Foster lad and his wife. They would have been conspicuous, maybe, but quite at their ease amid the gilt and glitter of an expensive resort in almost any big town anywhere east of the Mississippi, in an atmosphere wholly artificial; but in the Redstone Hotel dining room, with its point-blank free-and-easy manners and traditions, they were too conscious of themselves. Their affectation of ease was but a shabby counterfeit. They were very constrained and awkward.

Once they were seated at their table they were more self-possessed, more comfortable, but not wholly poised. A stray puncher, blowing in for his supper in leather chaps, with belt sagging across his hips and spurs scraping the floor, could have given them points on suitable behavior.

Foster was a small man, pale, thin featured, thin shouldered, with a pinched expression on his narrow-boned face, yet with an air of opulence about his well-clad person. Just as he sat, he had cost himself a lot of money. There was a lot of money in his handsomely tailored clothing; there was a lot of money in the blue diamond on



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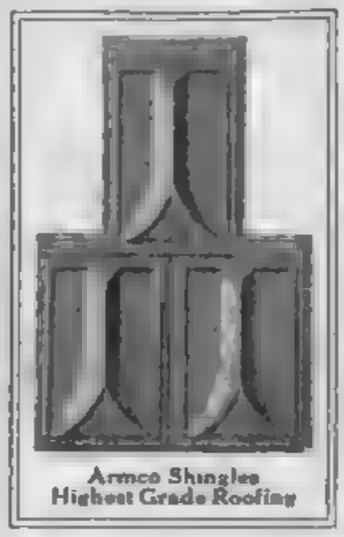

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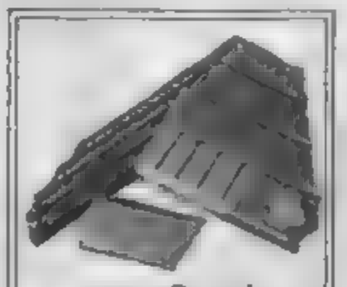
Armco Iron resists rust not only because it is the purest iron made, but because it is the most nearly perfect in respect to evenness and all the other qualities that are the basis of rust-resistance. Inspection is constant and severe; bars and sheets which show even the most minute defects are rigidly excluded. Armco Galvanizing is superior to that on ordinary material, because the purity of the base metal and of the zinc coating results in a more perfect bond and a much more efficient weather-resistance.



Armco Pressed
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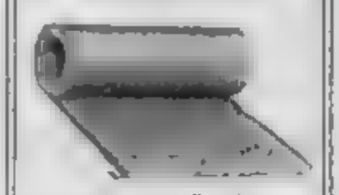

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his tie and in its mate that shone in a massive ring on his well-manicured hand. You would hardly have been justified in calling him a common vulgarian in his display; there was something about him that barely saved him from that charge. In short, he was a man of the sort that live on the middle ground between approval and condemnation.

"What do you think of him, Beck?" Billy asked. "Let me ask you this now: Would you be willin' to lend that man money if he come to you for it?"

At that, Beckett took a sharp look. The question was like a punch on the solar plexus of his intelligence. It jarred him to attention.

"Lend him money?" he echoed. "I don't know —— If he'd strike me now, looking as he does, I might take a chance on him from my pocket; but if he'd come to me at the bank and ask for the bank's money, I'd—well, I'd want to ask him a few questions. What do you know about him, Billy?"

"Not a thing in the world," said Billy; "only just what shows on him, besides what he says. He don't say much. He's a terrible close-mouthed man. James J. Foster, Baltimore—that's the way it reads on the book in the office—and wife. And he's talkin' about investin' money in copper down in the cañon. And he seems to have a plenty of it by the way he's spreadin' it round. A common little old dollar don't seem to mean nothin' at all to him. It's got to be a tenspot before that boy can even begin to understand it. He's fair crawlin' with it."

"Yes, I noticed that," Beckett said. "He was in the bank yesterday to cash a nice little pale-blue New York draft for a couple of hundred. There were some real names on that paper, Billy. And he picked it from a bunch an inch thick in his pocketbook. Beautiful! Son, if I had in my hands what that man has got on him, I'd play you some real poker to-night."

"All right," Billy said lazily. "That's fair enough. And what do you think about his wife?"

Beckett made a quick two-handed gesture, palms outward, as though he put something away from him with decision.

"O-oh, no!" he said. "No you don't! I'll discuss most things with you, Billy, but not women! You know that. I never could tell one woman from another, and I'll never be able to in this world." He laughed in whimsical appreciation of his own odd incapacity. "You put those clothes of hers on any woman alive and she'd look just exactly like that one to me. Any one of 'em is just like all the rest for me. And I'm not banking gold or silver on any of 'em. A woman and a trotting horse, Billy, are the two things in this world that I don't bet on. When I do any betting I want a show for my money. I'm not even looking at the Foster lady."

But Billy Fortune was looking at her—not boldly, but covertly and with interest. There were two kinds of women that interested Billy keenly—the kind he could understand, and the kind he could not. He owned to himself that the Foster lady baffled him. She would have baffled most men.

Any man might have been willing to concede her striking good looks—the fine harmony of her even features and the charm of her obviously natural, clear coloring, and the graceful lines of her well-clothed form; yet it would have puzzled him to discover any revelation of her woman'a self in this presentment she made. You could not fairly have called her cold or hard or studiously reserved; but somehow the sum total of her even features and her coloring, her modeling and her clothing, had in it just nothing at all of human disclosure. The longer he looked at her, seeking the human signs, the more Billy was disconcerted.

"I wish he'd get his letters," Billy drawled in a moment. "If I've got to go with him on that ride I'd sure like to be startin'. He's payin' me for my time while he waits; but I sure do hate to earn my money by waitin'. Nor I ain't goin' to wait for my pie, Beck. You stay if you want some. I'll see you in yonder when you get through. You needn't hurry. It's early yet to be startin' draw."

VI

BILLY drifted through the hotel office and out to the balcony-sheltered board walk on the street, one of the town's loafing places. A bench stood against the wall of the building on each side of the door. The hour of half-dusk was still too early for serious loafing; so Skip Liggett had no one to divide his bench with him. There he sat, at the far end, humped over, with his elbows on his knees and his tousled head buried in his hands, saturated in abject misery of spirit.

Skip gave no heed at all while Billy stood near, rolling his after-supper cigarette; he was heedless while Billy lighted his smoke and enjoyed it leisurely, down to the very butt. Billy had trouble in making up his mind; but by and by he flipped his stub into the dust of the road and sat down at Skip's side.

"Say, Skip," he drawled quietly, "you can get mad at me if you want to; but I'm talkin' friendly. Anybody can see you're worried to death about that Marguret girl. You haven't got the nerve to ask her, have you? I'm tryin' to be your friend in askin' that. But, if you want to, you can tell me it ain't a bit of my business."

Skip did not get mad; he seemed to be too far sunk in his profound dejection for any show of resentment. Slowly he raised his head, looking dully at the man beside him.

"No," he said listlessly; "I ain't got the nerve to ask her. And you know why. You've sure been my friend, Billy. And you know why. I can't! I'd give my heart right out of me if I could; but I just can't! I've been doin' all a man's able to live it down; but every time I look at her it comes up to me all over again—you know—the stripes! I've been wantin' to tell her; but it seems like I just can't do it. And it wouldn't be fair to her if I didn't, would it? It wouldn't, would it, Billy? That's what's near killin' me. I've got to tell her before I ask her; but I just can't do it. You can sense that. Oh, it's hell! You're the only livin' man here that knows, Billy. What would you do? You tell me!"

It was a cry straight from a troubled heart, but Billy did not meet it with any show of emotion. His manner was very casual as he found the "makin's" for another smoke and fashioned it with slow care.

"Skip," he said quietly, "if it was me I'd let it be the way it is for a little while. That's what I'd do. I wouldn't say a word to her for a while. I'd wait; and while I was waitin' I'd be sort of keepin' my eyes skinned and both my ears wide open. I can't tell you nothin' but that, because I've give my word I wouldn't; but you'll be bound to know soon enough. There's only one thing I'm goin' to tell you, Skip: You just kind of keep on rememberin' that I'm a friend of yours. Don't you go forgettin' that off your mind."

Without waiting for anything further Billy got up from the bench and went lazily away to his poker game. Never mind the poker game. It was nearing dawn when he went to his room for a bit of a nap, telling McGillicuddy "So long!" at his door; yet both were down for early breakfast, an hour or so later, with their native luster undimmed. Making a night of it never ruffled the placidity of their days.

It was very early; yet another guest went just ahead of them into the dining room. He was a square chunk of a man—thick legged, thick shouldered, bullet headed—whose black-bristled neck bulged out in beefy rolls over his collar. Even from the rear there was no escaping the fact that he wore an enormous coarse black mustache, for its tips showed sticking out beyond his beefy cheeks. You would not have needed to see his face to know what it looked like. Billy gripped Beckett's arm as they went down the hall together.

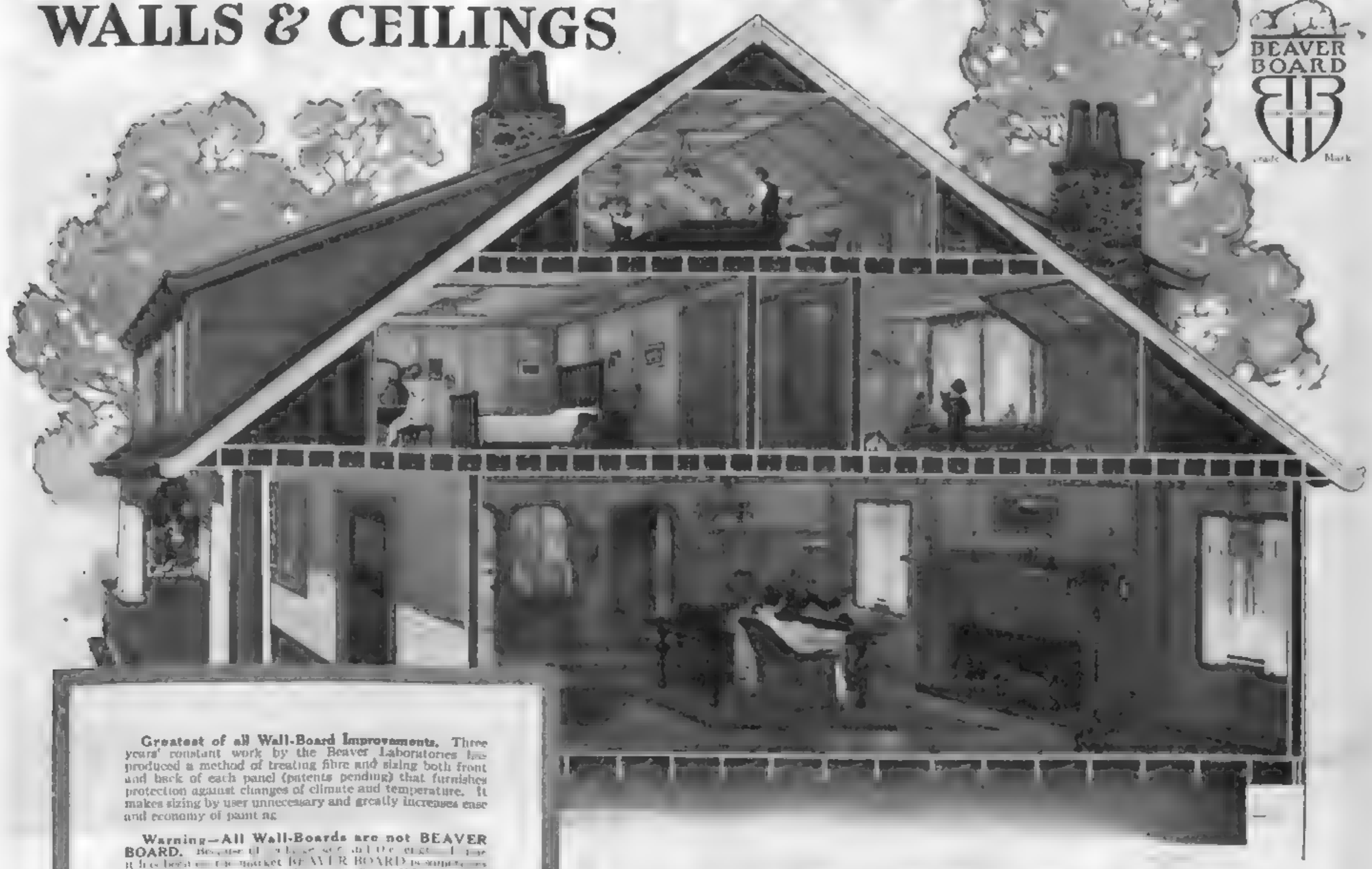
"Beck!" he whispered. "Look-ee! That man's terrible sleepy and tired and cross, ain't he? He's just got in on Number Twelve, and the porter rooted him out too early to suit him. And his bunion makes him cross too. It's a bad one; or else why should he be wearin' that one old shoe on his foot when the other's so squeakin' new? And he's goin' to kick about his breakfast real mean. And after that you won't see him at the bank till he wakes up from sleepin', along toward ten. Beck, that's Old Sleuth, from Chicago! It can't be anybody else. And—listen, Beck!—if that's him I'll just double that bet I made with you. Come on; let's make it a couple of hundred. I dare you!"

Beckett scanned the squat figure ahead; then he flashed a look into the face of the man at his side. Billy was setting a swift pace for so early in the morning; but Beckett was not yet carrying the rôle of banker.

(Continued on Page 57)

BEAVER BOARD

WALLS & CEILINGS



Greatest of all Wall-Board Improvements. Three years' constant work by the Beaver Laboratories has produced a method of treating fibre and sizing both front and back of each panel (patents pending) that furnishes protection against changes of climate and temperature. It makes sizing by user unnecessary and greatly increases ease and economy of paint ap

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Into the light of public interest swings the car of the future.

We cannot forecast the exact details of its engineering or its mechanical construction.

But this we do know: regardless of type, size or class, it will find its own Timken-Detroit Axles ready—its individual problems of axle design and correct correlation with all other parts of the car anticipated.

Anticipation has been the keynote of Timken-Detroit success—preparation for what is to come made possible by constant study of what is and has been.

This has been eminently true in the past. The pressed steel housing, used first by Timken, is one of many examples of this anticipation. It marked one of the first developments in the direction toward which all motordom is tending today—the lessening of weight, especially unsprung weight, with increased strength and still greater simplicity of design.

But the original design of that housing is not the design of today. Even while it was first appearing in motor cars Timken engineers were modifying and improving its design for the better motor cars that were to come. Just as they are today actually designing Timken-Detroit Axles for the still better cars of tomorrow.

As time goes on there will be still more elimination of parts made useless because of better materials and simpler design, less chance for annoyance and less need of accessibility for repairs and replacements.

We do not claim to be geniuses—revolutionizing axle construction over night—we are just a big organization of men, devoted heart and soul to the problem of building "make good" axles, each doing his part, studying, watching, anticipating, *every day*. Most big improvements are made up of the accumulation of many little ones. Timken watches the points less experienced axle makers frequently overlook.

When a car builder contracts for a year's supply of Timken-Detroit Axles he can be absolutely sure that he will be receiving at the end of that period better axles than he contracted for. Because he cannot help but get the benefit of the constant anticipation that makes possible the lighter, stronger and better axles for the future car.

So when you buy a new Timken-equipped car, regardless of price, size, or type, you have good cause for your belief that you have the very best set of axles that the brains and experience of the entire motor car industry have up to that time made possible.

Already the public is watching with interest for the Timken-equipped cars of the future.

You will be interested in the names of the coming cars that use Timken Axles and Bearings. Write for "The Companies Timken Keeps" and the Timken Primer A-", "On Motor Car Axles." Both books sent free, postpaid. Your request brings only the books—no salesmen, no letters.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING COMPANY
Canton, Ohio

(Continued from Page 54

"All right," he said; "I'll go you! Let it ride for a couple of hundred, then!"

VII

IT MADE no difference at all whether you looked at Dan Higdon from the front or the rear or the side. All there was of him appeared from any point of view. If you caught a glimpse of his coarse red face, with its thick nose and its solid jaw and its dull eyes, you would not think of asking for a view of the back of his coarse red neck before you made up your mind about him; or if you saw him first from the side, with his bulbous profile and his paunch, that was quite enough. No part of Dan's make-up contradicted any other part; he harmonized perfectly with himself, from end to end and through and through.

You might have picked him out, with no second thought, as a gross feeder, a gross liver, a gross thinker; you would have known at once that he had but one guiding rule of behavior—to do the obvious and expedient thing. He had no delicate perceptions, no moral hesitations. He was a man who would get his results by coarse force and not by any subtlety. When the caricaturists portray the breed of men that live by grafting pickings from the bone of the under dog, they draw faces like Dan Higdon's.

After the beginning of his business day at the bank, Beckett K. McGillicuddy watched the clock curiously while he waited for Dan's appearance. He was remembering Billy Fortune's forecast: "You won't see him at the bank till he wakes up from sleepin', along toward ten." As the minutes passed he was impelled to an exasperated concurrence in Billy's judgment. He had not doubted that Dan was, in fact, his hired sleuth from the Chicago agency.

It was 10:10 when Higdon came in from the street, wearing his derby hat pulled low over his black brows, a fat black cigar tilted in the corner of his fat mouth. He was dressed with vast ostentation. Across the front of his waistcoat lay a double watchguard as thick as a dog-chain, massively plated, heavily sealed. On his shirt bosom was a large but poor diamond, set in a stud. He was not a man whose temperament leaned toward gems of purest ray serene; he would want a big one rather than a good one, a stone that would force itself on notice. That taste had guided the choice of his suit of dull purple and dull green, and his spreading satin bow-tie. You must have felt his presence even in pitch darkness. He had made only one compromise in his flashy ensemble—the shoe on his bunion-afflicted left foot was old and shabby, with a patch cut out from over the side of his great toe.

With an air he chucked a business card through the wicket under Beckett's nose, making a swift appraisal of the commonplace little bank and its extraordinary presiding officer. Beckett glanced briefly at the card, then raised his pale eyes to Higdon's face. A business card might tell him very little; a face, though it was no more of a face than Higdon's, had a much greater interest. Beckett's judgments of men were based on their faces rather than on their conduct. His eyes did not appear as the eyes of a seer; but they saw a lot.

Just now they were seeing on Higdon's face Higdon's scornful opinion of Beckett K. McGillicuddy: "Boob!" There it was, plain as though stenciled in yard-long letters on a blank wall. If Higdon read in Beckett's cold eyes what Beckett thought of him, he was some reader! When Beckett chose, his eyes were no more than steely peepholes for his mind.

There was no long-lost-brother atmosphere about this meeting.

"Oh, yes!" Beckett's dry voice said. "From the World's Bankers and Jewelers' League Agency. Mr.—Mr. ——" He glanced again at the card, turning it to the light. "Mr. Higdon. Will you come in?"

Higdon moved bulkily through the swinging gate in the railed inclosure. He had not yet spoken. That was a trick of his trade—to hold his speech through the early part of a meeting like this, and so let his first words gain in importance. The effect was supposed to be impressive, disquieting. "Wait till you see the whites of the enemy's eyes"—something like that, you know.

Beckett's long arm indicated a chair beside the littered desk standing behind the counter; but Higdon disregarded the hint.

"Not here! Ain't you got some place that's private? We don't want the town hearin'." His voice had exactly the quality you would have expected; it was thick and fat, at the extreme other end of the scale from Beckett's thin utterance. Higdon's voice sounded as though oil dripped from every bearing; Beckett's sounded as though it had not been greased all summer. Beckett's tone was at its driest.

"There isn't another soul anywhere round; so we're almost alone. But if it's privacy you want we can open that hall door and stand behind it. You can take a look at the safe here before I tell you the rest of it."

Higdon rejected that suggestion too.

"Never mind about the safe now. Wait till we've talked business some. You understand this is a business deal between you and the Agency, and it's got to be run like one."

"Yes?" said Beckett. "Well?"

Higdon brought from an inner pocket a portentous packet of papers and picked from the bunch the most impressive of the lot, opening it with a flourish and spreading it on the desk. It was fairly solemn in its heavy stiffness of paper, in its elaborate scrollwork and thick red underlining and broad gilt seals—to say nothing of its bold black "Whereases" and "Now Therefores." Beckett stooped over, leaning on the desk, and glanced from clause to clause.

The document was a policy of insurance made out by the World's Bankers and Jewelers' League Agency, issued to the Bank of Redstone, Wyoming, pledging protection against burglary. Beckett's eyes caught at the premium clause, half obscure in small type toward the bottom. The figures written in struck him as a safe-cracking in miniature; but he spoke no protest. He glanced from the paper to Higdon and waited for the sleuth to go on.

"The Agency don't ever work on a bank case," said Higdon, "except for a bank that's holdin' a policy in the League. You've got to come into the League before we can get busy runnin' down this case. If you'd been in the League this wouldn't have happened."

"Wouldn't it?" Beckett returned, his habitual dryness becoming a very drought. "You mean that if this crook had found this policy in the safe —— But suppose he hadn't rummaged through the document file and hadn't stumbled on it?"

"He'd never have opened the safe at all," said Higdon; "because we give a brass plate to our banks to fasten up over the cashier's window: Protected by the World's Bankers and Jewelers' League Agency! that's what it says. A crook that sees one of them plates in a bank, he don't touch the safe. See?"

"I see," Beckett said. "He just comes in and takes a look, then turns round and walks right out again. Very simple! Well, and if I pay for this policy, then what?"

"That policy's only for next year," said Higdon. "It's got nothin' to do with what's happened already. When you've took out the policy, so you're a full member of the League, then you're entitled to hire our services for what's happened. I'll take the case. But it's got to be understood that I've got to be allowed to work with a free hand. You understand that. I ain't workin' under instructions from the bank. I work my own way. The Agency charges twenty a day for one man, and all expense money. Here's the contract for that."

Beckett pondered briefly; then he signed the papers and met Higdon's minor demands. While this was going on, though he gave attention to the details, a question flickered now and then across the surface of his mind—a mere will-o'-the-wisp of thought: Was he acting now in his rôle of Beckett K. McGillicuddy, sober-minded banker and business man, or just in his private character as Beck, who loved a sporting proposition? Somehow he could not quite avoid a fleeting suspicion that he had grown a bit confused about the hour of the day.

He signed, though; and then, with a little wad of expense money tucked away in his pocket, Higdon gave his professional mind to the matter in hand, examining the wrecked safe very wisely, wandering about through the bare room with the manner of one whose nose is keenly on the scent. You have seen multitudes of sleuths behaving just so on the stage. He was doing no talking and asking no questions; all his mental strength was concentrated most impressively on sleuthing in its purely dramatic aspects. If only you might have seen him pause now and then in his walk for a moment of profound reflection!

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"All right!" he said presently, coming to the surface of his abstraction. "All right!" As he said it, there seemed nothing more to be said. "It's a hard case but not hopeless. He covered his signs pretty well; but he didn't cover 'em all if you know how to read 'em. Now just a minute. Is there anything you can tell me besides what I can see? You said in your wire he'd took seventy-two hundred dollars after he'd blowed the safe. Is that all you know? What about the people in your town? Is there any of them ——"

Skip Liggett's name rose in Beckett's memory; but he shook his head promptly. He had made up his mind as to what he would do about Skip Liggett—he would keep his mouth shut. What had he to go on save suspicion? If Skip were the guilty man, let Higdon find it out. That was what Higdon had been hired for. So Beckett shook his head.

"No," he said; "I don't know a thing more than you do—just what's to be seen right here in the bank. You'll have to dig up the thief yourself."

VIII

BILLY FORTUNE was not much of a hand for precepts and wise saws. A very few plain, simple rules sufficed him. These rules, though, were mostly direct.

"If you've got a hand you want to play"—so ran one of them—"play it for all you think it's worth; but don't go overlookin' the other man. The other man, he's liable to count for as much as what you've got in your hand. Keep noticin' him!"

Billy consistently practiced his own rules. So, having bet his hand in this little game, he "kept noticin'." Having nothing in particular to do till Foster should say the word, he was loafing through that morning—smoking, whittling, gossiping, drifting up and down the street. From the sunlit bench on the hotel porch he saw Higdon go to the bank for his midmorning interview with McGillicuddy; waited in lazy amusement until Higdon emerged; watched in lazy amusement as Higdon's squat, nondescript figure went ambling up the other side of the street, turning in for a little time at the post office and the drug store and the blacksmith shop.

Billy guessed what he was after—that he was merely having a look round, feeling his way, sizing things up. Billy guessed, too, that Beckett would have told Higdon of the townspeople's ignorance of the robbery. There was only one open question in Billy's mind: Would Beckett maybe have dropped a word about Skip Liggett?

"No," was Billy's first answer to the query. "Beck ain't the man to do that. Beck's human." Then, after a moment: "Wait, now, Billy! Mebbe he ain't so horrible human when he's bankin'. You don't know whether he is or not. He might 'ave. You might 'ave yourself if you had Beck's job and was responsible like he is. Wouldn't you be playin' your whole hand, instead of just a part of it, if that was what you'd been trusted to do? Wouldn't you now?" He debated that for a little time, trying to come to a conclusion that would convince himself. "I'd sure like to know!" he pondered. "Well, what's the matter with askin' Beck? He'd say whether he had or not if you asked him. Yes, but I ain't goin' to ask him. I ain't goin' to win his money by coaxin' him to tell me things. I'll have to figure it out."

He was still figuring when he saw Higdon cross the street at the upper end and begin his return progress to the hotel. He turned in at the bar; and Billy judged that was done on his own account and not in the service of the bank. Higdon would be wanting his drink before dinner. Billy followed after a minute or two.

Higdon was at one of the tables across from the bar, his tortured foot resting on another chair, his drink before him. He was taking whisky, and he had called for the bottle to be brought. He was not a man to take chances on a strange barkeeper's thrifty dole. He had had one drink; when that was settled he would be taking another, and while he waited he nursed his painful foot, easing the lacing of his shoe, wincing at the pain. So much Billy saw in a sidewise glance as he made his leisurely way to the bar, nodding a casual greeting to the stolid Pete.

"Gee whiz!" he said in whimsical lament. "Pete, ain't there some kind of a drink a man can fool himself with, times when he ain't drinkin' nothin'? Ain't you able to make me think I'm havin' a

(Continued on Page 61)

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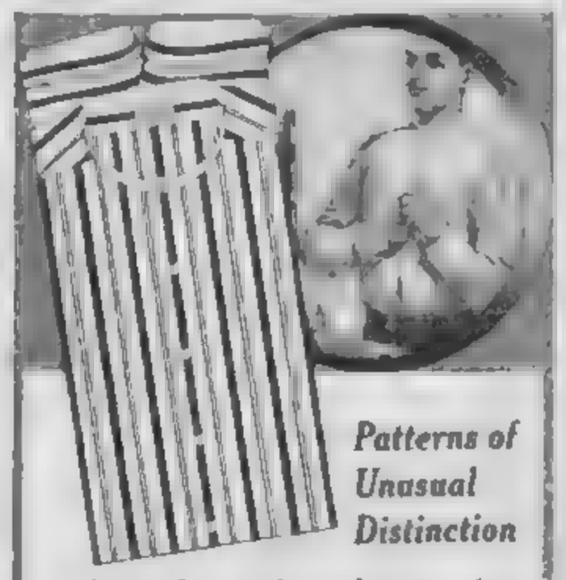

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A Community's Self-Respect

A local train on which I was recently traveling stopped at a small town. From the car window could be seen a dozen or more back yards. Heaps of refuse were scattered over the weedy ground. Here and there a tin can glistened in the sun.

The houses were dull, uninteresting and in bad repair. A couple of listless men boarded the train and sank into their seats, apparently thankful to be leaving the place.

An hour later we approached another town. There was no dismal outlook here. The back yards were carpeted with close-cropped grass and patterned with flower-beds. Fresh painted white fences separated the lawns. Most of the houses, I should say, had been recently painted.

"Is this the county seat?" I asked the conductor.

"No; that last town is the county seat," was his answer, "but this place is going to be. That other town hasn't got enough self-respect to fight the bill that will make the change. This town is a hummer. It deserves to win."

If I had been a member of the Legislature I know which way my vote would have gone.

President

(Continued from Page 58)

real drink when I ain't at all? How about ginger ale? I never did taste it; but it sounds as though one end of its name or the other might mebbe have a little excitement in it. Give me one of 'em, Pete, anyway."

The ginger ale begat in him no wild enthusiasm; after the first half-hopeful sip he merely toyed with it, passing unkind remarks on it. "Shucks! Pete, who'd ever bother inventin' a drink like that? Tastes like a Swede sheepherder had made it up. I used to know a Swede sheepherder that could take a piece of an old horse blanket and boil it in alkali water, and he'd have somethin' he was willin' to drink. But this drink ain't got even so much of a pedigree as that. You couldn't ever get to lovin' it; you couldn't even learn to hate it; you couldn't do nothin' but be sorry for it." He tried another disdainful sip, pushed the glass from him, and began rolling a cigarette. When that was made he seemed to have forgotten his drink. "Oh, say, Pete," he drawled, "you ain't happened to see anything of Skip Liggett this mornin', have you?"

Billy's back was squarely toward Higdon, but he squarely faced the broad mirror behind the bar. He saw Higdon, in the act of pouring his second whisky, pause, with attention so sharply diverted that he brimmed his glass over and wasted a man's drink on the table. You could not say that his fat ears were pricked up, but they were wide open. Higdon was suddenly as alert as a cat at a rathole. There was no least chance for mistake: Skip's name had caught the detective by the slack of his attention. That was enough for Billy. He hardly heeded Pete's dull answer to his question, but drifted away with the aimless manner of his entrance.

"Billy," he told himself outside, "I wouldn't hardly have thought it of Beck; no—honest, I wouldn't! You can't just exactly blame him, though, can you? It ain't his money that's gone; it's the bank's." He brooded over the niceties of the matter till a sudden notion shot athwart his mind, lighting his eyes, upturning the corners of his mouth. "Anyway, ain't you glad you didn't ask Beck if he's mentioned Skip? Because, if he'd told you, you couldn't have used it, could you? You'd have had to keep it to yourself. But now you've found it out fair and square." In a flash a second notion came to keep the first company: "Why, Billy, now you could —— Say, I wonder where Skip is."

IX

IT NEEDED no great pains to find Skip. Lacking a steady job Skip was playing a sort of catch-as-catch-can wrestling match with Industry, taking whatever hold he could get from day to day, picking up a few incidental dollars. On this morning he was helping to load a lot of beef steers at the stockyards below the edge of town. There Billy found him just before noon. Skip was no expert; he was laboring mightily with his prod-pole, doing his best but making hard work of it, gathering many needless blisters and shedding much needless sweat. For a little time Billy watched the futile performance; then he stepped to Skip's side.

"Here, Skip," he said, "let me take the pole a minute. You're just makin' 'em mill, so they're fightin' away from the chute. You want to keep cooler. A critter can tell when you're all worked up: and then he gets rattled too. Watch now! And keep close to me, so you can hear. I want to talk to you a little." He talked without pausing in the skilled use of his pole; a bystander would hardly have suspected anything at issue save the movement of the cattle.

"Skip," said Billy, "tell me this: Did you ever happen to know anything about a man named Dan Higdon? Some kind of a detective, he is. Did you ever know a man by that name?"

Watching, Billy saw Skip's toil-flushed face go suddenly white—white to the lips. He stood motionless, staring; only the tense muscles of his bared throat stirred convulsively as he struggled with his gasping breathing. Even the drops of sweat standing on his skin seemed to grow cold.

"Don't take it so hard, Skip," Billy said; "and don't let 'em see you standin' and lookin' like that. Act natural! Act as though you was payin' attention to the critters. I just wanted to know if you'd ever gone against Higdon before. Well, you have! And he ain't a friend of yours, is he?"

"Higdon!" Skip breathed. "Dan Higdon! Billy, that brute was a deputy warden when I was doin' my time in Kansas. If it's the same man—a short man, heavy and red and hairy—if that's him, Billy —— What is it? For God's sake, tell me!"

"That'll be the same man," Billy said. He paused long enough to coax an excited steer into the open chute, doing his work deftly. "Listen, Skip! Don't ask me to tell you the whole thing, because I can't. I'm tellin' you all I can. That man Higdon's in Redstone, lookin' for somebody. There's somethin' that's happened; and Higdon's come to locate the man that done it. I can't tell you what it was; but I'm tellin' you if I was you I'd be kind of keepin' out of Higdon's road for a spell. Yes, indeedy!"

"But, Billy ——" Skip began. Billy cut him off short.

"You hush your mouth! It ain't goin' to do you a mite of good to talk. You listen. You'd better do just what I tell you—you'd better hide out for a little bit. I've been thinkin' about what I'd do if it was me, and that's it. I wouldn't aim to get clear away; I'd just hide out. If it was me I'd sneak the first chance I could see and go ramblin' down along the other side of this string of cars, and then on below the bank, so you could keep out of sight till you got to where the long draw starts; and then I'd take right down the draw toward Red Butte and I'd go plumb up to the top of the butte.

"You know that place where me and you went to smoke out that mess of bobcats in the rocks. That's the place I'd go. There ain't any better place to hide in Wyoming than that. That's what I'd do, Skip; and I wouldn't be wastin' time about doin' it. The Higdon man knows you're here and he'll be sort of seekin' for you. You can make the top of the butte in an hour or so if you don't try to pack nothin' with you; nor I wouldn't. If it was me, and some of my friends knew I was up there like that, I'd be kind of expectin' that mebbe they'd get grub up to me, so I wouldn't be starvin'. Mebbe you won't have to be there long enough to do much starvin' anyway; but you'd better go, Skip—and go quick!"

Nevertheless, Skip stood stock still for a long minute, intent, brooding.

"I'm goin'," he said then, simply. "I don't know what you mean, Billy; but I'll go. I'm trustin' you to know what you're talkin' about, because I don't." He gave a short, bitter laugh. "But me runnin' away from Dan Higdon! Lord! Look here!" With a swift movement he thrust the left sleeve of his shirt from his forearm, baring his elbow. The joint was distorted, misshapen; and on the white flesh above was the broad, livid scar of a cruel hurt.

"See that?" he cried. "Higdon did that for me—smashed it when he had me where I couldn't fight back. And there's other places on me that'll be there when they bury me. That brute Higdon gave 'em to me! And now I'm runnin' away from him when I've been hopin' and prayin' for three years that mebbe sometime I'd meet up with him! And now I'm runnin ——"

"That's just exactly the very thing you ain't doin'," Billy complained. "You're just standin' plumb still. Get a move on, Skip! I'm tellin' you! If you've got to talk we can talk about it after a while, up on the butte. I'll trail up there, with some canned truck, along in the middle of the afternoon. Judas Priest! Skip! Go!"

Still Skip lingered.

"I wouldn't budge a step just to get away from Dan Higdon," he said, "not if it was only myself. But, Billy—God knows I don't want to get into any more trouble now. I want a chance, because, Billy—Margaret—if I had a chance ——"

Somehow Billy prevailed on him. When he was gone Billy abandoned his prod-pole and made his way leisurely back to town. There he fooled round for an hour, killing time, going late to his dinner, making his behavior as conspicuous as he could—and then slipping away by and by for his errand to Red Butte. He was in town again a full hour before suppertime, loitering about in the rollicking humor of one who has nothing whatever on mind or heart.

X

IT WAS in that humor that Billy joined McGillicuddy for supper in their favorite corner of the dining room. Beckett, however, was not in high spirits. Though Billy tried again and again, Beckett would not rise to any of his challenges for a wordy tilt; he was palpably depressed. It was not at all like him to carry that sort of temper into the evening hours.

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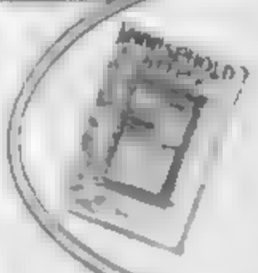

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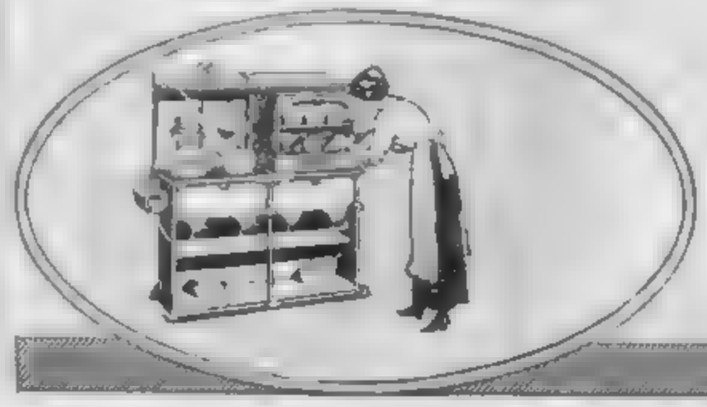

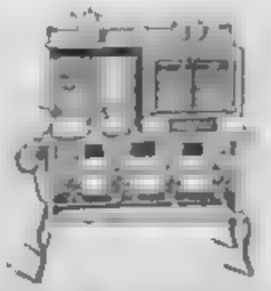

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"Beck," Billy said by and by, his voice at its laziest, "if it was me that was hirin' that sleuth lad I'd feel I was gettin' cheated. I'd want my money's worth. He's been goin' round all day lookin' just the same as he looked this mornin' at breakfast. I always thought a sleuth had to disguise himself up some. That's the way they did when I used to read about 'em."

Beckett turned troubled eyes on Billy's careless face.

"He's a sight better than he looks," he said gravely. "He's spotted the man we want. It's Skip Liggett, Billy—and no mistake."

Billy's swift change of manner was masterly. Sharp surprise, chagrin, pain and sorrow came in turn, in fine simulation.

"Oh-h!" Billy said. "No! Beck, you ain't meanin' it!"

"I'm talking just to you, Billy," Beckett said. "Skip isn't under arrest yet. He's likely to be arrested to-morrow, after Higdon has picked up some more of the evidence he wants. He knows enough now to make him sure, he says. It looks bad, too. Liggett's been a rotten egg. He's an old hand. He's done time in a penitentiary. Higdon knows his record, and it's bad."

"Well, for pity's sake!" Billy put down his knife and fork, and neglected his supper for a time, giving his whole mind to his comedy. "Beck, I swear I wouldn't have thought it of Skip. No, I wouldn't! But you're plumb sure he's the man that got your money? There ain't any chance at all that you're wrong? Say, are you sure enough so you could take the money for them bets off of me now?"

Beckett smiled faintly, unmirthfully.

"No; never mind the bets just now. Higdon hasn't got the cold proofs yet; but he's told me enough to make me feel a lot more certain about it than I wish I did. I'm certainly sorry for Skip; I can't help it."

Billy trifled with his food abstractedly for another minute, as though he shared to the full Beckett's evident and honest regret; then, as with an effort, he shook off that feeling and gave his mind again to his plate.

"Well," he drawled lightly, "you can't ever tell, can you? Nor you can't change a thing like that by worryin' about it. If Skip's the one and Higdon can prove it to the jury, me and you will just have to let it be that way, won't we? Are you goin' to worry about it? I ain't. It don't pay, Beck. I've found that out. I'm goin' to play draw to-night just the same as though I'd never heard of any such a person as Skip Liggett. Ain't you? If I can't win your money by bettin' on Skip, I can win it from you at draw."

Beckett grinned.

"Yes, you can!" he retorted. "We'll see!" Plainly his grief over Liggett's ill fate was not quite past the point of consolation.

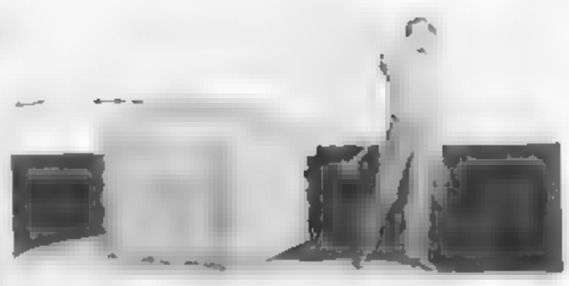
Billy carried his buoyant humor with him as he left the table and went out to the porch for his first evening smoke. Rolling his cigarette he whistled a gay tune, patting an accompaniment on the floor with his spurred boots. His hat was set well back on his head, its brim jauntily uptilted. Those were unfailing signs with him. He was feeling very fit indeed. More than anything else, after his cigarette, he would have enjoyed a right-minded companion on his bench for an hour or so of light conversational give-and-take, to sharpen his wits before the evening's game began; but that was denied him.

Dan Higdon sat on the bench at the other side of the porch, picking and sucking at his teeth, sullenly nursing his bad foot in bilious mood. There was no companionship in him; nor was there anybody more promising than he in sight. At that hour the street was quite empty of human life. The only living creature that caught Billy's eye just then was a stray dog ambling up the middle of the dusty roadway, tacking from side to side, stopping now and then to sniff—a dog quite unattached, quite purposeless, questing for whatever might turn up.

"Gee whiz!" Billy meditated. "Ain't it humdrum though! There ain't a thing happenin'. Where'll we go, Billy? Oh, let's just wait here a minute. A whole lot might happen in a minute."

A whole lot did happen, though no man might have suspected its portent. On such little, little pegs may Destiny hang her most stunning events!

(TO BE CONCLUDED



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Suppose, though, that the cotton were twisted into hard, fine threads—it would cut like cheese.

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are absolutely fast color and made from the best of cotton.

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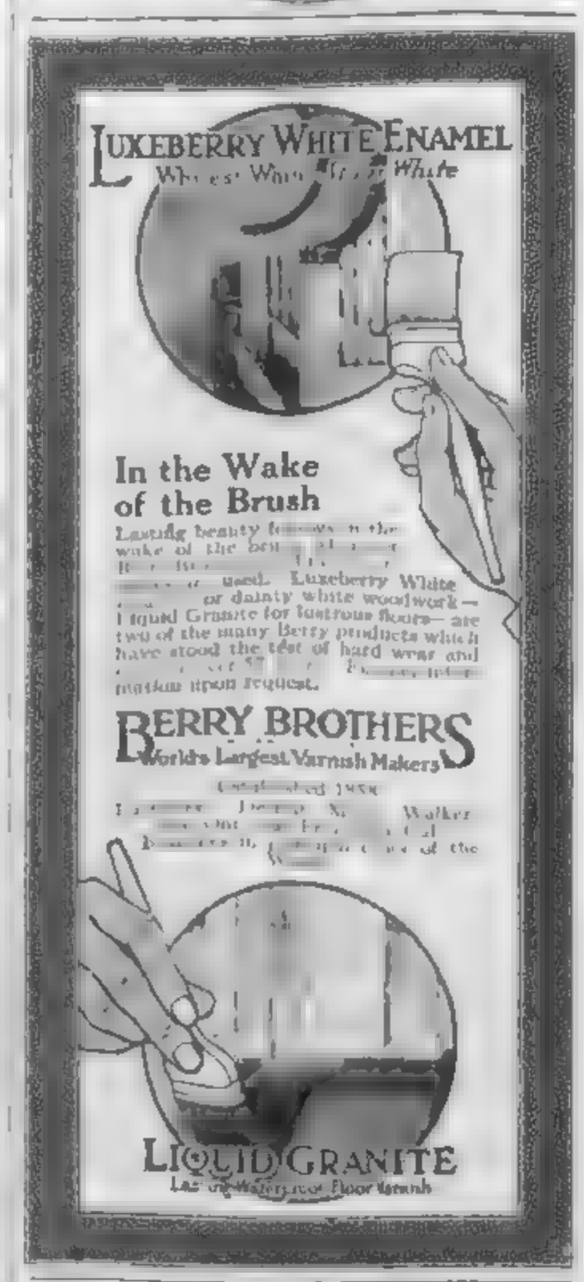

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Model A

Easier Kitchen Work

Make your kitchen work easier—save your health and gain more leisure for yourself with a Napanee Dutch Kitchenet.

It will free you from dreary kitchen drudgery, long, tiresome hours, laborious work and unnecessary steps. It will enable you to do your work easier, quicker and give you more time for rest or social duties.

Systematize Your Kitchen

Everything but the Kitchen has been systematized and made convenient. Imagine the unnecessary work a woman must do. Some of her cooking utensils are in the drawers of the kitchen table. Some are on hooks in various places around the kitchen. Some are in the pantry. And probably some are in the cellar.

Why not assemble them all conveniently in one place where they are within arm's reach without having to take a single extra step? It is no wonder that women get worn out doing kitchen work when the kitchen utensils are so widely scattered.

With a handsome Napanee Dutch Kitchenet in your kitchen you could put in it everything that you used in cooking or baking—flour, sugar, spices, dishes, cutlery, etc. You don't need to go to the pantry for a single thing.

A Few Reasons Why

Every Dutch Kitchenet has a flat, polished, easily cleaned dust-proof *Roll Curtain*—instead of doors that sweep across the table.

Three models have the *Flour Bin* in the top, and two in the base. Either can be filled easily, or quickly removed for cleaning

Every Dutch Kitchenet has handsome, *Full-Rounded Corners*, and the fewest possible crevices for dirt.

Every model has a *Sliding Bottom* in the base—a strong *Chopping Block*—a *Sliding Table Top* that can't warp and drawers that work easily.

Every model has latches without springs and heavy nickel plated trimmings that can't rust or tarnish.

Every model has large and small spice jars, salt dish, sugar bin, utensil compartments, etc., conveniently arranged.

The price is extremely low when quality, construction and service are considered.

Built for Your Kitchen

The Dutch Kitchenet comes in five separate models, each alike in general appearance but different in the arrangement of drawers, bins, cupboards and receptacles. We worked out this five model idea after consulting with domestic science teachers, numerous housewives and many women who do their own work. One type is suitable for light housekeeping, another is best adapted for large families, others for small families, small kitchens or large kitchens with or without pantry.

There is one model that is arranged exactly as you want it for your own kitchen. You do not have to change your usual way of doing things. The Dutch Kitchenet fits into your regular kitchen routine and aids you in doing your work in your own way. It will save you hundreds of steps, halt your labor, and enable you to do your work in half the time it formerly took.

Send Coupon for Free Book

containing handsome illustrations of the five Napanee Dutch Kitchenet Models showing every detail, also interesting booklet, "Why I Prefer a Napanee."

Do this at once before you forget it. It's the first step toward easier kitchen work and more leisure hours.

You only buy a Kitchen Cabinet once in a lifetime—be sure the cabinet you get will give lifetime service. Send the coupon today.

Dealers Send back the coupon below and get particulars of the agency for this splendid Dutch Kitchenet in your town, if it is open. The Dutch Kitchenet is a big success and is a valuable and profitable asset for reliable dealers. Send the coupon at once

Coppes Bros. & Zook 423 Market Street Nappanee, Ind.

Napanee Dutch Kitchenet

"Built Like Fine Furniture"

Look for this nameplate NAPANEE DUTCH KITCHENET *It identifies the genuine*

For Dealers

Coppes Bros. & Zook, 423 Market St., Nappanee, Ind.

Gentlemen: Please send me particulars about securing the Napanee Agency in my town

Name _____

Street _____

City State

For Housewives

Coppes Bros. & Zook, 423 Market St., Nappanee, Ind.

Please send me your free book, Why I Prefer a Napanee.

Name _____

Street _____

City State

How Tobacco Came To Be

(Based on an Indian Legend)

In the days befo' the paleface, two hunters found a maid,
A-wanderin' at nightfall, in a spirit-haunted glade,
They shared their ven'son with her, an' when the meal was done,
She says: "I am the spirit of the kindly Summer Sun.
"Take these little seeds an' plant 'em, when the spring sun melts the snow;
"An' in memory of yo' kindness a kindly plant will grow,
"Which shall aid the elders' council, an' the lodge's warmth increase.
"It shall bid the stranger welcome — it shall be the pledge o' peace."

Velvet Joe

SUCH might well have been the origin of VELVET, the tobacco that kindly Nature has endowed with all those qualities the pipe smoker seeks.

Kentucky's *Burley de Luxe!*

That means volumes to the knowing! It spells mildness, combined with a richness of taste and fragrance unobtainable in other tobaccos.

But Burley is only the beginning of VELVET. Two years this perfect tobacco ages, slowly mellowing, bringing out that rarer excellence which quickly-cured tobacco cannot have.

And in the pipe! Each pipeful of VELVET is a matchless example of a cool, slow-burning tobacco with not a trace of bite, but in its stead an aged-in-the-wood mellowness.

Right now your pipe is ready for a load of VELVET, The Smoothest of Smoking Tobaccos.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

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per $5 pair

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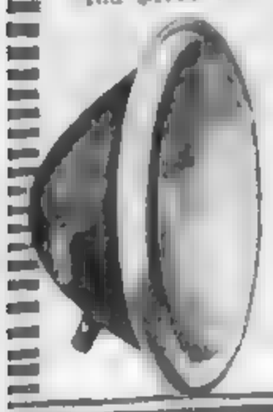
Ford "Special" Lamps

Headlights (single bulb) per pair,	$5.00
Headlights (double bulb) per pair,	6.00
Tail light, separate	1.00
All 3 lamps (with single bulb) .	6.00
All 3 lamps (with double bulb) .	7.00

Stoutly made and of attractive design. Silver-plated reflectors. Double bulbs (with dimming feature) conform with city ordinances.

How to Buy

Your dealer has these lamps, or can order them for you. Or—you may order direct from us, sending postal-order, money-order, express check or certified personal check. Add $1.00 for carriage charges to any point west of the Mississippi or in Canada. No delivery charges elsewhere



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are light, sturdy and [illegible] with perfect balance [illegible]

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TALLY-HO

(Continued from Page 16)

Then the master of the house would proceed to brew a formidable bowl of steaming hot punch—a mighty stout tipple and a real man's drink. The aroma permeated the whole room, the mysterious mountain dew mellowed and beautified by the blue smoke of many peat fires.

After a season the gentlemen rejoined the ladies in various—I regret to say—stages of sobriety. It was an era when the primary rules for gentility were laid down: That a man must shoot straight, ride hard to hounds, and never turn his glass. But I will say that most of them carried their liquor like gentlemen.

The women usually entertained with music and dancing. Taken collectively, I think that in many respects they were more talented or gifted than their modern sisters. Whatever they knew had been acquired thoroughly. The majority of them played some instrument delightfully—the piano of course—but many of the Irish gentlewomen excelled in playing the harp; and frequently one heard a voice lifted in song which sounded like the lilt of a thrush.

For us youngsters the leave-taking was a notable event. My sister and I always stole to the front windows to watch the visitors quaff the stirrup cup and drive or ride recklessly off. Some of the younger mounted men would take their own course. Like as not, if their home lay in that direction, they would cut straight across the flower beds or kitchen garden, jump the fence surrounding it, and start for their habitat as straight across country as a bird would fly. If a riderless horse should happen to come galloping back, a relief party started out to search for the unfortunate one.

Pat Nolan's Story

Many of them drove tandem to dogcarts and lived to be the age of man as prescribed by Holy Writ, which is the most amazing part of this narrative. Mainly it was a point of honor for no mounted man to open a gate. If that obstacle happened to be of extraordinary height he faced his horse at the wall beside it. And, remarkable to relate, no matter how far gone they were in liquor, I cannot remember ever having seen a man once mounted who did not appear to be thoroughly at home and master of the situation. Even then I do not wish to be understood as holding a brief for John Barleycorn.

When my father died my eldest brother succeeded to the landed estate, which was entailed. In my father's will he left me the racing-stable, which was, I imagine, about all he possessed that he could dispose of by his own volition. I was a very small boy then, but I had realized my ambition. To me the racing jacket had always been the finest livery in the world. So it was with considerable pride that I rode with my uncle over to the railroad station where they were shipping the steeplechase mare, Kate McCraith, to France, where she was engaged in one of the big stakes.

Patsy Nolan was leading her up and down, and I felt that, some way or other, it was imperative upon me to give a manifestation of ownership.

"Pat," warned I in piping treble, "take good care of the mare and bring her home safe." I spoke with the air of authority.

My uncle laughed heartily, but the jockey touched his hat gravely.

"I will that, sir," he replied; "she won't turn a hair at all, at all, between now and the toime she lands home again!"

The mare won, and when Pat returned he seemed to have money in every pocket. My mother and uncle took me to the bank, when they went to deposit the amount of the stakes. As well as I can remember, it was something like two thousand guineas. She won several events of lesser consequence subsequently and increased this nest egg appreciably; so that, when the time came, there was money enough to enable me to go to college and start life.

Of course Pat Nolan was the greatest of my childish heroes. I followed him about like a shadow, and he told me the story of that big race in France five hundred times if he did once. I knew how the mare took off at every jump and landed on the other side, and I could have described where she was placed during every instant of that momentous journey, just as well as if I had actually seen the race myself. Pat had perspective. He took his imaginative

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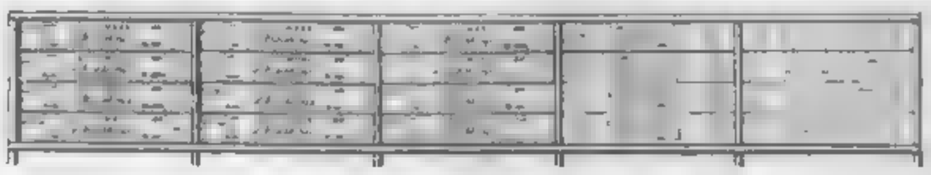
See, first, whether your dealer has, right up where *you* can see them—and where *he* can reach them—the genuine, reliable brands which you *know* about—whether you've ever worn them or not.

If he has, you may rest easy that he is not in his heart scheming to sell you something "just as good" instead of the genuine.

This evidence indicates that he is a square deal merchant who builds his business on the sounder principles of giving what people want and *know*—putting these genuine goods out in front.

Such dealers have the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" right where you can see it—boxes like these. LOOK!



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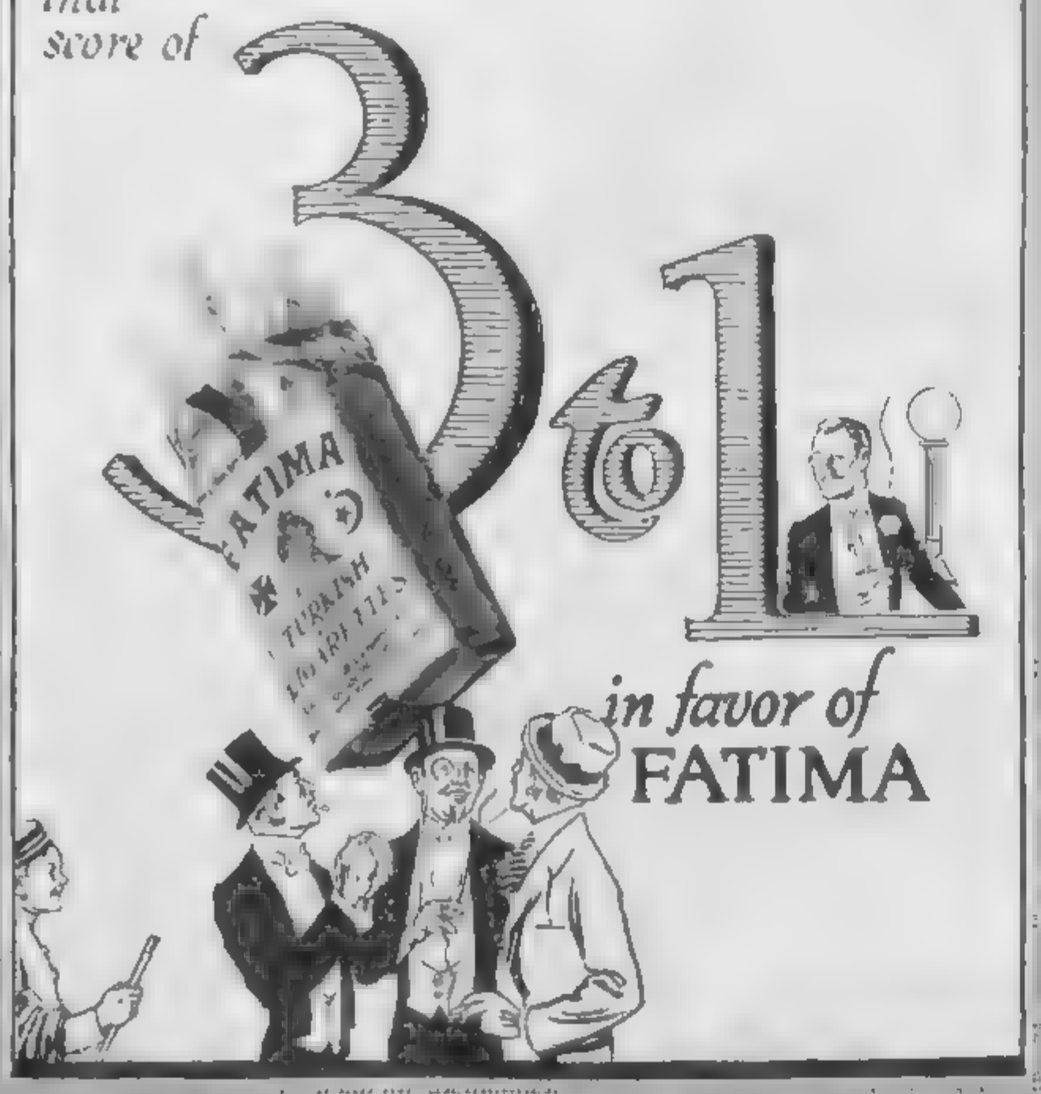
Men like yourself have built that score of



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lovers of word creation from his mother. The stories lost nothing of dramatic happening in the telling.

"I won a nice tidy bit of money over there," he lamented one day, "but, you know, I could 'ave won twicet as much if I only knew what th'm Frinch tarriers wor sayin' all the toime!"

But, as I said before, the manners and customs of the old régime were becoming obsolete, and an age of commercialism was pushing aside all that savored of vision or daydream. As a child it never struck me until my youngest uncle came of age. He was a handsome young fellow, tall and dark, with laughing blue-gray eyes—a mere boy, of course, but born a little after his time and under a new dispensation. As soon as he arrived at years of understanding, it was decided in family council that he should set out for America, to tackle the problem of life on his own account and to carve out for himself, if possible, new fortunes.

On the day before he left my sister and I met him in the hollow of the road below the house. He was afoot, having just sold a magnificent gray hunter, which was his only and most-prized possession.

"Do you see these, Dizy?" It was a pet name he used to call my sister. "Do you see these?" He produced a roll of bank notes.

The little girl looked at them and nodded solemnly.

"Well, honey," he laughed carelessly, "it's the last of the family plate!"

And often to-day away overseas, when one enters the hallway leading to the final word in hospitality, he may see hanging about a faded pink coat, a frayed velvet hunting cap, an odd spur, a crop, or mayhap a twisted racing plate. Perhaps even on the dining-room table will be unostentatiously displayed some ancient and massive trophy inscribed with the story of achievement between the flags or on the flat.

And you will know then that you are in the house of a wandering son, one perchance who has fared far afield, learning his story of life-in-the-raw. But no matter how humble be the effort, he sets up his altars and worships the gods of his fathers.

Moreover, you know without asking, you know that down deep in every such heart burns eternally the longing to go back and fill the empty stables, to rehabilitate the scattered packs of fox dogs and to sit at the head of the long mahogany table bidding those who belong welcome. *Cead mille failthe*—a hundred thousand welcomes!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.

REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912

Of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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Business Manager, None	
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None.

Average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date of this statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers only.)

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this twenty-second day of March, 1915.

WILLIAM M. ROCKET
Notary Public

(SEAL)

(My commission expires June 10, 1917.)

THIS is the season when you are changing to light underwear and socks. Change to Ivory Garters, too. They are cool and light as a silk sock.

No Metal or Pads or Cords

Fasteners can't rust, corrode, tear the sock or become unsanitary. Ivory Garters lessen heat or sweating. And you get greatest comfort and satisfaction in Ivory Garters or your money back. 25c and 50c at haberdashers. If yours hasn't stocked them yet, buy from us.

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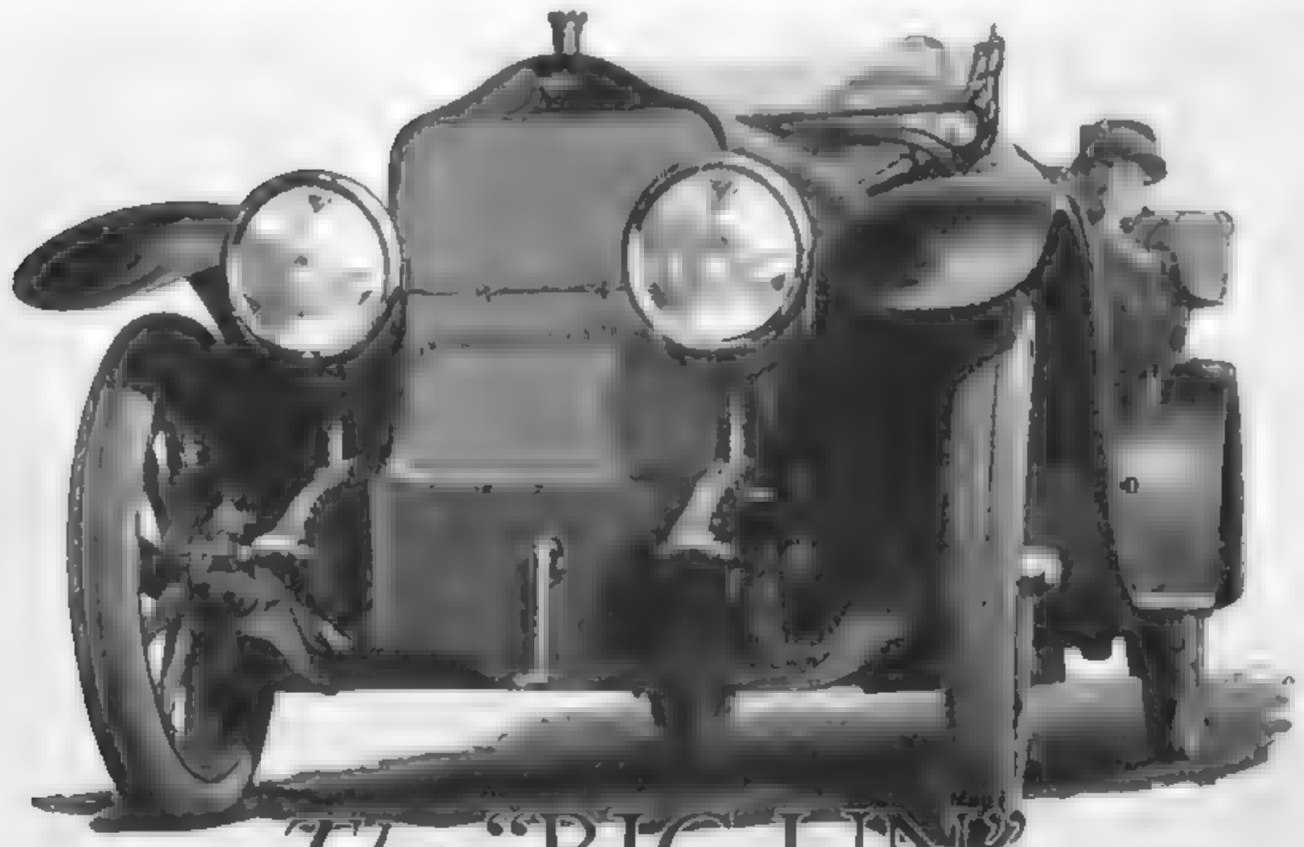


The "BIG-UN"

"THERE'S a car for every taste at a price for every purse." That wouldn't be true unless high-priced cars were built, and (in this utilitarian age) that's only another way of saying that high-priced cars are needed.

As they are.

The Pessimist says: "Why pay so much for an automobile? A cheaper car will carry you just as surely, nine times out of ten"—which is true.

It would be equally true to say that you could take a street car or walk, if mere transportation were all that is involved.

The Pessimist forgets that we all are striving to "get there" ten times out of ten; that "the best is none too good" for the American man who can honestly afford to pay for it.

Those of us who travel from New York to Boston in a comfortable day coach don't think any the less of the man who takes the parlor car.

Nor do we envy him.

He has in some way earned his better service and air; his thicker cushions, swivel chair and immunity from cry-babies, and we mean to travel just that way the first time we have the price.

A truce, then, on this "high-priced" talk.

Rather let us consider That-Car-We-Some-Day-Mean-To-Own from the standpoint of service and comfort—for it's a moral certainty we'll never pay more than it's worth.

The big, powerful, perfect car we have each secretly planned—that's it—what the cockney calls the "BIG-UN," which is his "last word" in appreciation.

The "BIG-UN" makes an instant appeal to the eye—it's long enough to show its streamline; broad enough to look inviting, even to the corpulent; deep enough to solace even the long-legged.

The "BIG-UN" also looks "fit."

Somehow one feels that ten dollars haven't been skimped from the upholstery to go into the motor; that those cushions are as good as they look; that the lamps will always and instantly light; that the doors will open and shut as securely and noiselessly the ten-thousandth time as they do now.

Every thing about the "BIG-UN" looks, indeed, so strong, reassuring, enduring—and stylish.

But "handsome is as handsome does."

And in performance "BIG-UNS" more than justify appearance.

They glide up to the curb as a giant ocean liner enters its dock at port—gracefully and without fuss, yet with an unmistakable air of confidence.

Its seven passengers on board, the "BIG-UN" begins its trip in the same dignified way—without noise, jerks or snorts. Hills become as "flat as a pancake."

Every passenger is as comfortable as the driver, and for the same reason—for every yard of headway is gained so quietly and surely, with that feeling of reserve-power, that assurance that the "BIG-UN" could go twice as fast without moving an eyelash.

And then, after all, "BIG-UNS" somehow dominate the highway, not from mere bigness, but as a tribute to power from the smaller craft. Possibly it's only discretion—a "take-a-car-your-own-size"—if one is to have any choice in a collision.

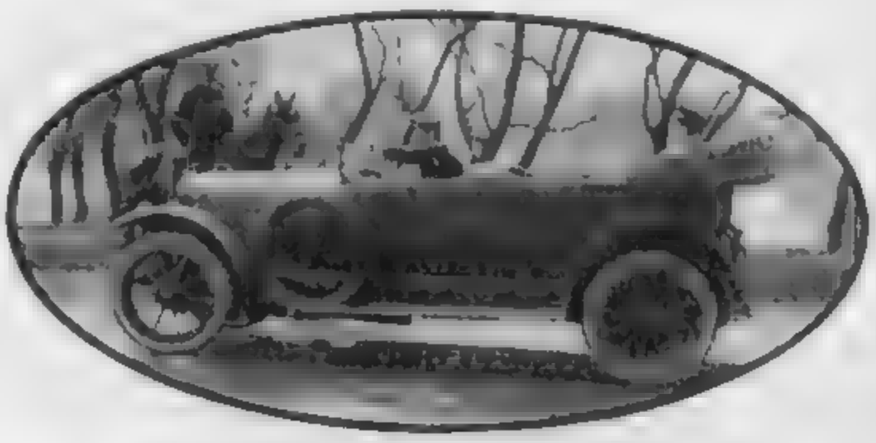
All this is free from snobbishness—purely American and honestly typical of our national desire to progress.

We are, indeed, all the happier in our moderate-priced automobile, because it's a step toward the "BIG-UN"—to the car that runs well into four figures.

—Reprinted with permission of The Chicago Daily News

WHITE CARS EMBODY CUSTOM-BUILT QUALITY

The finely modeled bodies of the latest White Cars, the beautiful wood-work, the fine leather, the luxurious upholstery and the manner in which every detail is finished; all of these things portray the custom-built qualities of White Cars—the hall-marks of the "Big-Un."



WHITE MECHANICAL LEADERSHIP MATCHED WITH BEAUTY

White mechanical design, always well in the lead, is now matched with equally well-defined leadership in body design. The White center cowl blends the back of the front seat into the natural lines of the car and reveals the finally-perfect streamline body.

WHITE DEALERS ARE NOW SHOWING THE NEW WHITE CARS

THE WHITE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of Gasoline Motor Cars, Trucks and Taxicabs

Exhibiting at the Transportation Building, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco

Saxon Cars Are Breaking All Sales Records

THE Saxon roadster has established a record in sales never equaled by any other automobile. We have sold more cars than any other company ever sold in the same period after it started production. These sales are increasing; already large, they are more than doubling everywhere.

Saxon growth has been rapid—without a parallel. Within fourteen months we have increased our factory space 500 per cent. Our new plant is humming every day. We are working full capacity.

The whole simple truth is this: Saxon cars are making good. That's why people are buying more and more of them all the time.

Thousands and thousands of people who have hitherto considered the pleasure of motoring beyond their means now find in the Saxon a car that fits their purse. It offers high value at a low price.

A Stylish Car

On the surface—and beneath—the Saxon is a stylish car. It is distinctive—individual. Its body is handsome—a genuine streamline effect. Its curves are graceful, its finish of high quality.

Saxon design and construction, too, are modern. The small bore, high speed type motor which Saxon was first to adopt is coming to be distinctly the vogue. Makers of highest priced cars in this country are adopting this type of motor. Saxon uses a dry plate clutch, sliding gear transmission, honeycomb radiator, Atwater-Kent ignition—all evidence of its class and up-to-dateness.

And here's another point you may not know: Saxon was *first* in America to employ cantilever type of spring suspension. Result: 45 parts saved by one feature of design alone; easier riding and greater comfort and steadiness secured. No less than 15 makers of higher priced cars have since adopted cantilever springs.

The Modern Idea: Greater Service, Less Cost

The Saxon is modern for other reasons, too. It is the embodiment in a motor car of Efficiency and Economy, which are the order of the day everywhere. To get more service at a saving in cost—that's the modern idea. The telephone, the typewriter, the cash register, the adding machine, are examples familiar to all of us.

Locomotives, watches, sewing machines, pianos, dictaphones, electric lights, multigraph machines—every convenience and comfort you can name—all bear witness to the fact that this is the age of speed, of time saving, of money saving, of greater all-'round efficiency.

And the $395 Saxon is as wonderful an efficiency machine, as epoch making in the benefits it can bestow on large numbers of people, as any of the above-named modern-day "wonders of the world."

The day of false pride over motor cars is past. They are no longer bought on a "price tag" basis to show that the buyer "had the price." We no longer hesitate to buy a low priced car, ***provided*** it possesses the very desirable qualities of style and efficiency. We buy today on the basis of dollar-for-dollar value. We judge motor cars by the service they give in relation to the price. The standards of value we use in buying automobiles are the standards of value we use in buying other articles.

The Saxon idea from the beginning was to go one step farther than ever before was achieved by motor car makers in ***combining economy, efficiency and style.*** Many of the wealthiest people—skilled in economy, practiced in efficiency, arbiters of style—own and drive Saxon cars.

We believe we have succeeded in our purpose. Your own eyes are the best judge of Saxon style. As for Saxon efficiency and economy, thousands of owners will tell you that Saxon cars stand up, climb any hill, traverse any roads, defy all kinds of weather—in short, get anywhere you want to go, any time, at less cost per mile than any other car in the whole world.

Saxon a Proved Success

Saxon is a marvel in its ability to keep cool under all conditions, its ease of operation, its quietness, and its flexibility on high speed. It is comfortable. It is reliable. It is durable. It is right in design, construction and materials.

We urge you to act now. If you don't know the name of the Saxon dealer in your territory, write us today for his name. Address Dept. C. The demand for the two passenger Saxon is great. Only by your prompt action can we assure you delivery of your car when you want it.

Saxon Owners Testify

"I am sure the Saxon came through in much better shape than a larger car could have done. The trip was full of pleasure. The Saxon fulfilled every claim that is made for it.

Mrs. Emma Walsh, Moline, Ill.

"Mrs. W[illegible] trip from Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., to Moline, Ill.—the longest trip on record by a woman driver in a Saxon car.

"Through the roads between Spokane and Republic, Wash., I were [illegible] in L. the Saxon made the trip [illegible] O. K. The car walked right through [illegible] consumption 7 gallons; distance, over 200 [illegible] The Saxon is the right car for this country."

J. W. Rider, Republic, Wash.

"I am making even better mileage than you promised. I have made 75 miles on two gallons of gasoline."

J. Hector Palmer, Palmer, Mass.

"The Saxon gives [illegible] I can't [illegible] We prefer to ride in it rather than [illegible] car of [illegible]

I. V. Morris, New York City.

"I have a 1914 Saxon which I have driven over the worst roads that can be found in the state for hills and mud. The car has always given perfect satisfaction."

W. P. Keith, Bar Harbor, Maine.

"Car operates perfectly. This is the second car I have owned in the last year. The first car covered 10,000 miles, and I cannot say too much for the Saxon."

Frank A. Fullerton, Hastings, Neb.

"You might be interested to know that I have completed a one thousand twenty-six mile run over the rough State of Maine roads, with absolutely no trouble."

V. B. Sheed, So. Framingham, Mass.

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit

THE PHŒNIX

(Continued from Page 14

Epson started to speak, but the old man raised his hand in the attitude av Webster replying to Hayne:

"Ye will grant that impeachment, sir," says he. "And ye will say, when next ye have cause to mention her name, that one av the most agreeable conversations I have ever held was with her when we discussed when we discussed—my boy!"

I have cause to remember that conversation.

About two weeks later come that Sunday I got to thinkin' about river-front property again. I've lived in Bodbank nearly forty years an' seen the railroad corporations take the best av the frontage, an' have an' envious eye even on that part of the levee which is paved with brick an' was dedicated half a century ago by Palmer Corson—the old rascal—to the public use. I've seen property down there by the Mississippi come into the market an' go out av it, an' come in again at a higher price; but somehow I never quite reached the point where I'd give a certified check fer a deed to any av it. Being which—so much the worse fer me!

The chances a man misses haunts him when he grows old an' feels stiffness. An' on that Sunday, though the day had been hot an' a thundershower had driven sensible people under cover, an' threatened to come back again, I argued that it would not profane the day too much if I walked out on the old railroad bridge an' figured up for my misery the money I could have made an' didn't. Says I to myself, waltzin' with me conscience:

"It will be in keepin' with the meditations a man should have; fer the comfort av it will be the thought that, even had I made a barrel av money, I could not send it in advance av me, by parcel post, to the next world!"

The shower had cleared the air, so a man could see far up the river, where the big S swings the Mississippi to the right an' then to the left. Corn weather had not yet burned the green out av the trees on the Iowa shore, an' the buildin's and the roofs av Bodbank stood out as clear as an architect's drawin'. The storm had left a bit av whiskin' wind that turned the brown water all into streaks an' whirls, an' swallows was flyin' low over the floatin' stuff, pickin' up an' evenin' meal.

As I was walkin' out I see a canoe slide under the old bridge; an' I noticed it was Willy Dike, with his tired, experienced look; an' the black-haired, blue-eyed milliner was in the bow. She was layin' out comfortable an' payin' no attention to him at all. I didn't believe she ever did. He was a man who owned a canoe, I guess—an' that was all, so far as she was concerned. One av her hands was trailin' in the water. I paid no particular attention to the couple; they were the only ones on the river.

Yet the river is a devil of deceit. Know it as you may, it will play a prank on a man. Ask any old pilot who knows every turn an' bar from St. Paul to the Gulf whether, when it comes to small craft, the river ain't as dependable as a copperhead snake.

I had figured up to fifty-five thousand dollars I had lost by speculatin' in the mind 'stead av the pocket, when I heard cries comin' over the water. I looked, an' the first thing I saw was the canoe on its side.

The wind was takin' it fast away from shore, an' from two heads that was bobbin' like two corks in the water. An' I could see that one of those heads was the milliner's, because I could see her white skirts; an' I knew the other, that was between two arms, thrashin' round, belonged to William Peebles Dike, Junior.

"Can it be possible he don't know how to swim?" I says to myself, fer the effort he was makin' seemed very awkward to me, an' it was plain that he was tryin' to grab the girl.

The current is swift on that shore an' it is too far down from the landin' fer anybody to reach the place quickly, even though there had been anybody there. I began to run over the old bridge ties, because I knew the pair was in grave trouble.

As I ran, I looked, an' I saw that the girl was swimmin' strong; but behind her I saw Willy Dike go under an' come up, an' go under. Then I realized I could not reach them, an' I stopped to look up an' down the shore for help, an' then at them again.

I saw the girl reach shallow water, where she could touch her feet on bottom, an' I saw her turn round to look. An' I looked too. An' nowhere on those streaked and muddy waters could I see a sign av the man who had tried so hard to grab the woman to save himself.

She looked all round an' she saw me standin' on the bridge; an' she knew I could not reach 'em. So she struck out again—the game one that she was—hopin' to find him an' bring him in.

At last he came up, an' I could see him turn an' float face downward on the water.

"Bad sign!" I says.

She grabbed him, though; an', turnin' on her back, she kicked her way across the current an' at last dragged him onto the mud.

Down the river there are some clam fishers' shacks, this side av the pearl-button factory; an' from them there came a stream av rivermen and clammers, who'd probably been playin' pitch. They began to run along the shore when they heard her screams, an' I ran, too, an' climbed down into the mud at the end av the bridge.

She was tryin' to pump air into him, an' it wasn't any use at all, at all. One av the clammers took off his hat an' then the rest took off theirs, an' they all seemed stupid except the milliner.

Somehow you expect a woman to cry. She didn't. Her jaw was set firm; an' when at last she stood up there was no weakenin'.

"He's gone!" she said.

"How did it happen?" asks the people who had begun to run down from lower Main Street.

An' each time a new one would ask she would look at 'em, with her blue eyes as cold as blue porcelain marbles; an' she would say, very mechanical, like a record on a talkin' machine:

"I was drownin'. He swam out an' rescued me; so he has lost his life."

An' then she would set her jaw square again an' look out across the muddy waters that slid by in the big stretch between her an' the Iowa shore, where the thunderclouds was hangin' low over the bluffs an' the trees an' the peepin' sun. The water an' the slime was drippin' off av her.

All her clothes was clingin' an she didn't look like a million dollars any more, but like a sinewy, half-starved she-wolf—thin, bony an' strong—an' suspicious. An' she was standin' guard over the man that did not get up to whisper with the rest, but lay on the shore near the lappin' av the little waves, an' waited, patient an' still—fer the coroner.

'Twas not long before old Dike came. Somebody had telephoned him. He had forgot his black felt hat, with its useless papers, an' his stately walk had become a strange, quick shuffle-along. The wind blew the gray hair round his ears. When he came he stepped inside the ring av people an' braced himself—an' looked.

"How did this happen?" he says.

The milliner raised her cold eyes again an' looked square at him; an' she says, like a talkin' machine:

"We tipped over. I was drownin'. He swam out, knowin' the danger, an' rescued me. So he has lost his life."

An' by and by the old man began to brush off his old lawyer's cutaway coat with his fingers, an' his face lit up with that look av calm an' peace an' happiness; an' there was that in his voice which would make a thrush quit his singin'. He might have been speakin' to the ring av people about him, an' he might have been speakin' to the river, the land an' the sky.

"I knew he would not fail," says he with a ringin' pride. "It was like my boy!"

An' that evenin' Bodbank was full av the story av the death of Willy Dike.

Perhaps it was nine o'clock when my niece came into the house an' woke me from a nap in the armchair.

"Wake up, Uncle Mike!" says she. "Wake up! A woman is in the hall an' wants to see ye."

"Pretty early in the mornin' fer callers," I says.

Then I see it was dark outside, an', remimbering it was evenin', I went out an' turned on the hall light—an' found myself face to face with Dazie Atkins.

She was all dressed up again—an', though I am no judge, I suppose she looked like a million dollars. Once more the powder was on her nose an' the black hair was all fixed, an' there was a rosy design on her cheeks.

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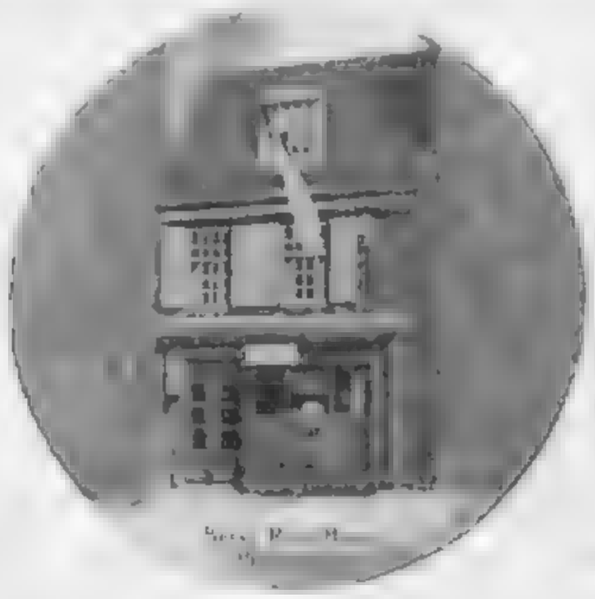

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Nothin' was left except the cold, porcelain blue av her eyes an' the firm mouth.

"Ye saw it all from the bridge?" says she in a whisper.

"I did," I says.

"I couldn't find you before. You have told nobody?" says she.

"I wasn't subpeened," says I. "An' by birth an' experience I am a very light talker—particularly about things I do not understand."

She put a finger between her large, even, white teeth, an' bit on it.

"I am glad," says she. "Ye an' I are the only ones that know I lied."

"An' why?" says I. "Why the lie?"

She turned me round, with a touch on the elbow, till I faced the light.

"Listen!" she says. "I've learned this world. I know the gold from the gilt. I've had my share av trouble an' the reward fer it is contempt fer false gods. This town has slandered me. There was no poison in me. I've no apologies to make. Apologies? Why, *I* saw what you narrow-eyed Bodbank people couldn't see, or wouldn't see. I saw that the rarest thing in all your town was that old man's love an' faith an' loyalty. That's why I lied. I lied because av loyalty.

"The rarest treasure av 'em all is loyalty. An' that old man's couldn't be broken. Ye couldn't bend it. Ye couldn't make a dent in it. There wasn't anythin' in Bodbank like it. There wasn't a stain on it—not a smooch! It had stood all trials. It had stood pain. It had stood time. It was white marble an' built on a rock. It towered up in this town to the sky, an' the fools here couldn't see it! Lie about his death? Why shouldn't I?"

I thought a bit, an' I says:

"'Tis all true, girl. Go your way. So long as old Dike lives, there'll be no word from me."

An' two weeks later I was comin' down Main Street, an' I see that the little millinery shop was empty an' the plate-glass window had not been washed; an' advertisin' flyers an' half a dozen Daily Pilots were piled against the door.

She had gone—heaven knows where! Yet I stopped; an' there came to my mind that down in the Kimball Block, in an office filled with flies in various postures av decease, old Dike would be sittin' in his swivel chair, eatin' his midday, that had come wrapped in the red tape in with the fringe, an' with his feet on the old haircloth sofa. An' I knew that above his desk there was hangin', and always would hang, a picture to which he could point an' say:

"That was my boy!"

"Lynch—Michael Lynch," said Malachi Sturges, the Stove King, in the Back Room of the Phœnix, "I can scarcely place this old Dike, though I recall the death of his son. You have impressed me with your story. I intend to make the old lawyer's acquaintance; but, none the less, I believe you have done a great wrong by telling it a great and grievous wrong."

The Irishman kicked at the pot-bellied stove with one of his square-toed shoes.

"Softly, softly," said he. "The girl was right. The thing av white marble, built on a rock an' towering up to the sky, were monstrous an' unseen here in Bodbank. The city has grown. You may read now av the death av some men in the old newspaper that ye use to wrap your flannels for the summer. William Peebles Dike was one av them. He died three weeks ago, happy and quiet, at his desk beneath the picture."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth in a series of stories by Richard Washburn Child. The sixth will appear in an early number.

A Ruler of Rulers

FOR several years, as readers of the sporting pages know, the domestic affairs of the Philadelphia National League Club have been subject to frequent changes of administration.

During the December meeting of the Big League magnates in New York Sherwood Magee, the star outfielder for the Phillies and one of the ways of baseball, dropped in to look things over.

Something spoke of the possibility of a new alignment of the directorate in Philadelphia.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," said Magee; "in the years I've played on that team I've had no less than nine presidents under me!"

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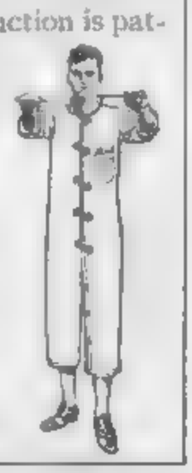

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The Big Idea In Modern Business

You, the business men of the United States and of Canada, are the authors of this story. Only the first chapters are written here, but in them the future may be read. This story could not have been written with a quill pen or carried by stage coach. It is modern, American. It was dictated to a phonograph, transcribed on a typewriter, printed by an octuple press, and sped to the corners of the world by limited trains and ocean liners.

How the Big Idea Began

Your grandfather learned business from your great-grandfather—painstakingly, laboriously, bit by bit—as he had learned it from his father. The man who made the goods knew by his own experience all there was to know about his business.

You who manage business today cannot handle your problems so easily. You have great factories, each with a thousand machines and operators; you have your modern offices, with their cash registers and adding machines, their accountants, their advertising and sales experts, their financial men and their legal departments. Your own experience cannot reach into all these activities and you know it.

You know that the bigness of modern business demands a corresponding bigness in the men who handle it today—and even more in those who must handle it tomorrow. You and they must have the "big idea."

The Ideal Business Man

Your ideal of a business executive has this "big idea." He is broad-minded; he reaches out for wider experience and knowledge. He is not satisfied with doing things by rule-of-thumb. He digs down through details and methods until he reaches bed-rock principles.

And because he has grasped these principles, the ideal business man understands his business. He manages complex and rapidly moving enterprises even more successfully than his grandfather managed his small and local affairs.

Your Demands

In approaching this ideal, you have sought for the best ways to get the broad knowledge of business which experience can no longer give. You have demanded university schools of commerce, business books and magazines, business societies that collect and give you business information. You have demanded the services of specialists.

Above all, you have demanded a systematic method of broadening and organizing your business knowledge. You have wanted to make sure that your knowledge was complete, not fragmentary; that it was scientific and practical; that it came from some authoritative source.

The Final Answer

The answer to this demand of yours is the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Through your active support the Alexander Hamilton Institute has grown from small beginnings, less than five years ago, until it is today recognized as the most vital force in building and bettering American business.

You have yourself determined the form and the scope of the Modern Business Course and Service which the Institute conducts. It enables you to cover systematically the whole field of business—organizing, managing, selling, advertising, corresponding, financing, accounting, banking, insurance, cost finding, commercial law. Through its course and service you learn from the experience of other business men.

Systematic, Time-Saving Knowledge

You have wanted organized knowledge about business presented to you in a systematic, time-saving form. The Modern Business Course and Service meets that want. It includes a series of authoritative Texts; a series of informal Talks, which guide and illuminate your reading of the texts; a series of problems, by which you may test your ability to handle business situations that you have not yet encountered; a series of Lectures, supplementing the texts, prepared by eminent men of affairs; and a Service which ties up the general principles with your particular situation and difficulties.

For President or Subordinate

You have wanted this broad training in business to be democratic and adapted to every one's needs. This is true of the Modern Business Course and Service. It is being followed today, not only by presidents of great corporations, but also by proprietors of progressive smaller concerns, by junior officers and department heads, by superintendents of factories and chief clerks of busy offices, by lawyers who wish to understand their clients' problems, by technical men who recognize their own lack of training in commercial practice, by accountants and their assistants, and by the ambitious young fellows who are getting ready to shoulder heavier responsibilities in the years to come.

The Modern Business Course and Service is big enough for the leaders of American business today. It is not too big for the younger men who will be the leaders tomorrow.

What Representative Subscribers say:

"Your Course constitutes a splendid equipment for any business executive, bringing, as it does, directly to him, essential principles boiled down in plain matter-of-fact form by men who know" —*N. A. Hawkins*, Commercial Manager, Ford Motor Co.

"There is a lot of valuable business knowledge scattered here and there, but it's of little use to a business man until it is put into a systematic, digestible form. That's what your Course does. You make it possible to 'read business' in the same sense that a man can 'read law'"—*Wm. H. Ingersoll*, Marketing Manager, Robt. H. Ingersoll & Bro.

"It is not only the most instructive and valuable treatise on live subjects for men who are in training for business careers, but it is also the most concise and clearly presented form of education, to our mind, that has ever been offered for the benefit of executives. I would recommend it to anybody, if he had to borrow the money to take it."—*Charles E. Murnan*, Vice-President and Sales Manager, The United Drug Co.

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Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago	103 men enrolled
Cutler-Hammer Company	27 men enrolled
Equitable Life Assurance Co. of New York	48 men enrolled
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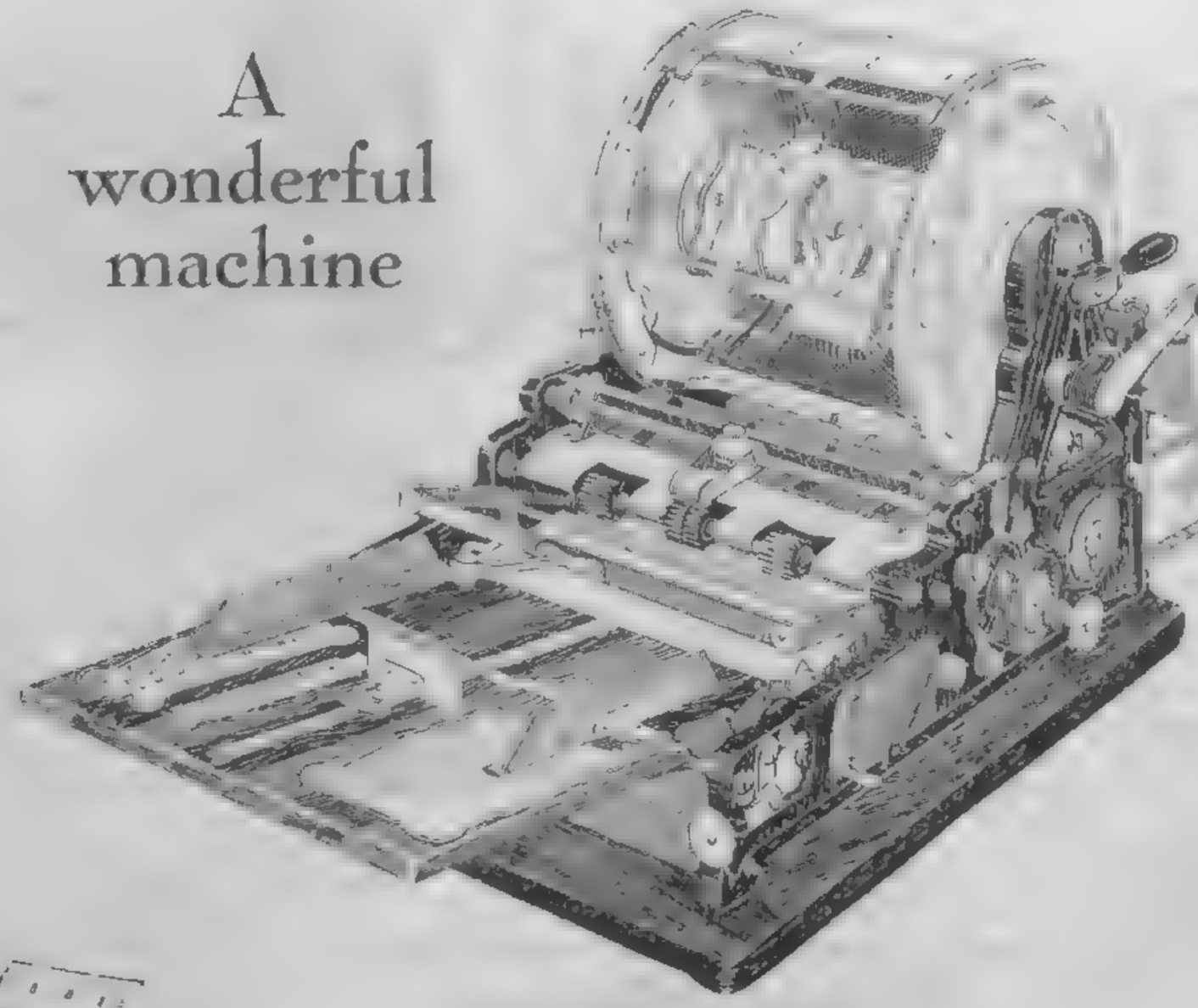

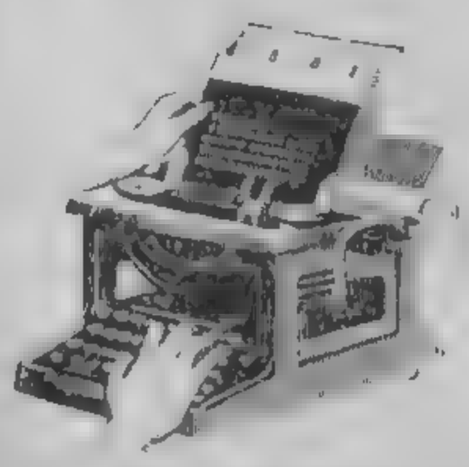

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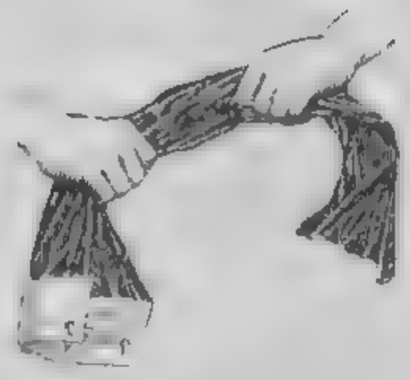

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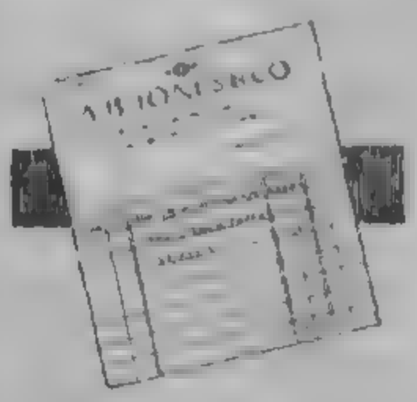

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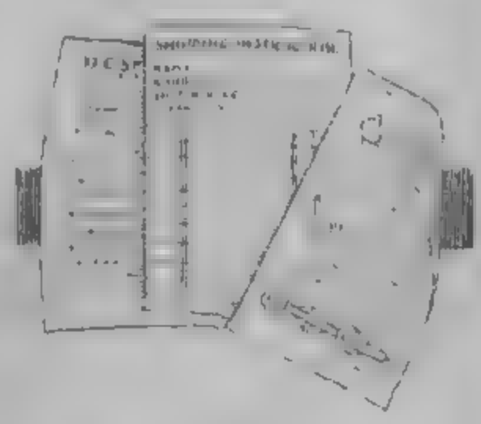

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THE DOUBLE TRAITOR

(Continued from Page 25)

as to exactly how far our *entente* with France is binding upon us."

Hebblethwaite cleared his throat.

"If this is for publication," he remarked, "could you manage a photograph of myself at the head of the interview, in these clothes and with this hat? I rather fancy myself to-day. A camera is, of course, part of the equipment of a German spy."

"Sorry," Norgate regretted, "but that's a bit out of my line. I am the disappointed diplomatist doing the dirty work among my late friends. What we should like to know from Mr. Hebblethwaite, confidentially narrated to a personal friend, is whether, in the event of a war between Germany and Russia and France, England would feel it her duty to intervene?"

Hebblethwaite glanced round. The throng of people had cleared off to watch the concluding stages of the match.

"I have a sovereign on this," he remarked, glancing at his card.

"Which have you backed?" Norgate inquired.

"The Lancers."

"Well, it's any odds on the Hussars, so you've lost your money," Norgate told him.

Hebblethwaite sighed resignedly.

"Well," he said, "the question you submit is one that has presented itself to us once or twice, although I may tell you that there isn't a soul in the Cabinet except one who believes in the chance of war. We are not a fire-eating lot, you know; we are all for peace and we believe we are going to have it. However, to answer your questions more closely, our obligations depend entirely upon the provocation giving cause for the war. If France and Russia provoked it in any way we should remain neutral. If it were a war of sheer aggression on the part of Germany and against France, we might to a certain extent intervene. There is not one of us, however, who believes for a single moment that Germany would enter upon such a war."

"You admit that we might to a certain extent intervene," Norgate said. "Exactly how should we do it, I wonder? We are not in a particular state of readiness to declare war upon anybody or anything, are we?" he added as they turned round and strolled once more toward the polo ground.

"We have had no money to waste upon senseless armaments," Mr. Hebblethwaite declared severely; "and if you have watched the social measures that we have passed during the last two years, you will have seen that every penny we could spare has been necessary in order to get them into working order.

"It is our contention that an army is absolutely unnecessary and would simply have the effect of provoking military reprisals. If we, by any chance in the future, were drawn into war our navy would be at the service of our allies. What more could any country ask than to have assured for it the absolute control of the sea?"

"That's all very well," Norgate assented. "It might be our fair share on paper, and yet it might not be enough. What about our navy if Antwerp, Ostend, Dunkirk, Calais, Boulogne and Havre were all German ports, as they certainly would be in an unassisted conflict between the French and the Germans?"

They were within hearing now of the music of the band. Hebblethwaite quickened his pace a little impatiently.

"Look here," he protested, "I came away to-day for a holiday. I tell you frankly that I believe in the possibility of war just as much as I believe in the possibility of an earthquake. My own personal feeling is that it is just as necessary to make preparations against one as for the other. There you are, my German spy, and that's all I have to say to you. Here are your friends. I must pay my respects to the Prince, and I should like to meet your charming companion."

At their approach Anna detached herself from a little group of men and Norgate at once introduced his friend.

"I have been able to induce Mr. Hebblethwaite to talk to me for the last ten minutes," he declared, "only by promising to present him to you."

"A ceremony that we will take for granted," she suggested, holding out her fingers. "Each time I have come to London, Mr. Hebblethwaite, I have hoped that I might have this good fortune. You interest us so much on the Continent."

Mr. Hebblethwaite bowed, but he looked as though he would have liked the interest to be a little more personal.

"You see," Anna explained as she stood between the two men, "both Austria and Germany, the two countries where I spend most of my time, are almost military-ridden. Our great statesmen, or the men who stand behind them, are all soldiers. You represent something wholly different. Your nation is as great and as prosperous as ours, and yet you are a pacificist, are you not, Mr. Hebblethwaite? You scorn any preparations for war. You do not believe in it. You give back to the people for their betterment the money that we should spend in military or naval preparations. It is very wonderful!"

"We act according to our convictions," Mr. Hebblethwaite pronounced. "It is our earnest hope that we have risen sufficiently in the scale of civilization to be able to devote our millions to more moral objects than the massing of armaments."

"And you have no fears?" she persisted earnestly. "You honestly believe that you are justified in letting the fighting spirit of your people lie dormant?"

"I honestly believe it, Baroness," Mr. Hebblethwaite replied. "Life is a battle for all of them; but the fighting that we recognize is the fight for moral and commercial supremacy, the lifting of the people by education and strenuous effort to a higher plane of prosperity."

"Of course," Anna murmured, "what you say sounds frightfully convincing. History alone will tell us whether you are in the right."

"My thirst," Mr. Hebblethwaite observed, glancing toward the little tables set out under the trees, "suggests tea and strawberries."

"If some one hadn't offered me tea in a moment or two," Anna declared, "I should have gone back to the Prince, with whom I must confess I was very bored. Shall we discuss politics or talk nonsense?"

"Talk nonsense," Mr. Hebblethwaite decided. "This is my holiday and my brain has stopped working. I can think of nothing beyond tea and strawberries. We will take that table under the elm trees and you shall tell us all about Vienna."

XXI

AFTER leaving Anna at her hotel Norgate drove on to the club, where he arrived a few minutes before seven. Selingman was there with Prince Edward and half a dozen others. Selingman, who happened not to be playing, came over at once and sat by Norgate's side on the broad fender.

"You are late, my young friend," he remarked.

"My new career," Norgate replied, "makes demands upon me. I can no longer spend the whole afternoon playing bridge. I have been attending to business."

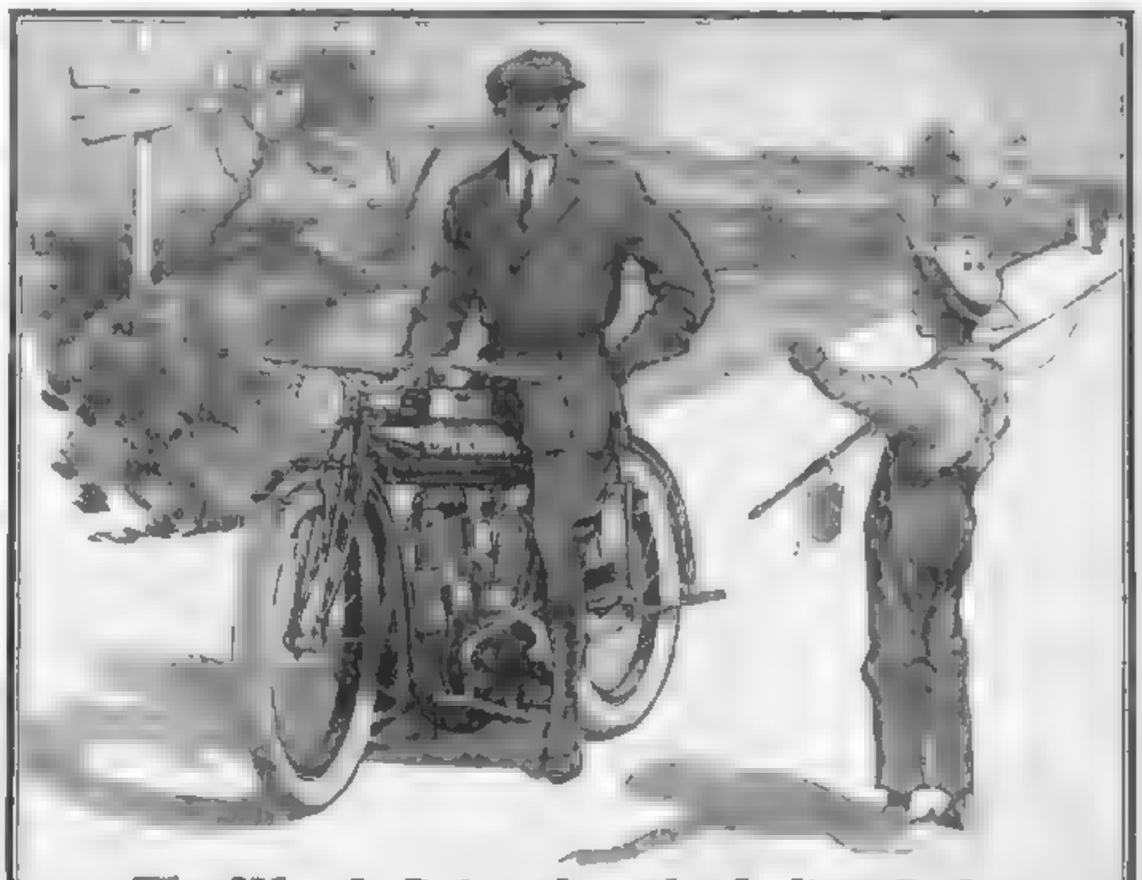
"It is very good," Selingman declared amiably. "That is the way I like to hear you talk. To amuse oneself is good, but to work is better still. Have you by chance any report to make?"

"I have had a long conversation with Mr. Hebblethwaite at Ranelagh this afternoon," Norgate announced.

There was a sudden change in Selingman's expression, a glint of eagerness in his eyes.

"With Hebblethwaite! You have begun well. He is the man above all others of whose views we wish to feel absolutely certain. We know that he is a strong man and a pacificist, but a pacificist to what extent? That is what we wish to be clear about. Now tell me: you spoke to him seriously?"

"Very seriously indeed," Norgate assented. "The subject suggested itself naturally and I contrived to get him to discuss the possibilities of a European war. I posed rather as a pessimist, but he simply jeered at me. He assured me that an earthquake was more probable. I pressed him on the subject of the *entente*. He spoke of it as a thing of romance and sentiment, having no place in any possible development of the international situation. I put hypothetical cases of a European war before him, but he only scoffed at me. On one point only was he absolutely and entirely firm—under no circumstances whatever would the present Cabinet declare war upon anybody. If the nation found itself face to face with a crisis, the government would simply choose the most dignified and



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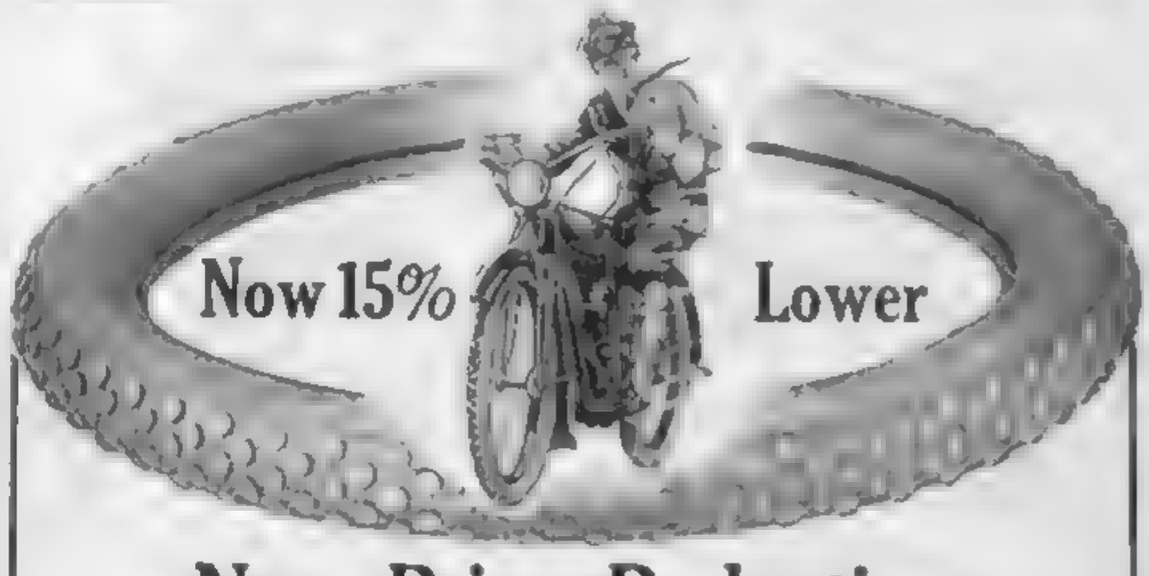

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advantageous solution that embraced peace. In short, there is one thing that you may count upon as absolutely certain—if England goes to war at any time within the next four years it will be under some other government."

Selingman was vastly interested.

"Let me put an extreme case," he suggested: "Supposing Russia and Germany were at war, and France, as Russia's ally, were compelled to mobilize. It would not be a war of Germany's provocation, but Germany in self-defense would be bound to attack France. She might also be compelled by strategic considerations to invade Belgium. What do you think your friend Hebblethwaite would say to that?"

"I am perfectly convinced," Norgate replied, "that Hebblethwaite would work for peace at any price. The members of our present government are pacificists every one of them, with the possible exception of the Secretary of the Admiralty."

"Mr. Spencer Wyatt, eh?" Selingman queried, his eyes fixed upon the ceiling. "Well, well, one cannot wonder at his attitude. It is not his rôle to pose as an economist. He is responsible for the navy; naturally he wants a big one. I wonder what his influence in the Cabinet really is."

"As to that," Norgate observed, "I know no more than the man in the street."

There was a brief silence. Norgate glanced round the room.

"I don't see Mrs. Benedek here this afternoon," he remarked.

Selingman shook his head solemnly.

"The inquest on the death of that poor fellow, Baring, is being held to-day," he explained. "That is why she is staying away. A sad thing that, Norgate; a very sad happening."

"It was indeed."

"And mysterious," Selingman went on. "The man apparently an hour before was in high spirits. The special work upon which he was engaged at the Admiralty was almost finished, and he had received high praise for his share in it. Every one who saw him that day spoke of him as in absolutely capital form. Suddenly he whips out a revolver from his desk and shoots himself, and all that anyone knows is that he was rung up on the telephone by some one. There's a puzzle for you, Norgate."

Norgate made no reply. He felt Selingman's eyes upon him.

"A wonderful plot for the sensational novelist. To the ordinary human being who knew Baring there remains a substratum almost of uneasiness. Where did that voice come from that spoke along the wires, and what was its message?"

"I did not read the account of the inquest," Norgate observed. "Wasn't it possible through the telephone office to trace the person who rang up?"

"In an ordinary case it would have been," Selingman agreed. "In this case, no! The person who rang up made use of a call office. But come, it is a gloomy subject, this. I wish I had known that you were likely to see Mr. Hebblethwaite this afternoon. Bear in mind, in case you should come across him again, that it would interest me very much to know whether any breach of friendship has taken place between him and Mr. Spencer Wyatt. Do you know Spencer Wyatt, by the bye?"

"Only slightly," Norgate replied.

"Well, remember that last little commission," Selingman concluded. "Are you staying on or leaving now? If you are going we will walk together. A little exercise is good for me sometimes; my figure requires it. It is a very short distance, but it is better than nothing at all."

"I am quite ready," Norgate assured him.

They left the room and descended the stairs together. At the entrance to the building Selingman paused for a moment; then he seemed suddenly to remember.

"It is habit," he declared. "I stand here for a taxi, but we have agreed to walk, is it not so? Come!"

Norgate was looking across the street. A man was standing there engaged in conversation with a plainly dressed young woman. To Norgate there was something vaguely familiar about the latter, who turned to glance at him as he and Selingman strolled by on the other side of the road. It was not until they reached the corner of the street, however, that he remembered. She was the young woman at the telephone call office near Westbourne Grove!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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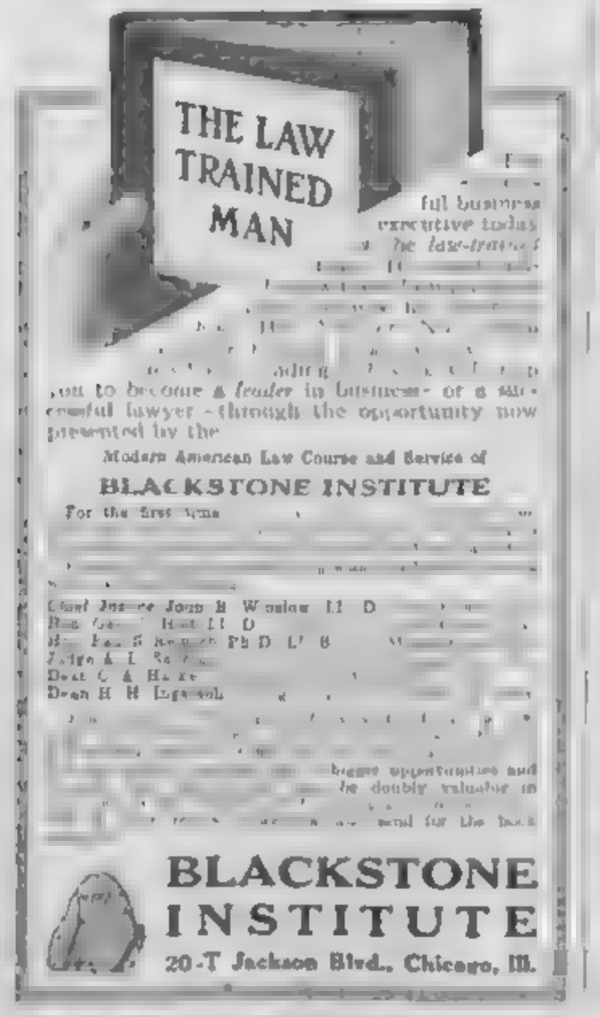

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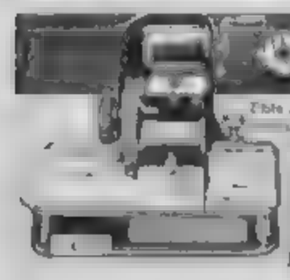

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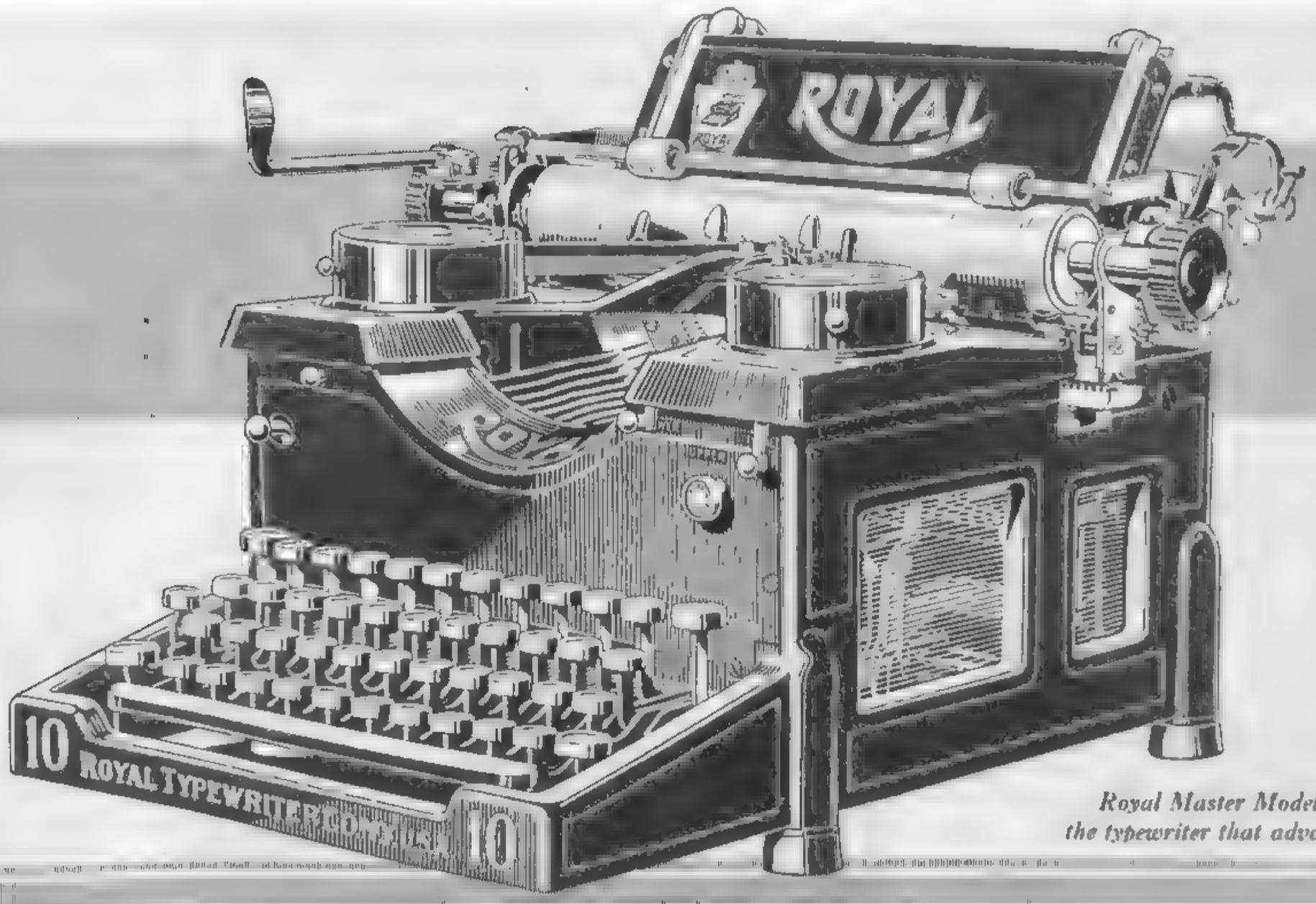

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(Continued from Page 22)

was another example of Prussian precision in details. For on the cover this was written:

CONTENTS:

Five francs, twenty centimes.
Two rings.
Three letters.
Two postage stamps, five centimes each.

He showed me, too, an amulet from the body of a Russian. It was a little block of wood, old and worn at the edges, bearing in faded blue and gold the picture of some Russian saint, with a dim, crude suggestion of Holy Moscow and the Kremlin rising in the background. Some simple peasant of the North had worn this faded holy thing to guard him from machine guns. There were other amulets from France with pictures of the Madonna. There had been hundreds of them here. And all these little safeguards, day by day and night by night, through bureau after bureau and city after city, are constantly traveling back to towns and little villages, to come at last into the hands that placed them once round the necks of many simple men now dead.

As I left this clearing house of death, along a dimly lit hallway, I found a group of motionless women sitting on chairs in front of a door. Over it I read the sign: "Apply for death certificates here."

Model Hospital Trains

Outdoors a huge bright moon hung just over the end of the street. And by its light, on the wall outside, I saw a long, narrow band of white made up of newspaper pages, where in columns of solid type, by army corps and regiment, were the names of the wounded, the missing, the dead. The line stretched clear to the corner and round down the other street. And almost imperceptibly moving along this band of white were dark figures, men and women, slowly searching page by page.

On another evening, in one of the railroad stations here, I was made to feel again the uncanny care and precision of this German system of war, its precision not only in killing men but in the conservation of life.

A hospital train had come in laden with wounded and was now starting back for the front. There were about a score of cars with beds for some two hundred men. Each car was of white enamel inside, and so clean and fresh you would never have guessed it had carried thousands of wounded. The beds, in two tiers on either side, had wonderfully easy springs, and about each bed were all kinds of little contrivances, leather straps and shelves and trays, for the comfort of the patient. Bright-colored pictures were on the walls and there were books and magazines. There was a sleeping car for doctors and another for the nurses. In the former was a kitchen and a refrigeration plant. There was an operating car, an immaculate place of dazzling light, where a man could be laid on the table and put under the anæsthetic while the train was still in motion. It stopped only while the surgeon worked. Here too was an X-ray apparatus.

There were scores of trains like this constantly rushing back and forth from the firing lines in the East and West, bringing back to the nation its young men, bringing them to cities and towns, to hospitals, to surgeons, to smiling German women who watched over them with such care that within a few weeks over half these men were ready again for the trenches. In Berlin the hospitals long ago had been packed to their capacities, and now cafés and schools and private homes were being crowded with hospital cots.

In a home I visited one night the hostess was in nurse's garb. She herself had made her house ready, I learned, had secured nurses and surgeons and bought the necessary supplies. Her spacious rooms she had stripped bare and filled with beds for soldiers. In her own bedchamber, the room where her children had been born, two men had died in the last three months, and now on that same old-fashioned bed I found a young telegrapher who had been shot through the neck in France. From the music room downstairs the piano had been taken out, and on four iron beds lay motionless figures—I noticed one face deep lined with pain. But the dining room was a cheerful place. Here at a long table some thirty convalescents sat jovial over their evening meal. Some had already finished and were gathered round the piano which had been placed at one end of the room. Curiously enough, they were singing the Russian national hymn.

The hostess was a widow. Her only son was at the front and her two young daughters were working here, both in the wards and the kitchen. They had also enlisted their girl friends, who came in to help, some by day and others by night. And this was only one of the spots where the German women are working for war.

I went to a soup kitchen one Sunday about noon, an immense hall where they were feeding about two thousand people a day. As I entered I found men, women and children in a long line filing slowly past a desk, where they showed cards made out by the town to certify that they needed aid. Here again was German system. For this simple, wholesome meal each paid ten pfennigs—two cents and a half—of his pension money, the town paid five pfennigs more and the National Red Cross ten.

Here too I found women volunteer workers.

"What you see here," said one of them, "is only one small part of our work; for no one can secure a meal unless he has a certificate. That certificate comes from the town, and it is given out as a rule upon the recommendation of one of the fourteen hundred volunteer workers, all women, who since the war began have been busy investigating every request for relief in Berlin. The main relief is through pensions. A soldier as soon as he reaches the colors is given a coupon which he sends home. It entitles his wife to a pension of twenty-four marks a month for herself and twelve for each of her children. For unemployed civilians there are no regular pensions yet, but there are other means of relief. If one of our women finds real need she reports to her ward committee. This committee induces landlords often to take lower rents, and these rents are being paid by the town. Our women, too, distribute meal tickets by thousands, and they collect clothes and have them repaired and then take them where they are needed. You will find little real suffering now in Berlin. One thing I like to think of is that thousands of poor people, who before the war would rather starve than ask for aid, are now not ashamed to make known their needs. The war has drawn people together."

How the Women Work

"Thousands of other women here," she continued earnestly, "have passed examinations and are working in the hospitals, for the best-trained nurses are at the front. Women who never did manual work are now cleaning and sweeping and scrubbing floors. Some live in the hospitals, others go in the daytime, hundreds are on duty all night. Others are in the railroad stations making and serving coffee and sandwiches, helping take care of the wounded. One friend of mine is on duty there from midnight to six in the morning, twice a week, and I have other friends in the Red Cross centers making and packing bandages. Their hours are daily from ten in the morning until seven o'clock at night.

"Then of course there is more personal work. My husband and I have adopted two children during the war, and this is common all over Berlin. My sister has four poor people to dinner every day, and another friend of mine has nine. Two young girls of my acquaintance have taken a flat since the war began, where twenty small children, whose mothers work out, come each day from school at noon. They play with them there, or take them out in the Tiergarten and then home to their mothers at seven o'clock.

"This war has already made a great change among us women," she ended. "Long after it is over this work of relief will have to go on. And it draws all women together. The richest and the poorest help. The woman who cleans my windows at home cooks a large bowl of gruel each day and takes it to one of the hospitals."

Certainly there has been a change in the society woman's life. I talked one night with a doctor, a well-known neurologist, who before the war had had among his patients scores of wealthy women.

"I am ruined," he said smiling. "I'm glad that I'm off to a battleship, where I

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shall probably soon end my days. For my practice here is entirely gone. My rich patients are so busy they've forgotten they ever had any nerves."

They seem even to have forgotten to shop. In the handsome shop windows all along Unter den Linden, where previously the articles displayed had been almost wholly for women, now they were almost all for men. They were articles to be used in the field—warm fur vests and sweaters for men in freezing trenches, hats of all kinds, and shoes and boots of oiled leather, thick wool socks and underclothes, all kinds of camel's-hair garments, cigars, tobacco, cigarettes, liquor, wine, flasks, canteens. There were electric pocket-lights, hand-warmers, alcohol lamps and small leather cases for medicine. In almost every window the women had been quite shut out. Even the jewelers' windows made their main displays of wrist watches, compasses, revolvers, and even jeweled bracelets to be worn in place of engagement rings by rich young officers off to war.

When the women shop now they shop for men; and the rest of the day they work for men. What is to be the effect later on?

"This war at least has made it clear," said a dainty young hospital helper, "how very silly was the talk of all those English suffragettes. For the men, you see, are the ones who must fight. They must give their lives for their country. And so," she concluded serenely, "they are the ones to manage the country for which they so bravely offer their lives. And we must help in little ways." And she went on hemming washrags.

What of the future dearth of husbands?

"I don't know what young girls are going to do," said a young countess with whom I talked. "So many officers have been killed. It seems as though half the young men we know are already dead or wounded. Who is going to marry these girls?"

The War and the Church

What will be the effect upon marriage? In certain rich circles in Berlin the whole relation between sexes, even long before the war, had grown liberal, to say the least. How now with half the young men gone? Will half the girls grow resigned to be nuns or will they want to live normal lives? Motherhood is normal. Who will be the fathers?

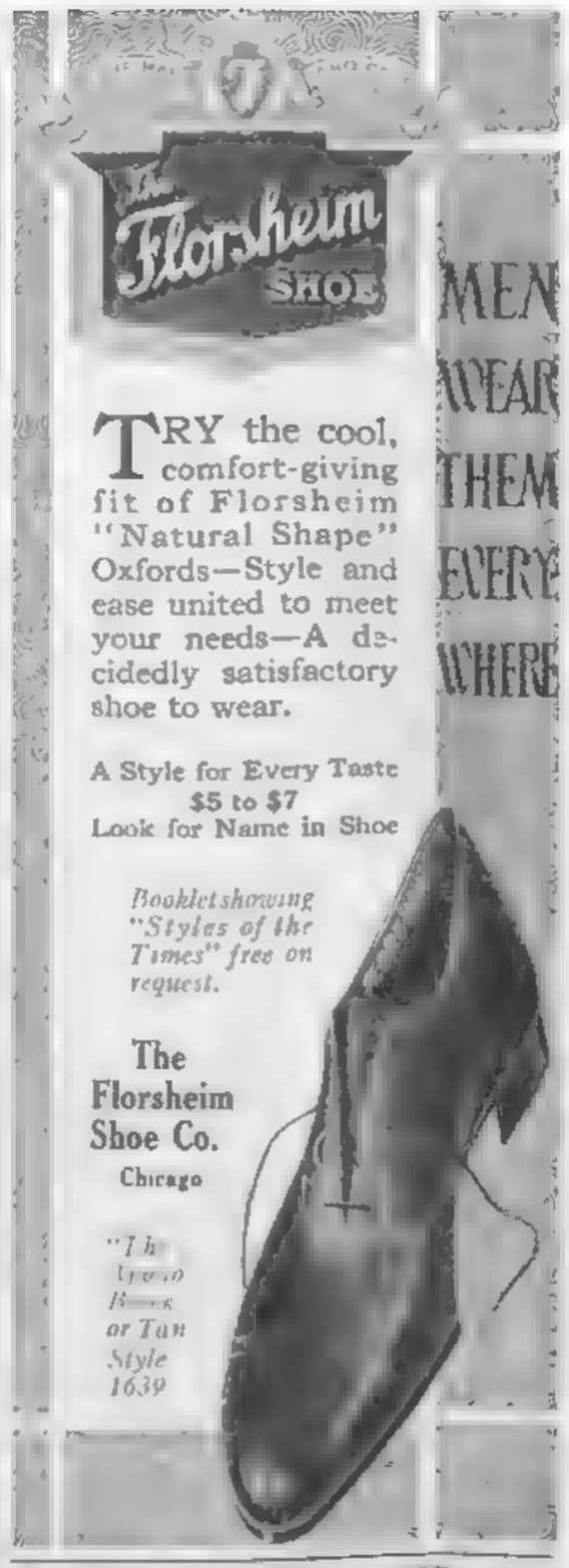
And what about religion?

The Church of Christ, not only here but in Austria, Russia, England, France, stood by with barely a protest while all Europe plunged in war. And since then, in each country, the churches have been fervently impressing on the people the fact that Christ is with them, that He approves of this butchery—or rather, of their side of it. Their side is a holy war.

Late one afternoon in Berlin I went into an old Lutheran chapel, a small edifice painted white inside with a low gallery running round. Here they were about to hold a service of prayer for the men at the front. There was hardly a man to be seen in this church, but it was packed with women. Silently in groups and alone they came in and sat down in the stiff wooden pews. A few of them wore heavy crêpe and most of the others were dressed in black. In long sober rows they sat looking up at the chancel, where with a candle on either side there stood a small white figure of Christ. Close by stood a larger figure, tall and stern and robed in black, the pastor of the Kaiser. He was an old man and slightly stooped, his face was lean, powerful, deeply lined, and his voice, though low, had a deeply thrilling, magnetic note as he stood by that small figure in white and interpreted the will of Christ to these rows of silent women. And as he slowly explained to them how this was a war in the name of Christ, the working of the will of God, I thought of what I had seen at the front, of rifles and machine guns and of bursting shrapnel shells. And I thought of other clergymen, in Russia, France and England, all standing up in churches before long rows of women in black, all using in vain the name of Christ.

And I wondered what would be the effect upon the small white figure there? Will His power over the minds of men increase or diminish, after this war they have waged in His name?

There is another movement which, like Christianity, has stood for the brotherhood of man. The Socialist parties of Europe for decades have been preaching peace. In the German Reichstag and the Russian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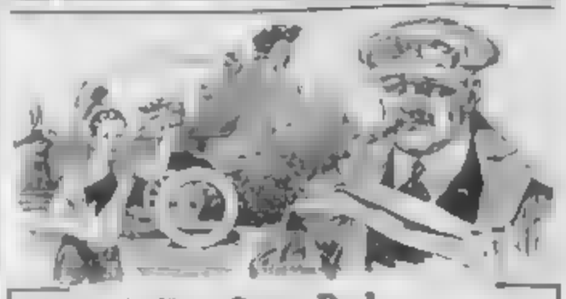

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Duma, the Chamber of Deputies in France and the House of Commons in England, their leaders have fought increased armaments, and their speakers everywhere have told men of the laboring classes:

"You are brothers with the workers of every other nation, and it is your great world mission to stand together in one solid class against the class that exploits you all. There is but one war—the war between classes. All other wars are futile, will only drag humanity back."

But the war broke out, and in every land where its call was heard the Socialists by millions, caught up by that tremendous wave of patriotic passion, flocked to the colors with the rest. Within one week this movement, as an international power, had completely broken down. And since then, with but few exceptions, the Socialist leaders everywhere have played an active, powerful part in the work of each nation at war.

In Germany I discovered that what the Socialists had lost as an international power they had gained as a national party. Their leaders were so busy it was hard to get them to stop and talk. But being a Socialist myself I was deeply anxious to hear their side. So I talked one day with Sudekum, member of the Reichstag and one of the best-known leaders in the German Socialist world.

"In taking part in this war," he said, "we Socialists in Germany are by no means inconsistent. For years we have publicly declared that we should not refuse to support a war if it were in defense of the Fatherland. And that is what we have come to now. Europe is pressing in from all sides, Germany is a fortress, we are fighting for our national life. We Socialists," he continued, "had no part in declaring this war. War had already been declared, and the armies of France and Russia were already massed on our frontier, when we were asked in the Reichstag to vote the first war budget for the national defense. And this we did, promptly, for we had no other course. Our party is not only the strongest in the Reichstag, but its influence reached all over the land, to every town and village. And if in that moment of crisis, with hostile armies on our frontier, we had voted against the country's defense it would simply have meant panic and national disaster.

"We all know whom to blame for this war. Ever since the reign of that astute diplomat, King Edward, England has schemed steadily to check the spread of our commerce in peace and to combine other nations against us. If it had not been for English pressure, Russia and France would not be at war with us to-day. This is not the feeling of one class or section, but of the whole German people. You will find to-day in Germany no sentiment against Russia or France, but everywhere a feeling of deep and just resentment against England, who has betrayed us."

The Endowment of Motherhood

"From the Socialist parties of other countries we still get news from time to time, but I see little chance of our coming together at present. The time for that will be when the war is over, and not before. It is foolish to talk of stopping this war; it must be fought out to the end—I mean, to some real conclusion. And it is equally foolish to talk about disarmament. We Germans in the future must always hold ourselves ready for war. With no natural protection by sea or mountains, with an open frontier on every hand, we have no other way of defense, we must keep up our army. And, in order to be ready to act at any moment against sudden attack, we must have at the head of our government one man upon whose shoulders rests full responsibility.

"I believe there will be other wars, and that war by increasing competition between nations will decrease it within a nation. I mean that in the years close ahead I believe we shall have a rapid spread of governmental control. The nation has already assumed a closer control of the prices of food, and it takes supplies where it needs them. The towns having municipal ownership have in the last few months shown themselves so much stronger, financially, than other towns, that the others have been following suit. So municipal Socialism is now spreading fast. In the Reichstag just at present we are working hard for unemployment insurance and also for universal suffrage. Already since the war began we have secured the endowment of motherhood—every woman in childbirth is pensioned for eight weeks by the state. And these are only samples of the many strong and forceful measures of social reform to which war is forcing our nation, measures in which we Socialists naturally lead all other parties.

"We are using our organization to relieve destitute women and children and to strengthen the nerve of the people for war. Over half the men now fighting in the trenches are members of our party. We are even collecting dues at the front. And the consequence is that never before has our party stood so strong in the nation. This strength we shall use to force other reforms that lead toward our Socialist goal.

"The working people of Germany are not going to pay for this war. We shall insist that it be paid, first, through an income and inheritance tax; and, second, out of the profits of industry. For the German Government, I believe, will within the next ten years take over and operate many great basic industries, such as the mining of coal and iron, the making of steel, all transportation, the supplying of light and heat and power, and in general those industries that control the main necessities of life. Out of the profits of these industries the interest on our war tax will be paid.

"Furthermore," he continued, "I believe that this collectivism, already so strong in Germany, will spread all over Europe. For already with this system we have proved ourselves so powerful against over half the civilized world that, whether they like our system or not, the other nations of Europe will be forced to copy to some extent. Each will build up its national strength by an increased control of the strategic industries, for the profit of the whole people instead of for the gain of a few. For it is only by such means that all the men of the nation become good citizens, ready to serve, to give themselves both in war and peace."

What Will the Future Be?

"So," he concluded, "the Socialist cause, which is the cause of humanity, will not lose but will gain tremendously. And the world will go not back but on as a result of the present war. Let there be no mistake about that. This talk about a return to Dark Ages is absurd. The German people have not gone back, nor are they blind or groping. They see a better world ahead, and toward this goal, in one solid army, both in time of war and peace, this people steadily marches on."

Just before I left Berlin I witnessed an impressive scene. It was a Sunday morning. Down Unter den Linden came the guard, with a band marching just ahead. And before the band and far out on both sides, almost entirely filling that wide, spacious boulevard and reaching back for nearly a mile, men, women and children by thousands, a black, solid rhythmic mass in perfect time to the crash of the band, marched to the Kaiser's palace. Working my way out into the throng, I felt myself caught up in the tide and swept inexorably on. Beside me marched a man and his wife. He bore a small boy in his arms. Women marched, carrying babies. Old people and whole families marched. Men and women richly clothed marched side by side with ragged men. All like cogs in some mighty engine, all with eyes fixed straight ahead.

We reached the palace. The gates opened wide and the guard swept into the courtyard. Then slowly the people moved over the way into the great square opposite, and I saw a bandstand there. To this stand presently came the band. And a few moments later, despite the chill, keen winter's wind, the mud and the patches of snow under foot, for an hour that vast throng of people stood motionless and silent, as though enthralled by what they heard—the music of Bach and Mozart, of Wagner and Beethoven.

"*Die Zukunft.*" What will it be?

How futile now to try to tell. But one thing at least is certain—people like these have served the world well. And though in this war this nation may be purged of much that has menaced us all, people like these will not be crushed. People like these, as well as the Russians, the English, the French, are still to be good friends of ours, comrades in the march of men to a world in which not only war but tyranny, injustice and poverty with all their ills may at the last be left behind.

Who Used This Towel Before?

We want to place in the hands of employees, employers, and the public in general, the scientific and sober presentation of the fabric roller towel question written by Dr. Randle C. Rosenberger, the well-known bacteriologist of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and published in this month's "Forecast Magazine."

In dealing with the fabric towel, it is claimed by modern sanitarians to be one of the most active and tireless propagandists when it comes to spreading contagious and skin diseases.

From stores, factories, offices, schools—even private homes, where the fabric towel was supposedly outside the danger line—Dr. Rosenberger has made fabric towel tests. Nobody can afford to ignore the grave warning which the writer issues in this trenchant article. "Forecast Magazine" has kindly permitted us to reproduce the entire subject in booklet form; a copy is yours for the asking. Dr. Rosenberger sums up his review by stating that **"the only way to avoid danger is to use a small individual towel and then discard it."** How well this fits in with

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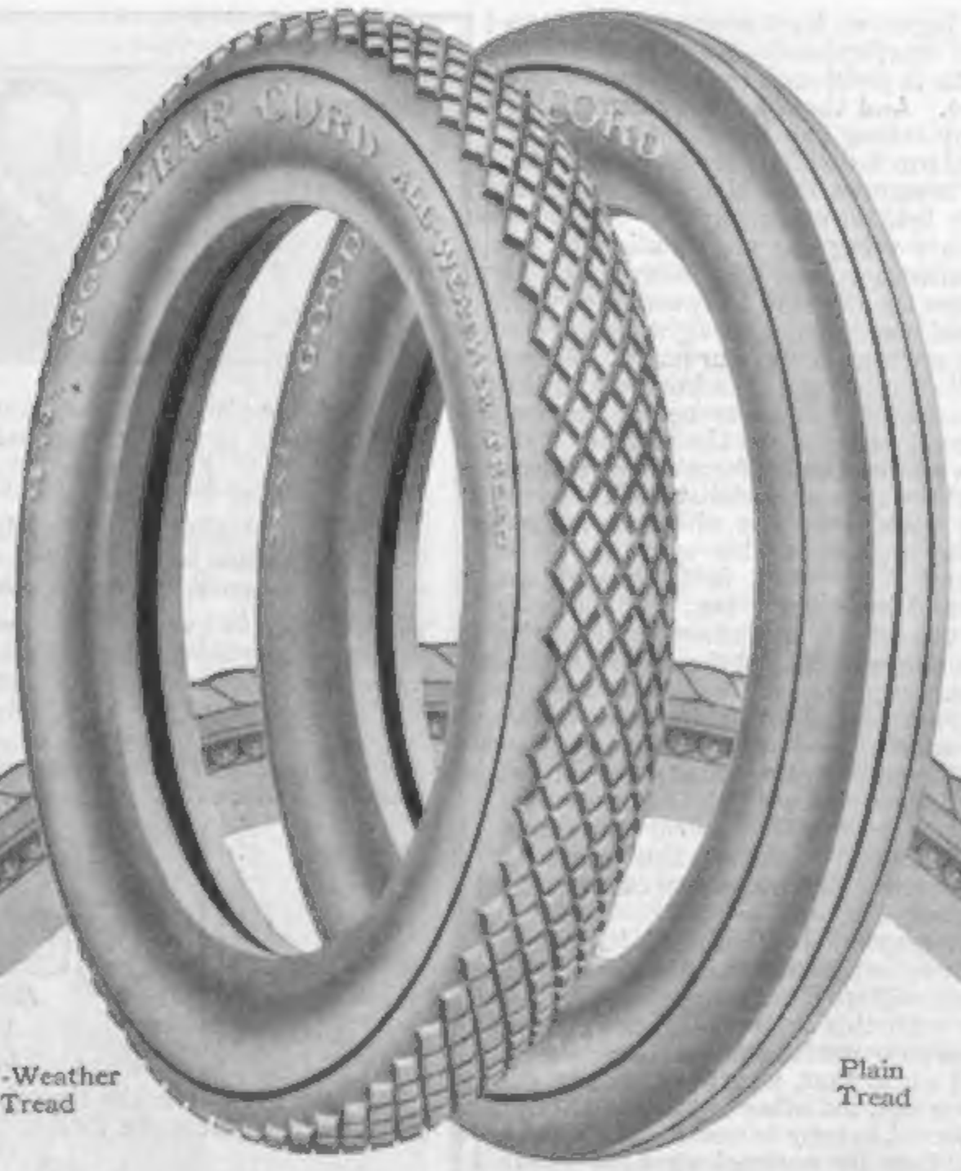
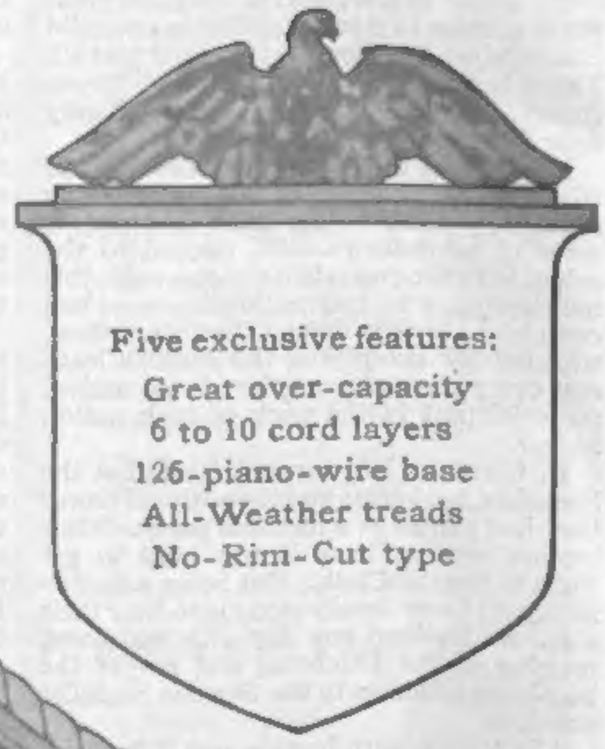


All-Weather Tread

Plain Tread



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Owners of gasoline cars who want the same advantages can get them. We make Goodyear Cord Tires for gasoline cars in sizes 34x4 and up. Some of the leading cars now come equipped with them.

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AKRON, OHIO
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The Maximum Type

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Consult any Goodyear dealer. Or ask any Goodyear branch—in 65 cities—where Goodyear Cord Tires are obtainable.

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